PICTORIAL REVIEW

N-S EDITION

JANUARY 1922
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"LEST WE FORGET"

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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JANUARY, 1922

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Does a Woman Love Her Husband Less When Children Come?

WHICH do you think comes first, a woman's love for her husband or her love for her children? Is it possible to avoid showing a preference?

DO YOU think Chaddie McKail's devotion to her babies in any way responsible for her husband's queer actions? Do you think his jealousy was justified? Don't miss this tremendous situation in Arthur Stringer's new novel "The Prairie Child," a sequel to his other remarkable story "The Prairie Mother," which created such a sensation in Pictorial Review in 1920. When that story was running in the magazine we received hundreds of letters from our readers asking how it was possible for a man to have such an uncanny insight into the soul of a woman.

IN "The Prairie Child" you will meet all the leading characters you learned to love in "The Prairie Mother," and Mr. Stringer conclusively proves in this new novel that at least one man does thoroughly understand the heart of a good woman with all its seeming contradictions, intuitive leadings, and stubborn loyalty to the highest ideals.

"THE PRAIRIE CHILD" begins in the February issue of Pictorial Review and will be completed in three big instalments after that. If you do not care to read serial stories, you may keep all four copies of the magazine and read the whole book at once.

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THE NEW RÔLE OF OLD KING COAL

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN! MRS. HOUSEWIFE, THIS MEANS YOU!

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

CARTOONS BY STUART HAY

DO YOU realize that the present coal shortage and the coal shortages of the past five years are not accidents? That they will happen again and again and yet again unless we prevent it? And that we can prevent it and have light enough and heat enough for everybody at very much less than we pay now? We can, if we go at it the right way; so far we've done everything wrong.

To begin with, we have used our regular American method—shouted "Graft!" as loudly as we could and stirred up people to investigate. But in this case it doesn't matter much whether we find graft or not; the trouble is far deeper than that.

And then we've laid it all to labor disputes, have cried that we couldn't get coal because the miners wouldn't work, and that the cost was too much because wages were so high. But the hearings before the President's Coal Commission showed that the miners were demanding more days of work a year, and Professor M. B. Hammond, who investigated for the commission, reported that while $1,600 a year was the least on which a man in the coal-fields could bring up a family in decency, the bituminous miners were averaging $1,384.98 and the anthracite miners $1,126.

And then we turned on the railroads and said, almost in the same breath, that it was the exorbitant freight-rates that made coal so high, and also that unless the Government allowed the railroads to increase freight-rates you could hardly expect them to carry coal. But there's more the matter than graft or labor disputes or railroad inadequacy. The experts lay it to waste.

When I repeated this to one woman she turned on me indignantly.

"We don't waste it!" she cried. "We have an ash-sifter, and Mary picks out every single bit that's any good!"

But the waste the experts mean is the waste of not adjusting ourselves to the changing situation; the waste of clinging to the methods of our grandmothers.

This Waste Must Be Stopped

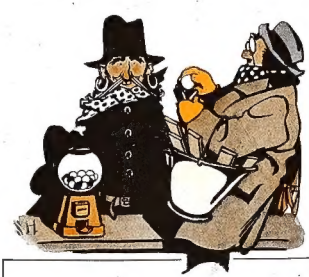
ON THIS new interpretation of waste hangs the solution of the fuel problem. And to understand it we must know what the present situation really is—not just what it appears to be.

We mine, in the United States, nearly 700,000,000 tons of coal every year. About 90,000,000 tons of this is hard anthracite coal; the rest is bituminous or soft coal. Most of the anthracite comes from 500 square miles in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania. The bituminous comes from thirty different States. Rather more than 100,000,000 tons are needed in our homes.

All the householders who burn coal want anthracite because it is the cleanest and most convenient. But of the 90,000,000 tons that are mined they get only about 60,000,000. The supply is at the very least 40,000,000 tons short of the demand. It is not advisable to mine more anthracite in a year because there is comparatively little left in the ground. Only a fraction of the coal that was formed ever became anthracite. Nature did not make enough of it to go round, and there is no cure for coal shortages or high prices so long as we insist on having it.

There is another reason why it is expensive. Anthracite was made during a great geological revolution ages and ages ago—a revolution that resulted in greater changes to the living things on the earth than any revolution since. This turned and twisted and baked the layers of coal which up to that time had lain in flat sheets and changed the soft coal into hard—the bituminous into anthracite. The miners must follow these narrow layers up and down, through broken strata, into underground water-courses, and face the dangers of gas and explosions and falling rock. With the single exception of copper-mining, theirs is the most dangerous occupation in the United States. And then anthracite does not come out of the ground ready to be burned. It must be crushed and the pieces of stone and slate picked out of it. All this work adds to the cost. Anthracite has all the characteristics of a luxury—it is so convenient that those who must have coal prefer to use it; it is so difficult to mine and to prepare that the cost must always be high.

But if there were an unlimited quantity of it and if it were as cheap and easy to mine as bituminous coal there would still be a shortage because of the difficulty in getting it out through the "bottle-necks" where the Pennsylvania hills draw together and must be shaved off to give the trains room to pass. You can not send out more trains of coal through these places than there are tracks to hold them. And there are other places where the engines climb panting up the steepest grades a locomotive will take, where every third or fourth puff of the engine is a receding tremulous blurt as the wheels slip; and in good weather it takes the engine two hours to go twenty miles. Locomotives can not follow each other closely along these slippery grades, but unless the cars keep moving all the time the anthracite can not be drawn out through those little bottle-necks fast enough to keep our furnaces alight. A report in April showed 424,409 freight-cars idle. The American citizen had not yet ordered his Winter coal. But during the Autumn rush there is not room enough on the tracks to get it out of Pennsylvania, and the loaded coal-cars stand huddled outside the great cities trying to shoulder their way in. One-third of the coal mined is used in transportation—one-third of the freight carried is coal.



To the Housewife

HAVE you got your Winter's coal supply in yet? What did you have to pay for it? The price is awful, isn't it? And who is responsible—the miner, the mine-owner, the railroads, or the coal-dealer? Or none of them? Or all of them? And what is worse, there is not much chance of anthracite coal ever becoming any cheaper. Yet there is a way to solve the fuel problem—to have light enough and heat enough at much less money per month. It sounds like a dream, doesn't it? But read this article of Mrs. Martha Bensley Bruère's and see how sensible it is.

Mrs. Bruère has made a very thorough, first-hand investigation of the coal situation. She has no ax to grind and no propaganda to put across, but she does prophesy what will probably be the only logical solution of the fuel problem.

This is the situation which produces coal shortages and high prices: a demand for anthracite far in excess of the supply; the difficulty of mining and preparing it; the impossibility of carrying it to where it is wanted at the time it is to be used.

Then what are we to do about it?

The answer is perfectly simple: use something else instead of anthracite—something that there is more of—something that is easier to get and therefore less expensive. Use bituminous coal!

The Solution of the Problem

THE picture this brings up is extremely unpleasant—towns cowering under menacing clouds of smoke; open grates hanging with sooty festoons; clogged flues; black flakes dropping from the sky; the perpetual losing fight for clean clothes, clean curtains, a clean town.

But there are methods of shifting our dependence from the scarce and costly anthracite to the cheap and plentiful bituminous without any of these disadvantages.

This is possible because bituminous coal can be turned into anthracite by methods similar to those nature used when she heaved the Appalachian Mountains up from the swampy morasses. The bituminous coal still contains what the anthracite contained before the geological revolution—gas, light oils, ammonium sulfate, tar, and other things. When these are driven off, a smokeless, solid fuel—artificial anthracite—is left; 1,500 pounds of it can be made from a ton of bituminous coal and sold for $[illegible]. This can be done in any of our 900 gas-plants by altering them slightly, thereby increasing the potential supply of anthracite to the very limit of the bituminous supply.

The supply of bituminous coal is not only many times greater than the anthracite supply, but it is more widely distributed that it does not have to be drawn out through the Pennsylvania bottle-necks. It is also less difficult and dangerous to mine because it is still lying in the broad, flat sheets where it was formed, and there is little to do to prepare it for market. So far as our fuel problem can be solved by a satisfactory substitute for anthracite coal—artificial anthracite does it.

But merely to have enough anthracite is neither a solution of our fuel problem nor an answer to the experts' claim that we are wasteful. Besides many of us do not wish to burn coal, even the best that can be made. We do not want to tend coal-fires and discard of ashes; we have no place to store a Winter's supply. For us the gas-stove and fuel supplied by one of those 900 municipal gas-plants! Those of us who have not gas want it, and those who have it will by no means give it up. There is no reason why we should not have it, for the minute we begin to make artificial anthracite in our city gas-plants we have a supply of gas far in excess of what is being used now. Every ton of bituminous coal which is converted into 1,500 pounds of artificial anthracite gives off also 10,000 cubic feet of gas. In manufacturing coal for those who must have it, we are at the same time greatly increasing the gas-supply.

I HAVE a box of clams taken from the rocks resting directly upon the coal-measures—clams millions of years old—and in addition to the natural wear and tear of the ages, they have also suffered by being too thoroughly and quite needlessly cooked. When nature was busy turning the bituminous coal to anthracite she must have wasted untold millions of cubic feet of gas in doing nothing more important than baking clams ages before there were men to eat them.

By separating bituminous coal into artificial anthracite and gas, we are able to supply two homes with the same amount that it formerly took for one. It is not necessary that either of these homes should burn

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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DECORATION BY
CLARA ELSENE PECK

The Business of Being Women

AN EMINENT British statesman, now in this country, was asked recently for his opinion on the influence of the newly enfranchised American woman on public affairs. He replied that there was nothing of interest he could say, since American women are merely voting as their men-folk vote.

Now, this particular Britisher is a very keen observer. The world pays a great deal of attention to what he says. His comments and observations on America are listened to with peculiar reverence and faith. He has studied us at close range, and he has written books about us that bear the marks of many thumbs in many libraries of many countries. Therefore we should not wholly ignore his indictment.

Our first impulse is to argue with him. We can tell him, offhand, of numerous instances where women have broken down party lines and voted as they pleased, regardless of men politicians—including husbands. But we have no time for argument. We have important business to see to. Our job is to demonstrate to the eminent British statesman that his is a half-baked view; and when we make that demonstration no one will be quicker to recognize the quality of our citizenship than he.

Thinking involves work. The line of least resistance is usually that we find indicated in the newspapers we happen to read. If we do not read newspapers we are inclined to follow the advice of political leaders—the same being men. We women are not accustomed to placing any value on ourselves as thinkers, because what we have thought about things has not made any difference to anybody. Men have no confidence whatever in us as thinkers. How could they have when we have none in ourselves? They pay no attention to our opinions. They seldom ask us to sit in their councils when there are important things to decide. It has been the thinking of men that has brought the world to its present state. It must be through the thinking of men *and women* that we are to find the way out.

The Men Have Fallen Down on the Job

ONLY two definite and unmistakable conclusions can honestly be drawn from the experiences of the past two years. One is that we have demonstrated that we really are human beings—far more human than men—tho it has taken us three-quarters of a century to prove it. The other is that *we can not trust men to attend to our business for us.* We have given them a fair trial and they have failed—failed miserably.

If war is to be abolished from the face of the earth and peace and justice established throughout the world, it will be through the thinking and feeling and—yes, through the voting—of women. Men have been working at the problem for centuries and have made no progress.

If the shameful waste of child life in factory and field is to be stopped; if the needless deaths of helpless babies and hopeless mothers are to be prevented in the name of mercy; if the emigrants who come to our shores are going to become intelligent, useful, happy citizens; if our schools, colleges, and universities are going to train leaders who will be adequate for the tasks we are bequeathing to the next generation; if the staggering burden of taxation is going to be lifted; if we are to approach a solution of these distinctly human problems, we women have got to do our part courageously, intelligently, and persistently.

If the estimate of the British statesman as to the quality of our citizenship is true, and if it is going to keep on being true, it will be because of our heedlessness, our utter lack of responsibility as citizens. Mere voting is not the last word, not the sum of feminine achievement. It is the intelligence and the conviction back of the vote that determines our value as citizens.

The time for smugness has passed. So long as the "Kingdom of Evil" remains unconquered in our towns and our cities we have no right to drink tea and discuss so-called "cultural" topics. In order to overpower it we must study it—study it in all its hideousness, and in all of its five spheres. These are disease, ignorance, bad habits, legal entanglements, and poverty or resourcelessness. Every human being who is not functioning properly as a citizen is a menace to, or at least a drag upon the community; and every one is either sick, ignorant, morally untrained, in difficulty with the law, or without resources, financial or otherwise.

The adjustment of these people to their environment is the great social problem of the day. As society becomes more complex these maladjustments increase. We have scientific knowledge of what constitutes sound social environment and we should make use of it. We have no right to clutter up our club programs with trivial discussions, we have no right to gossip lightly over the teacups, so long as such great human questions as these clamor loudly about us for attention.

So the Women Will Have to Take Over the Work

STUDIES based on the Government bulletins alone would furnish an admirable background for the voting policy of the new woman citizen. We pretended to be startled into a frenzy of reform when war statistics disclosed an appalling state of illiteracy, and yet the most recent report shows no improvement in the situation. In a group of nine Southern States alone there are more than 2,000,000 illiterates, one-third of them native whites. We have no right to devote precious hours to the study of Browning so long as there are in our country between six and seven million people who can not read the national Constitution.

What manner of people are teaching in your schools? What sort of apparatus and what text-books are being used? What of your school-buildings and the sanitary arrangements? The boys and girls of to-day are plastic in our hands—in your hands and mine. We are personally responsible for the quality of citizenship of the next generation. We can not escape this responsibility. Any woman's club ignoring this responsibility in 1922 is guilty of criminal neglect.

Of course we want to be good Americans. We want our children to be good Americans. We are interested in the little children of our foreign-born. We want them to become good and valuable citizens. Teaching and preaching and shouting loyalty to *everything* that is, without knowledge, is not intelligent patriotism. Our country is what we make it. There is no patriotism in the policy of shifting our responsibilities on the shoulders of a few politicians and then clamoring wildly for blind adherence to their policies. What are their policies? What are the motives back of them? It is our duty to know.

It is idle to talk of sex solidarity. There is none. There should be none. It is no incriminating indictment against us that we differ honestly and strenuously on nearly everything. Why shouldn't we? We differ in temperament and training and tendencies even as men differ.

But upon certain broad general principles we can agree, and upon these we must agree, if we are to do more with our ballot than increase the electorate and complicate election machinery.

This magazine earnestly believes that the world needs nothing so much as it needs plain, old-fashioned common sense applied to its problems. We are tired of theories and orations and impassioned pronouncements on far-off themes. They bewilder us. They are intended to bewilder us. In the last analysis our greatest problems are very simple problems, capable of solution by simple processes.

This page will be more than justified if through its help every-day women in the every-day walks of life may be made to see that it is *their* view-point, *their* help, *their* idealism our country needs, far more than it needs the eloquence of statesmen in the crisis through which it is passing.

Ida Tarbell Clarke

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"THE SCHOOL-TEACHER MADE NO DEFENSE. HE STOOD BEFORE THE BENCH. THE EARLY SUNLIGHT OF THE MORNING ENTERING THROUGH THE HIGH WINDOWS FELL ON HIS FACE, ON HIS SOFT BROWN HAIR, ON HIS DEEP GRAY-BLUE EYES"

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

A Christmas Allegory

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

HE CAME from a country far away to teach in a mountain school. Leading an ox that bore on its back a little boy and a bag of corn, He entered this foreign land. Altho a stranger, He had befriended the child and helped him on his way. On the day He arrived He fell heir to a house that belonged to a wicked old man. On his death-bed, old Nicholas had seemed to say that "Teacher is comin'. My things are for Him." A mysterious figure, He dwells in the house and loves all living things.

The deep significance of this mystical story will be best appreciated at Christmas time. Part one, illustrated in full color, appeared in our Christmas number. If you missed the December issue, send twenty-five cents to the New York office for a copy.

THE children had bought the school-teacher a hat. It had been a large undertaking, and the cause of innumerable secret conferences in the grove behind the schoolhouse. The purchase of so costly a thing as a hat required a certain sum of money. To raise this sum of money the children had been put to the most desperate straits. Every tiny store that any child possessed had been brought forward and contributed to the common fund. The difficulty did not lie in the drawing on this store. Altho every contribution meant a sacrifice to the donor, no child had hesitated. There had been no question about what each should give, and no inquiry as to a holding back of resources. Every child had simply given all he had.

Ancient two-cent pieces with holes in them, worn nickels, one or two long-treasured ten-cent pieces, and one-cent pieces thumbed with counting were withdrawn from snuff-boxes, pill-boxes, holes in the wall, from under the loose stones of the hearth and other safety-deposit places—wherever the child had deemed it expedient to keep his treasures. Sometimes, however, this treasure was in the custody of older persons, and the obtaining of it had presented difficulties.

The whole school had often gone into counsel on these cases, ways and means devised, a proper motive constructed, and the child strengthened and drilled. When the device succeeded, the whole school for that day rejoiced; when it failed, the school was depressed, but it was not defeated, and some other plan was brought forward. Some of the plans were exceedingly ingenious, and as a rule the school prevailed.

However, when the whole store was finally collected, or as much as could be had, the children were confronted with a staggering disappointment: the entire fund, for all the counting and recounting of it, could not be made to exceed sixty-three cents. A wholesale borrowing, right and left, had added only eleven cents. Now, it was well known that a hat could not be purchased for less than a dollar, and when it became evident that the fund must fail by more than a fourth of that sum, the children were in despair.

For a day or two almost the whole school was in tears. Then, individually, it resorted to desperate devices. One whose grandfather had been accustomed to present him with ten cents on Christmas day endeavored to secure an advance. A small child had hailed the doctor as he passed along the road, and had offered to work for him all the remainder of his life for ten cents paid down in cash. Another had approached the minister, after the Sunday collection, and endeavored to borrow a twenty-five-cent piece out of the

These ventures had failed, and the latter, with the perilous result that the minister had all but extracted the secret of the money, and his withering commentaries on a school teacher who inculcated the spirit of avarice into little children, had so stricken the child with terror that it had been afraid to tell the school what it had done.

THIS brief lapse into madness, the practical leadership of Martha, the miller's little girl, and the small help David was presently able to check. They pointed out what it was useless to do. But for the present they were not able to bring forward any plan that it seemed worth while to undertake. At this season the only natural product of the mountain that could be exchanged for money was hickory-nuts, and the value of this product was in doubt. Some times, early in certain seasons, the storekeeper had been known to give twenty-five cents for a bushel of chinkapin hickory-nuts, not the gross shellbark nut, but the small round, sweet-kerneled nut of the smooth-bark hickory.

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The school had considered this, but had come always against two serious difficulties. To secure a bushel of these small nuts would require a considerable searching of the mountains, and, despite the fact that the children were very small, each had duties at home that occupied Saturdays, and the evening fragments of the day. On Sundays an austere theology imposed by the minister compelled them to attend the Sunday sermon and to practise the most rigorous inactivity under pain of hideous consequences. The insurmountable difficulty, however, lay in the fact that they could not get a bushel of hickory-nuts over the long distance to the country store.

An unexpected event suddenly removed this difficulty. Coming breathlessly to the school on a Friday morning, little David announced that his father was going to the country store on Tuesday with the wagon to bring home a barrel of grits, and that he had obtained permission to accompany him. At once the school took up the possibility of securing a bushel of hickory-nuts. It was immediately evident that within so brief a time the thing could not be done unless the whole of Sunday were devoted to the labor of it. The school promptly decided. This expedition did not arise from any failure to appreciate the perils of the decision. Corporal chastisement under the home roof was certain to follow; and the hideous tortures vividly presented by the minister, awaiting at the threshold of his future life that one who broke the Sabbath day, were scarcely less certain. Nevertheless, not a child of the whole school hesitated.

The complete success of the venture strengthened the school to bear the immediate consequences. Corporal chastisement in the mountains was not apt to be a thing lightly administered. But it was a lordship which even the smallest children had come to regard as one of the inevitable conditions of life. As to that other penalty, which awaited them at the hands of an outraged and vindictive Deity, they were somehow of the opinion that this malignant God could not inflict His punishments except through some overt act of the minister who was His executive agent. Thus, if they could outwit this dangerous penal vice-regent the thing could be turned aside. In travail of this problem, they hit upon the plan of going over the head of the minister and claiming a direct authorization for their act. When approached for an explanation of their conduct they solemnly announced that an angel had come down through the roof of the schoolhouse and had directed them not to attend the religious services on this Sunday.

TRANSPORTED by the success of their undertaking, by the exquisite pleasure of making this presentation to the school-teacher, by the joy which his evident happiness in it carried to every heart, they had neglected to perfect the details of this story. Fortunately they agreed upon the personal aspect of the angel, since every child, when

"'I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE PRACTISIN' MEDICINE,' SAID THE DOCTOR, WITH AN OATH. 'YOU'RE GOING TO GET INTO TROUBLE'"

rives to describe this divine messenger, simply followed the uidance of his affections, and presented the school-teacher. but upon a close and searching examination there had been divergence. How had the angel been clothed? Some of e children, put upon inquisition, had replied that he had othing at all on; and others, feeling the need for appropriate vestments, had declared that the angel wore a red coat nd blue breeches.

Seizing upon this point, as a protruding limb, the minister aid finally drawn up the whole hidden body of the incident. nd he was now on his way to confront the school-teacher with this piece of outrageous conduct. It was evening when he arrived. The children were coming through the little grove down into the road. The school-teacher walked among them. The grove was full of voices—the laughter of children. The school-teacher wore his new hat, and every now and then he took it off and held it in his hand that he might the better admire it. From the day that he had received it he had never ceased to express his appreciation of it. He continued always to regard it as if in it were merged, as in a symbol, all the little sacrifices of every child, and all the love that had strengthened each one to bear what the thing had cost him.

THIS never-ceasing appreciation of the school-teacher for his present had transported the school with pleasure. This acute happiness the children were not always able to control. Sometimes pride overcame one, and he would tell how much he had contributed. And always the smaller children wished to hold the hat in their hands, so that it quickly gathered a border of little finger-prints. Even the tiny boy, who had been too little to help in the purchase of the present, but who somehow dimly understood that all had given something toward this article, had brought forward a rooster-feather, which he had found, and insisted that it be added to the hat. And the school-teacher had very carefully pinned this crimson feather to the band.

Moreover, the habit which the school-teacher had acquired of taking off his hat in order to admire it before the children, seemed to adhere to him when he was by himself. Of late those who had watched him as he passed along the mountain roads had observed him at this habit and had marked how his face, profoundly sad when he was alone, always immediately brightened.

The school trooping about the school-teacher was emerging from the grove when the minister got out of his buggy.

He was a tall, spare man, in a suit of black ready-made clothes that seemed not to fit him at any place, and to be a cheap imitation of a clergyman's frock suit. He wore cotton gloves. His hair and his heavy drooping mustache were black; his face was narrow, the cheek-bones high, the mouth straight. One of the man's eyes was partly grown over with a cataract, and his effort to see equally with that eye gave him a curious squinting expression.

He tied the horse to a sapling with one of the lines. Then he drew his cotton gloves a little closer over his hands, buttoned his long black coat down to its last button, and stood out in the road to await the coming of the school-teacher. The children and the school-teacher stopped when they saw him. The pleasant, laughing voices ceased. The children gathered around the school-teacher. The smallest ones came close up and took hold of his hands.

The minister addressed the school-teacher. His voice was high and sharp.

"Do you know what the school-children have done?"

The school-teacher regarded the minister with his deep, calm, gray-blue eyes.

"Yes," he said.

"Did you know that they were going to do it?"

"Yes."

"Did you try to prevent it?"

"No."

The lines in the minister's face hardened:

"That's all I wanted to know," he said. "It is now perfectly evident that you are no fit person to have charge of school-children. The community must get rid of you."

He turned about in the road, untied his horse, got into his buggy, and took up the lines. He raised one of the lines in his cotton-gloved hand to bring it down on the horse's back, but he paused with his arm extended, and turned about toward the school-teacher. He thrust his head to one side, his defective eye straining to see.

"Do you have any fear of God at all?" he said.

The school-teacher's calm, gentle voice did not change: it did not hesitate.

"No," he said, "none at all."

ON SATURDAY morning the miller hailed the doctor as he was passing the mill.

"Are you goin' over to Black's?" she called.

The doctor stopped his horse.

"Yes," he said, "they sent me word to come."

"By Jonas the first of the week?"

"Yes."

"For to see old Jerry's eye?"

"Yes."

"Well, it ain't no use for you to go."

"Did his eye get well of itself?" inquired the doctor.

"No, it didn't get well of itself," replied the woman. "It never would have got well of itself. Old Jerry's been settin' around with that eye tied up ever since the day that he thrashed out his wheat. He'd 'a' been blind in it all the rest of his life if it hadn't 'a' been for the school-teacher."

The doctor turned around in his saddle.

"What did the school-teacher do to him?" he said.

"He cured him," replied the miller.

The doctor had ridden past the mill before he stopped. Now he rode back. The miller stood on the porch before the door. The doctor sat on his horse in the road, the loose bridle-rein over his arm, his hand resting heavily on the pommel of the saddle.

"How did he cure him?" inquired the doctor.

"I don't know how he cured him," replied the miller.

"Didn't you hear?" said the doctor.

"Yes, I heard," replied the miller.

"Well," said the doctor, "what did you hear?"

"I heard that he took old Jerry one side an' he asked him if he could see anything with that eye. An' old Jerry said that he couldn't tell a man from a tree with it. Then the school-teacher put his hands on his eye, an' he made him look up, an' when the school-teacher got through old Jerry could see. But he complained that his eye felt hot, an' the school-teacher told him to hold a piece of wet clay against it—you know that's awful good to draw out soreness—an' the next morning old Jerry's eye was well. Now, how do you suppose he done it?"

"I don't suppose how he done it," replied the doctor. "I know how he done it. Old Jerry got a wheat-husk in that eye when he was thrashing, and it stuck against the lid back of the ball. The fools that looked into his eye by pushing the lid up couldn't see it. But when anybody come along with sense enough to turn the lid back he got the husk out and the eye got well."

The miller crumpled the corner of her apron in her hand.

"I don't know about that," she said. "Did you hear how the school-teacher cured Sol Shreave's shoulder that he smashed in his clearin'?"

"Yes, I heard it," replied the doctor. "I was pretty apt to hear it."

"WELL, what did you think about that?" asked the miller.

"I thought it was a piece of meddling with my practise," replied the doctor. "It kept me out of a five-dollar fee."

"But it was wonderful," said the miller.

"No, it wasn't wonderful," replied the doctor.

The miller spoke slowly. She nodded her head after each word.

"To cure a man's shoulder that was smashed, just by takin' hold of his arm, wouldn't that be a wonder?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "that *would* be a wonder."

"Well," said the woman, "didn't the school-teacher do it?"

"No, he didn't do it," replied the doctor.

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"HIS FACE WAS PURPLE, HE TALKED INCOHERENTLY, AND HE SAT GAZING ABOUT HIM HELPLESSLY, AS IF HE COULD NOT MAKE OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM"

NATALKA'S PORTION

By ROSE COHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY FORREST C. CROOKS

SABINKA lay buried in snow. The hills, the forest, the lake, all lay hard, white, glittering, and the air also glittered and stung and cut.

Looking toward the village, the two rows of huts looked small, insignificant, mere specks of time-grayed timber weighed down with snow. Over each speck a thread of smoke rose, going straight up into the still, glittering air. Within, doors and windows sealed, the peasants huddled for warmth, here and there, together with their animals, to keep them alive, or for the life that they could give. In the chimneyless huts even the smoke was kept in for the warmth it gave. It poured from the oven into the room and hung there from the ceiling. Beneath it the peasants went about, their bodies bent to the ground. When at last the smoke settled on ceiling and walls they still went about bent, from habit now, and peering with weakened eyes.

Then Winter ended! Suddenly, as if it spent itself in its own cruelty, it ended. The sun came out warm. From the ragged straw roofs of the huts the snow slipped, and melted and fell in a thick shower. Birds appeared. The peasants came out to look at their fields. Their faces were sallow and pinched, and the smoke soaked into the skin showed plainer in the strong light.

The snow blackened with every moment, and suddenly the earth lay bare. The men began to scatter over the fields. The women tended nearer home.

One afternoon, when the air was sweet with the warmth and the moisture of the earth, and in the pastures about the village Sabinka a tint of green showed faintly, Katherina came to her husband, Gavrelo, where he was mending the fence around the field to be planted with wheat.

"Gavrelo," she said, "I have come to plead with you again about the marriage portion of our daughter Natalka." She stood meekly, a clumsy little body in a red plaid shawl. Her face was steaming with heat and perspiration, and her worn birch-bark sandals were clogged with earth from the soggy fields.

Gavrelo had not looked up when she had been coming to him through the fields. And now it was as if she were not there. Near him lay a pile of poles, a heap of freshly cut twigs, and a hatchet. He selected a long, pliant twig and began twisting it in and out between two poles as a barrest. His face was sullen. He was short and wide and brown; his thick hair and beard, and worn homespun clothes, and his weather-beaten skin all were brown. He was like the powerful trees about him, and, like these deep-rooted trees, he looked as capable of being moved.

Katherina turned her eyes away from him. It crushed her to see him so. It had always crushed her—even so long ago when he used to come to court her at her father's house—the way he would sit there of a Sunday, sullen, silent, never a kind word, never a smile, contrary, scowling at the whole world.

"Gavrelo," she repeated her sentences in a way peculiar to the people of Sabinka, "I have come to plead with you about Natalka's marriage portion." Her voice was full of restrained passion.

"Look, Gavrelo, at your home." She pointed to a hut across the great field. In one of the two dingy windows a young girl could be seen, tho vaguely, at a spinning-board.

"There is your home. Moldy and rotten, it is sinking to the ground. You were supposed to have built twenty years ago, soon after we were married. All you have built are barns. There they stand, shaming your house. And there is your daughter, as pretty as the prettiest in Sabinka, in that rotting home. Yet, Gavrelo, have I ever pestered you about it? But now it is about Natalka that I beg you." Her clumsy little body leaned toward him. But her voice became more patient, more restrained.

"Gavrelo!" She used the diminutive, and then stood dumbly looking down a moment. Yes, she could have cared for him if he had let her. "Gavrelo, you are not going to send Natalka away without a portion to her husband's home, a strange home in a strange village! You are not going to do it!"

Dumb and silent, Gavrelo's scowl never relaxed. It was always so, always—except—except when he stood looking at his fields—at his wheat. Then his furrowed face smoothed and the light in his eyes reflected the light in the fields.

Gavrelo now selected a long pole, sharpened it, and began driving it into the ground. "Hagh!" his breath echoed, and the pole sank deep into the earth.

"And you have so much, Gavrelo." She glanced about. Their hut stood a good distance away from the village, and surrounding it was Gavrelo's

"All that, all about us is yours, and your barns are stacked with wheat. You will not send Natalka away with empty hands." Her own clasped in agony. "You won't do it. I know, Gavrelo, how bitter it is to come with empty hands." Her head drooped, her voice sank low.

"I know how it is. I came to your home, Gavrelo, without a portion. My people were very poor. You have never thrown it up to me, Gavrelo, but your mother cast it in my face every day as long as she lived. And I was never able to lift my head."

Gavrelo's face was turned from her, and he worked steadily.

"And Natalka, too, is marrying into a large family. It is perhaps a disadvantage to marry into a large family. There are so many to find fault with your ways, a mother-in-law and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law. All watching and criticizing you. And when you have come without a portion —Ach! Gavrelko! They will throw it up to her, the mother-in-law and the sisters-in-law—and—and even Simyonka —Simyonka is a fine fellow. And yet—in a quarrel—would he not remember?" She began to weep passionately. "You won't do it, Gavrelo. And Natalka has really earned it. You know how she can spin and weave. Her cloth is straight and fine. And during the harvest she has been among the quickest hands. You won't bring this shame upon her, Gavrelo!"

GAVRELO turned to her. At last she had touched him. His face was distorted with anger and he stopped his work for a moment. "Why does she want to marry, the fool!" The words burst from him through his teeth. And he bent down to pick up his tools. He had finished the fence. Katherina stared at him.

"What—what else do you expect? Oh! It is a harvest hand you are thinking of!" Then realizing that he was going, she ran to him.

"Gavrelo!" she cried, "what do you say? What will you say when at the wedding Simyonka's father will ask, 'And what do you give Natalka as her portion?' What will you say, Gavrelo?"

Gavrelo lifted a few poles to his shoulder and slipped the

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hatchet into his girdle. "I told you," he said doggedly. "Simyonka has enough!" And he walked away with his long, even stride, his sandals making deep prints in the soft earth.

Katherina staggered to the newly mended fence and buried her face in her arms. "*Ach, Boshi Moi!*" she cried. With the habit of the lonely she talked to herself. Gavrelo did not tolerate neighbors. Indeed he was hated because of his hardness and meanness.

"Life is bitter," she wept. Her own had been a cruel fate.

"You have come like a beggar." Her mother-in-law had cast it in her face. And now her own fate was to be Natalka's fate! And why? Because Gavrelo was an unnatural father, because he was stingy and cared for nothing—but—his fields, his wheat, more and more wheat! His barns were chuckled with wheat. He kept them under lock and key, and his sowed still more wheat. She raised her head and looked about. This field was to be all wheat, acres and acres. And Natalka was to go to her husband like a beggar. "They will throw it up to her, the mother-in-law and the sisters-in-law. And Natalka is young; she will never be able to lift her head!" Her own head sank into her arms again.

IT WAS late when she started for the hut. The red sun hung on the very edge of the forest. She picked her way to a back road not far off which would be less soggy than the fields, the roundabout road longer. Trudging along, her eyes on the path, her sandals heavy with the mud, she at once upbraided and defended Gavrelo, and analyzed, and schemed.

It would take so little to give Natalka a fine portion. There, for instance, was the little pig, only a year old, but so aggressive that he had to be fed with the old hogs. Parshuchuk would be an excellent gift. He could take care of himself anywhere. Even in a litter of strange pigs he could hold his own. Also there was Chulka, a heifer for whom no fence was too high. She used her knobby little horns with such skill that often won a long stare of surprize from the old cows. Chulka, too, could take care of herself in a strange herd. These two would be an excellent gift. It would be pleasant for Natalka to have something of her own that was alive, in a strange home, in a strange village. Parshuchuk and Chulka might even be an example to her, not to bend her head too low.

But what was the use in thinking about it? "Ach! The mean peasant! The unnatural father!" She stumbled, unable to see the path through her tears.

"Bah! They are fools, those wise men," she shook her head disgustedly. "They are fools who say that it is better to have a relative rich, tho a miser, than one who is poor and generous. Both are like death. Can you take from the miser? Nor can you take from the one who has nothing to give."

Presently, on reaching a sudden turn in the road, she heard a merry voice babbling incoherent bits of song. That was Addom on his way home from the *kabock*. Addom was a drunkard. He drank like a fish. Addom, too, was often idle, she mused. Gavrelo never drank, tho he liked a glass of vodka. But what would Gavrelo do in a *kabock* where men talked as they drank? Gavrelo never talked to any one. He only worked. That was why her parents had made her marry him instead of Addom, who drank and who never kept his word, just as Gavrelo never broke his word. But Addom's daughter Anulia, who was also to marry this Spring, was to receive one of her father's two cows as her wedding-gift. Anulia Addom also wore machine-made stockings which she bought from the Jewess Deborah —stockings and boots every Sunday! Natalka bound her tresses in cloths and wore birch-bark sandals to church.

Katherina shook her head. A man who drank was perhaps better-natured, more generous.

Reaching the yard, she saw Natalka still in the window spinning.

Natalka was eighteen. She was small like her mother. But she was rosy and healthy. Her hair lay in two thick, brown braids on her back. Her faded red kerchief was tied with a coquettish knot, and her little round nose had a mischievous tilt. But just now she was neither coquettish nor mischievous. She was very earnest. Her wedding was to be the first in the village this Spring, and she was hurrying to finish all her mother's spinning before it came. Her hands twirled the spindle rapidly; her head scarcely moved except to moisten the thread with her lips, or to extricate a knot in the flax with her small white teeth.

Katherina watched her a moment. Should she tell her—that her father would send her away with empty hands? No! There was time enough. But as she stood watching she saw Natalka stop her work suddenly; her hands became still, her head drooped for a moment. In agony Katherina wondered. Could she know, then? Perhaps she guessed! Katherina turned away from the window.

About the yard all the buildings stood facing in a semi-circle, the hut, the barns, the pig-pen, the chicken-coop. Katherina went toward the coop. In the barn she heard Gavrelo. He rarely forgot the keys. "He rarely forgets them," she muttered to herself. The corners of her mouth lifted firmly. "Well, Natalka shall have a fine trousseau anyway. Her *kubial*, at any rate, shall not go off empty!"

Late that night the full moon rose, and Sabinka, with its two rows of huts, its hills and dales and lakes, lay transformed in silver light.

In the shadow of the fences a woman went stealing along. Climbing, here forcing a way through the bars, running a step where the shadow broke, and again lingering where it resumed, she reached a small hut standing in the full light. She rapped on the door and shook the latch impatiently.

"Open, Deborah!" she whispered. "It is I, Katherina." A tall, thin woman with a white kerchief about her head came out on the threshold.

"So late, Katherina!"

"Yes, and I must hurry back. Here." Katherina took a large ball of thread from her *swita* pocket. "You are to knit a pair of stockings for my daughter Natalka's wedding," she whispered. "But mind, Jewess," her voice rose suspiciously, "you are to return to me what is left of the thread."

"We are not thieves!" came from Deborah in a tone hurt, yet patient.

"Well, perhaps not," Katherina said, softening slightly. "Perhaps not. But all Jews are swindlers!"

"We are what we are forced to be." Restraint and infinite patience were in Deborah's voice. Hesitating an instant, she turned suddenly. "Look, Katherina, would you not much rather come along the road, in the light of day, to order stockings for Natalka, instead——"

"Do you mean to insinuate, Jewess?" Katherina flamed.

"No, no," Deborah hastened to assure her. "I am not insulting you. I am not blaming you. I just want you to see, Katherina, how one may be forced to become what one does not want to be."

"Well," said Katherina, somewhat mollified, "I suppose so. I suppose Jews, like people, have their troubles."

Carefully she put her hand into her bosom and counted slowly six eggs into the apron Deborah held out. "There," she said, brushing her hands with an air as if the transaction was quite satisfactorily completed.

"My dear Katherina!" Deborah exclaimed, "you expect me to knit a pair of stockings for six eggs?"

"How much then?" Katherina's voice was suspicious again and cross.

"Twelve, Katherina; at least twelve. This is not Winter, you know."

"In the next village——"

"I know," Deborah broke in. "In the next village lives a Jewess who knits a pair of stockings for six eggs. Don't believe it, Katherina. It's a fairy-tale. Anyway, I can not do it. We have to live too. And little Miriam is growing up. There is no chance for a penniless girl here, a girl without a dowry." Deborah's voice came brooding.

Katherina put her hand into her *swita* again. The trouble of a dowry she could easily understand.

"Here, Deborah," she said sympathetically, "here are twelve eggs. But remember, every inch of the thread you are to return. And don't let your blind mother-in-law knit the stockings. She might drop a stitch!"

A whispered good night followed, and Katherina stole forth into the shadows again.

THE village peeped through a mist of tender green buds. Warm sunshine, dazzling blue skies were continuous. Scattered over the fields far and near the peasants were. Mere specks between earth and sky their bodies moved

"'I CAME TO YOUR HOME, GAVRELO, WITHOUT A PORTION. MY PEOPLE WERE VERY POOR. YOUR MOTHER CAST IT IN MY FACE EVERY DAY AS LONG AS SHE LIVED'"

slowly, heavily all day long. Nearer the homes the women labored, digging in the gardens, bleaching at the lake. At dawn and after dark they took the time to prepare for the weddings in the village.

When the mud in the road had dried a pedler came driving through the village with Summer finery and pots to sell.

"Pots to sell! Earthen pots to sell!" the pedler cried in a ringing voice. And the dogs barked, and the children stared, and the women left their work and hurried to the wagon with their bundles of rags.

Katherina was digging a draining-canal between two long beds in the garden. When the pedler stopped at her gate she left her spade and looked around. Natalka was at the lake bleaching. And Gavrelo—she could see him, in a far field, his arm swinging rhythmically back and forth. Hastening to the outhouse, she came out with two bundles, one of rags, and one small sackful of wheat. She carried it with difficulty and threw it over the fence into the road, where it lay hidden among some weeds.

"Did you see, little Jew?" she called to the pedler. "It is wheat!"

"I saw," the pedler answered significantly. He was as accustomed to this kind of transaction among the peasants as they themselves were.

Katherina hurried out to the wagon and climbed onto the axle.

"Quick, little Jew, let me see what you have. And don't think you can rob me. Wheat is dear now! Have you ribbons? And I want two red bandannas, but of different patterns. And show me beads. Have you got rings? Yes, show me that one with the red stone."

And the pedler measured, using the length of his arm, and watched Katherina. And she picked and fussed and worried in indecision, her eyes never quite leaving the distant field where Gavrelo was working.

Her selections made finally, she gathered them into her apron jealously, and a haggling ensued between the two, not unlike the transaction some weeks earlier at Deborah's hut.

"Now, pedler, how much? That sack of wheat is almost a bushel."

"Almost!" he cried. "That should have been a full bushel for all you have taken."

"Don't shriek!" she paled. "There are those rags. What do you give for the rags?"

"The rags go to make up the full bushel of wheat." His dark eyes snapped.

"Oh, very well," she said. "Take it! Take it! You are a robber." She climbed down and hurried away. The pedler threw his bundles into the wagon and touched his pony with the end of his whip, his dark eyes measuring the distance to the next hut.

Katherina breathed a sigh of relief as his wagon creaked away, and she slowly entered the deep interior of the outhouse which adjoined the living-room. It was late afternoon, and the road was hot and dusty. But here it was cool and dark; the only light came from the door opening on the garden path.

IN THE dimmest corner Natalka's *kubial* stood, filled with her trousseau. Katherina reached it by a small step-ladder and dipped down into its tank-like body. She touched and patted the cool, smooth linens, heavily embroidered and plain pieces. She added the newly purchased treasures. Yes, Natalka's *kubial* was filling—but of the portion there was no prospect. She sighed hopelessly. There was no prospect, and the day of the wedding was drawing nearer. Gavrelo had ordered vodka from the *kabock*, and told her she might have all the pork she wanted for the wedding-feast. But that was all. Natalka must enter into a strange family owning nothing, come with nothing belonging to her, nothing familiar. Everything she will look at will be strange, his! Nothing that she had brought, that she could feel pride in. "*Ach, Boshi Moi!*"

She finally climbed down the ladder. It had grown late. Outside the mellow sunset lay full on the path and the bit of road she could see before the gate. But in the outhouse the dimness was quite deep. And the living-room, through its door, looked out at her, a dark hole with its sooty walls; the two tiny windows in it admitted but little light. Only one bright spot—the icon in vivid red and blue of the "Gracious Mother" looked out at her from the dimness.

"*Boshi Moi!*" Katherina's eyes went out to it in a dumb appeal, "*Boshi Moi!*" Wearily she sat down after a moment on the lower step of the ladder. Voices came from the road. Presently she saw, from her seclusion, Natalka and Simyonka enter through the gate. Their young forms stood out clean, clear, in the soft light. This was Simyonka's market day, she remembered. He had evidently met Natalka at the lake on his way from market. They were talking heatedly. The little chit Natalka was arguing, smiling, coquetting. The youth seemed to be entreating her, begging earnestly. Simyonka was not much older than Natalka. He was tall and lean and brown, clean-featured, clean-looking in his coarse, homespun linen.

Katherina watched, and her soul filled with gratitude that he was so beautiful, for Natalka.

They came a few steps nearer on the garden path and she caught their words.

"Just one! Just one, Natalka!" His face was lifted. His eyes were beseeching her. And Natalka, laughing, radiant, mischievous, turned and was backing away from him toward the house, her hand raised between them.

"*Lublue ya ikhya.*" (I love thee.)

With the palm of her hand against his mouth, she pressed

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"'THE PEARLS!' SHE CROAKED. 'HE THOUGHT HE COULD KEEP THEM FOREVER, BUT HE COULDN'T. THEY'RE MINE—MINE'"

KING OF THE REEF

A Tale of Spooks and Buried Treasure, of the Lighthouse-keeper Odin Jorn and His Yak-faced Daughter Meg

By LIAN HUNT

Illustrations by John O. Todahl

WHEN first I saw the Reef of Seven Sharks it was lathered with spume, and the lighthouse, gleaming white against a slaty sky, arose above the mists like an obelisk of pearl. There was something about it mysterious, ethereal, like Hope surmounting Chaos.

This was merely the illusion of distance, however. As the tender sheared the waters, nearer and nearer, with the raucous whine of gulls overhead and the stinging swish of spray beneath, the vision slowly dissolved; the ethereal became grotesque, even sinister.

At closer range the Reef itself is extraordinary. Known as Seven Sharks, it is not unlike this man-eating species in shape—seven long finny-backed boulders, with the mammoth chief of them eternally juggling the Turntide Light on his rampant snout, and the remaining six seeming to roll about in sportive appreciation, grinning open-fanged through the ever-changing welter.

Sea-cannibals they are, in fact as well as fancy; for during the trip across I had gathered from official reports—done in a canvas-bound tome on the cabin shelf that prior to the building of the light many a gallant ship and crew—none knows the unfortunate number—went crashing into the pit of doom by way of these fangs and fins. As the spider in ambush snares its winged prey, leaving only the skeleton frame to bleach and shiver in the wind, so the Seven Sharks devoured ships and strung their battered bones upon the tide.

However, with the completion of the light, conditions changed. Shipwrecks were few, accidents rare, and all due to the indisputable reputation of the Turntide as the best-kept lighthouse on the coast. Odin Jorn was keeper—Odin Jorn, "King of the Reef" for more than twenty years; that name alone is sufficient.

But there was another item in the report which struck me as rather startling. Perhaps it hit home at the time, for I had recently been commissioned from Washington by the naval head to act as substitute inspector of the coastwise lights. I read in the "log" that *three* of my predecessors had been lost on the Reef. Not together, not one after another, but at intervals of two and five years! Three thoroughgoing seafarers—so the statement had it. It seemed impossible to understand. Two had never reappeared, but the body of the third had been spewed from the jaws of the Seven Sharks by the incushing tide and sheered across to catch and cling among the beach-plums of the Montauk dunes.

While the staccato thrum of the engine told off the fractional knot between us and the light, I was destined to hear further details from the ancient skipper who handled the wheel. He was native to these waters, was Cappie Thwigg. He had heard enough to wonder about this triple tragedy, even to indulge in popular superstition regarding the Reef.

"Tekkit from me!" he croaked. "There's somethin' gol-durn funny about it. I knowed them inspectors—all three on 'em. I run 'em out here dozens of times, same's I'm runnin' you. They was good seamen and sober." Here he pulled a frog-mouth, corners down, and whispered, "There wasn't no weather neither—leastways none to spill a sailor outen a boat."

Already I fancied I heard the roar of surf on the Reef. A tug moved out of the mists ahead, passed to starboard, almost silently, with three empty barges in tow, riding high out of the water and greened over with marsh slime.

"Funny about the last feller, Jim Douglass," the rasping voice continued; "he come ashore. On the beach they found him. And he hadn't no head on him." Old Thwigg suddenly bore down on his wheel with a suspicious pounce and peered round at me with eyes like blue sparks among the underbrush of brow and beard. "No head on him at all, sir. 'Twas the Sharks tuk it," he whispered hoarsely.

"Do you believe that?" I asked.

"Reckon I do. Ain't nothin' else *less* believe!"

"Were any investigations made?"

"Hm—m—wull—yes." He mopped the spray from his face and squinted ahead. "We're most thar!" he mumbled querulously.

ONLY at the base of the light do the rocks rise many feet above the tides. There they are fissured like jagged lightning shooting aloft into the solid concrete of the tower. And always there is the boom and break of waters, sometimes terrific like crashing thunder, and at other times feeble as the lapping of a puppy's tongue. Mists enshroud them, lending an illusion of vastness to the Reef. The rocks fade out, indefinite as dreams—not so much like sharks as like the wraiths of sharks doomed to wander the seas through eons of time.

Tenders swing alongside with batches of newspapers and provisions. Occasionally an inspector drops in for a look around or a special mechanician climbs the spiral stairway to repair the light. Otherwise the place remains remote, sufficient unto itself. And all passing craft, north-bound or south-bound—steamer, freighter, wind-jammer, even the fisherman's "conch"—shun the Reef as they would the jaws of Topheth—which in common truth and superstition it is—Seven Sharks.

"The keeper, Odin Jorn—what sort is he?" I inquired as the engine's drum gave way to the beat of breakers.

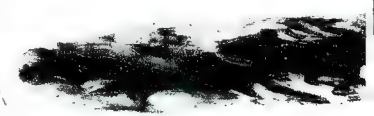
"Good old King!" came Cappie Thwigg's voice as we slid into sudden fog. And he said something further which I was unable to hear.

It was hard in that piquant smother to catch and climb the Jacob's-ladder. Twice the tortured rope thwacked my face, like a ghostly forearm warning me off. Then I began to climb, up and up. Once free of the fog, I could look straight up and see a long white face topped with a stringy fringe of hair. It seemed to move restlessly above the entrance-rail. I called "Jorn! Odin Jorn!" There was no answer.

Imagine my amazement a moment later to find myself staring at a woman. Not that the sex is *rara avis* in a lighthouse. Quite the contrary. It was the weirdness of her that impressed me. I have seen many types in roving the Seven Seas between Labrador and the Marquesas, and these include spiritualistic mediums and the ordinary insane, but never have I beheld such persistent necromancy as was expressed in this woman. Her face was like a yak's, broad at the forehead and narrowing down to a mere suggestion of chin, and her eyes were set so wide apart it appeared impossible to focus them, hence her uncanny habit of flicking her head from side to side to stare at me with a single glittering orb. Her yellow hair, drawn back in a peeled-onion effect, left a cataract of short ends stringing about her face. She wore a checkered shift, patched and faded with age. A purple wool kerchief, with battered fringes, had been flung about her shoulders, crossed before and knotted behind. By way of adornment she wore a scarlet neck-ribbon in a stiffly severe "tom-cat bow" beneath her chin. She leaned and squinted at me.

"New inspector—yeh?" she asked, a querulous uneasiness in her tone, and without waiting for an answer, she said, "Odin Jorn's inside. Come in!"

As she swung around, all strings flapping and checkered skirt belting in the wind, I followed her, shivering a bit as tho witchcraft had touched me. Where the dingey-boat hung in the davits we turned and entered the tower.



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She led me into a gray circular room, filled with twilight and ringed about with the flickering glow of the fire—the tiroom of the indisputable King of the Reef. There he sat, propped in an invalid's chair—an old man of gaunt frame and long, vaporous beard—like a figment of legend. One of his huge, knobby hands rested on a book; the other was slightly raised, its shell-like talons clasped about the albatross head of an ebony cane. The woman shoved a chair beside me. I stumbled to it.

"Mr. Scott—inspector!" came a low, beneficent voice from the armchair. It might have been the voice of a clergyman pronouncing benediction.

"It's Scott—yeh!" said my conductor peevishly; "Cappie Thwing said he was Scott."

AN INSTANT of silence, broken only by the sibilant expulsion of the woman's breath.

"I'm substituting for Mr. Scott," I said stiffly. "My name is Ferguson. I'm here to examine the light."

"You'll find it shipshape," came the vibrant tones of the old viking, "I am old now, but my hand is still on the helm. The Turnstile is the best-kept——"

"That's right, Pa! Everybody's heard *that* twenty times a day for twenty years."

"Leave the room, Meg!" said the King with the first hint of austerity, and the woman, who had been hovering maliciously about, unwillingly withdrew. I confess to a positive relief. As I pulled a free breath, and rose from my chair, the King of the Reef thrust out his stick to detain me.

"Not so soon, lad!" he wheedled, his genial blue eyes upon me. "We want to talk a bit. This light, as I was saying, is the best-kept light on the coast. Its record is clean. No living man has smirched it."

I moved nearer, impelled by the regal serenity of his pride. His face was the color of sea-water in the lambent dusk, his beard like dripping foam. He was Neptune, with the albatross stick for his trident. To me his type was phenomenal—kindly, conscientious, unembittered, yet sufficiently despotic to overrule a woman fiend. I felt a profound respect for the old man and his colossal self-satisfaction in a well-ordered past.

"No living man has smirched it," he reiterated in a surging tone, then he looked at me defiantly and brought his stick down with a sudden thwack, "nor—ever—will!" he smoldered.

The fire in his eye amused me.

Heaven forbid!" I smiled at him. "But I must be up and doing. Is there an assistant keeper?"

"There's Lutie, up aloft, trimming wicks," he explained. "Best man for lamps on the coast, is Lutie. The last inspector says it's the best——"

"Is this the stair-door?"

"Aye!—the best-kept lenses ever he see and the light-room always spick-span and fresh paint on the walk-around and——"

I made a skilful getaway and, grasping the knob, opened the door for a quick ascent, when I felt rather than saw the woman standing above me on the stair—a pallid presence in the dusk.

"He's bugs on the light," she murmured, searching me with her molten eye, which was the one thing wholly visible. "Lucky you got off so quick!"

I felt choked, smothered. An instant only and the old King's voice relieved the tension.

"Meg!" called Odin Jorn, richly intoning without hint of malice or suspicion, and the woman brushed past me abruptly and with another sidelong glance was gone.

As I groped spirally upward in the dusk, I became increasingly conscious of the silent struggle going on between the two in the room below. Odin Jorn, in his calm, inflexible voice, requested his daughter to remain in her room until the inspector had gone. The woman demurred, and in the interval that followed I had a sense of crisis. At length with the same sibilant expulsion of breath before noticed, the woman appeared at the stair-foot, her face unusually spectral, her wide-set eyes upturned, ringed with fire like a forest-cat's in the dark. Distinctly came the pad of feet up the stairs to the level of the sleeping-apartment, then the violent jerking open and slamming of a door.

Again I breathed deeply. We were well rid of her!

I wondered if the old King's relief were akin to my own. The one impression of her remained—like a monstrous voodoo, materializing from shadows in that great stone tower, hovering expectantly—I knew not why—over the gaunt, majestic form in the wheel-chair, or peering out of the narrow windows like a spirit imprisoned—the demon-soul of the Seven Sharks.

But—*were* we rid of her?

For with every upward motion I felt, curiously enough, that she crawled behind me, her groping finger-tips touching my heel.

On the topmost step I remember laughing, rather boisterously and all out of keeping with my mood. And when I entered the light-room and found everything bright and clean and breezy, gulls circling high and little whitecaps making under a westerly, I shook off my nightmare as it were a haversack of dead men's bones. The assistant keeper came around to greet me, his trimming-shears dangling from a middle finger and his face asmut. He was a thin, undersized fellow about thirty-five, I judged, a weakling excessively slow of speech.

"Haowdy, sir! D—did *she* skeer ye?"

"Who?" I asked in mock innocence.

He looked at me out of his pale eyes and set his lips for the next word.

"Her! M—my woman."

"Oh, no!" I laughed uncomfortably. And then the words forced themselves out, "You mean your *wife*, Lute?" And as he nodded slowly, I reached out and patted his shoulder because I couldn't help it—poor devil!

"Ye see, it's been—two year now," he drawled, "and she ain't been off the light. It's gittin' her!"

FOR a minute I thought he was going to blubber, but he straightened himself and swallowed his emotions.

"Ye see," he struggled on, "she's awaitin'—and it takes the old man a terrible long time t—to c—croak." His manner was childish, impersonal. But he must have caught the look of amazement on my face, for he added,

"H—he ain't no good no more, y—ye understand. His legs is bust—he ain't no good—but to set."

"And the other reason——" I growled. "What is it?"

"Ye see," he parried in a rapt and weightless voice, "Ma Jorn, she died two year back, and she went terrible hard, moanin' and screamin' about a noise that haunted her. It was thar in the stair-well—boomp, boomp, boomp—like that, jes' like some one fallin' and hittin' the curves. She never knowed it, but it was pa. He ain't never walked sence. It's terrible long, a—a—waitin'."

"That doesn't answer my question—" I persisted with some heat, and then stopped short. The woman was looking at me from the other side of the lens, and she had a million faces, each with a rivet eye, all evil. In a moment she came around and, just as he had been a dog, dismissed the man with a curt word and a dirty index finger pointing toward the stair. Her eyelids drooped until his retreating footsteps assured her of privacy.

"Inspectin' the light?" she asked contemptuously, "or the folks in it?"

"Both!" I responded promptly. "I'm here to report conditions—material and animal. Stand aside, kindly. You're taking my time!"

With that I thrust my head in the lens and began an exaggerated examination of detail. But the woman still stared at me. I could feel her eye ranging up and down my uniform with the penetration of an X-ray. I endured it till the prickles on my spine increased to centipeds, then I moved around to the other side of the lens. She followed.

"Things all right—yeh?" There was something in her tone that suggested poisoned rapiers awaiting combat. I said nothing.

I STROVE for a full ten minutes to ignore her existence, but caught myself glancing at her occasionally offhand. She had seated herself on the sill, leaning a little outward, her head and shoulders high-lighted by the westering sun. Silence then had proved an effective shield. I opened my note-book, made a few passes, and started down-stairs. Instantly she rustled to her feet and called out,

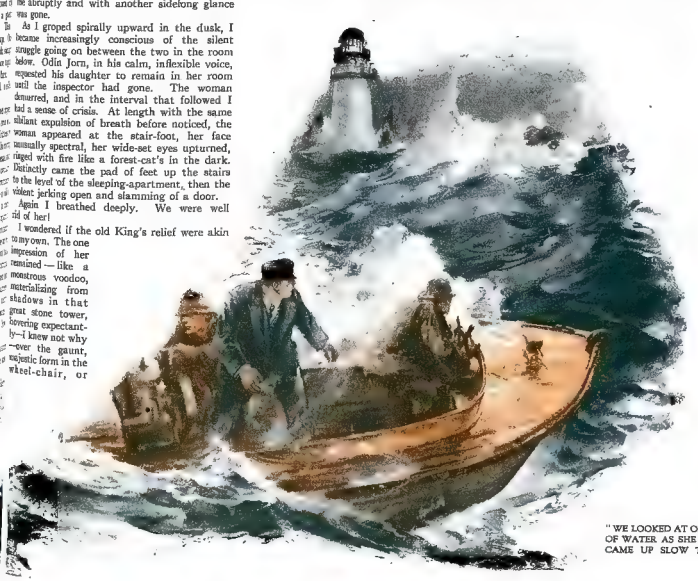
"All right—yeh?"

"The light is all right," I remarked quietly, not turning round.

"Lucky for you," she sighed, "I wondered what you wrote in your book. I tell you, if 'twasn't all right, pa'd murder you cold!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

"THE TOWER QUIVERED WITH THE POUNDING OF THE SURF, WHICH MOANED UP THROUGH ITS HOLLOW HEIGHT LIKE A VOICE OF MOURNING"



"WE LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER THROUGH SHEETS OF WATER AS SHE GAVE, WALLOWED, SLID, AND CAME UP SLOW TO TAKE ANOTHER WALLOP"

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IS THE GIRL OF TO-DAY

"Indeed She Is!"

Declares KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Love of Lucretia Lombard," "The Story of Julia Page," "Harriet and the Piper," Etc.

BE IT therefore

Resolved: That the modern young woman in America is frivolous and immoral beyond all bounds, and beyond anything ever known in the history of girlhood; that she drinks, smokes, and flirts to excess, and that her dress and her manner of dancing are entirely improper; and be it further

Resolved: That because of these things she is absolutely unfitting herself for wifehood and motherhood, and thereby jeopardizing the safety and the continuance of the race.

That is about the way that press and people, old ladies in porch-rockers, men in clubs, and preachers from their pulpits have summarized the situation. More has been said and written about the rising generation, and more agitatedly and despairingly said and written, than of any other rising generation that ever danced and flirted.

The thing has become a universal and a public scandal; and we are beginning to see in it a real national menace. For if ever a nation needed good wives and good mothers, and good homes and good children, this nation does at this moment, and we are becoming more and more aware of the danger that this sort of thing will speedily lead to very few homes, and those not good ones, and almost no children at all.

Going the Pace That Kills!

"THIS sort of thing," I say. Every one who can read knows what I mean. I mean just what we have been witnessing between girls and boys of seventeen to twenty-five; reckless speech, uncha peroned parties of the wildest freedom, smoking, the "hip-pocket flask" at afternoon and evening dances, the demand for incessant and extravagant amusement, and the wearing of immodest dress.

We all know the stories, and distracted mothers write me new ones in every mail; from Wichita and Sioux Falls, and Paris, Me., and Galveston, Tex. There seems to be no end to the gasping and the shocks. And there seem to be no noticeable geographical limits to the contagion. Truly, it was in the biggest city that a débutante with a boy friend, last Winter, rented a small furnished apartment down-town, and entertained their friends there in what I believe to be a perfectly innocent manner, with lunches, teas, and early dinners, entirely without the knowledge of their elders. The little girl was always home at night, and for the rest, her mother said easily, she was always "with her own crowd." This was in New York; but it was in a small Western town that the story of the abandonment of stays at dances started, and it was from a Kentucky city that a woman wrote me that her son's little group, children of "the nicest families in town," called their small dancing club "The Twin Beds Club." A conservative Boston gentleman reproached his wife in my hearing with their daughter's intoxication at her coming-out tea, and to my own knowledge a California débutante found herself, on the morning after her imposing presentation ball, with several boy friends at a country hotel.

So that the thing seems wide-spread, and of no particular group or place. And that it is a very real danger, and a very real reproach upon ourselves as parents and guardians, we are all bound to admit. The girlhood of a nation, its purity, sanity, and self-control, are one of that nation's most valuable assets, and nothing can replace that girlhood misdirected and despoiled.

If our young persons are indulging in all sorts of excesses now that will make quiet home life and parenthood distasteful and almost impossible to them—and there seems to be no doubt that they are—then we older persons should rise as at a call to war and bend all our energies toward a cure.

The old soothing platitudes, that this is just youth, and that they must have their fling, and that there is a great deal of smoke for a very little fire, do not apply here. They are routed by the facts; that home life *has* grown increasingly difficult and thankless, that children have grown fewer and fewer, and that the modern standard of extravagant hospitality—motor-cars, dances, card-games, manicure, hair-dresser, and a thousand other luxuries—ruins a girl's simplicity before she is married at all, makes the thought of a child, or of children, utterly unwelcome, and goes far to wreck her marriage almost before it has begun.

We all know—we older people—that marriage is a serious business. It is a problem that takes everything we have of temperance, self-control, patience, and strength. There are times, even in the happiest marriage, when silence, gentleness, self-denial, and resolute courage *must* be forthcoming, or the whole gallant little vessel goes on the rocks, and one more tragedy is added to a world too full of tragedies now.

Where is the modern girl to learn silence, gentleness, self-denial, and patience? Her days are merely a feverish round of pleasure-seeking. If a man is shabbily dressed, and has no motor-car, and does not dance well, he simply does not exist for her. She bases her friendship on material things; she is "crazy" about the new young man because he is a "perfect sport," he drives a stunning car, he apparently has "tons" of money. He knows everybody, movie stars, and the amateur tennis and golf champions, and the head waiters at the big hotels.

What more could any woman ask in a husband? If a real man walked into her presence—a man who was to be the Abraham Lincoln, or the big scientist, or the great writer of ten years hence, she would look upon him with horrified contempt. And if her rich young man, her golf-player and dancer, really met a fine and good and simple woman, whose interest in life was to be her husband, and her nursery, and what is fine in music, literature, and home-making, he would characterize her as "an egg."

At a débutante dance a few months ago I asked a young girl why one of the young men was dancing with a two-dollar bill rather conspicuously displayed in his hand.

"Because he wants somebody to cut in and dance with that girl—she's an egg!" was the innocent reply.

The "egg" happened to be the daughter of the hostess, but that is perhaps an irrelevant detail.

Where Is This Mad Rush to End?

NOW, let us ask ourselves as older, if not much wiser, men and women, what the result will probably be when the modern girl, after three or four years of incessant dashing about in expensive cars, drinking, dancing, flirting to the danger-point, dressing expensively, strewing money casually about among manicures and beauty specialists, making what friends she chooses, and in every particular of manners and morals being a law unto herself—let us ask ourselves what her marriage must be.

Of any marriage, the first six months is not important, to the world, at least. There is everything to make it pleasant, the new name, the new house, the new dignity. The bride and groom entertain all their less blissful friends, and the car and the dancing and the general excitement continue unabated.

But then the real problems begin. Perhaps a too indulgent father stops the allowance; perhaps patient tradespeople begin to hint at more regular settlements; perhaps the girl wants a fur coat at the very moment that the boy wants to join a new club.

Both are going, drinking, eating, dancing, talking, and laughing almost to the point of insanity. The telephone is always ringing, the crowd is always arriving; it is time to eat and they are dancing as well as eating; it is time to rest and their engagements and appointments are three deep; it is time to sleep and for them the night is just beginning.

Human nerves and bodies will not stand the strain; presently the boy is telling a lawyer his story, and he is not to blame. And the girl is telling another lawyer hers, and she is not to blame.

"And goodness knows," we fathers and mothers say, plaintively "that *we* are not to blame!"

So we find ourselves turning into a nation of failures, unhappy marriages, and empty nurseries on all sides; we know no more quiet, contented women whose holidays are all the more wonderful for being rare, whose interests are tenderly bound up in the interests of the little lives about them, and whose homes are centers from which radiate all the homely, wholesome, essential virtues that are the real bulwark of a great nation.

It is all lost—the delight of simple living, the sunny gardens with small rompers staggering about them, the planned hospitalities that are so much sweeter than all the shrieking, crowding motor-trips that ever tore through a Summer night.

The chase for pleasure and distraction and amusement grows madder year after year, and the secret of real happiness remains just where it was before, hidden away in the miracle of seven words, "Whoso loses his life shall gain it."

Our Generation Is to Blame

TWO generations ago the question used to be, "What are they going to name it?" To-day the question—and one may ask it of almost every young married pair one knows—is, "I hear that there is trouble there?"

I say "two generations ago," because this new national trouble of ours, this flat refusal of our young women and men to grow into rational, self-respecting, home-making, and family-raising citizens, is no mushroom growth.

We are to blame, almost entirely to blame, we of the generation that raised them and made their world what it is for them to grow in. We are the ones who have been so about home-making and the raising of children with endless difficulties and absurdities, and who have held before their eighteen- and twenty-year-old eyes an ideal of extravagance and empty display. We ask them to be simple, and temperate, and reasonable, but we are none of these things.

Where there is money we follow blindly. We do not shut our doors to the fabulously wealthy man because he is not also a decent man. We do not sell our motor-car because the doctor's bill has been a year unpaid, or wear the 1918 coat just because it is still warm and whole.

They break our hearts now these dear and lovely and precious girls, when they prefer their friends to their family, when they slip away day after day and evening after evening to their unwholesome pleasures, and when nothing plain, nothing normal and moderate, suffices to amuse them. A picnic with the younger children—a dinner with Grandma and Uncle Tom—a theater party with the family—oh, Heaven forbid! Their own mad little group, with its boobbed

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DRAWINGS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

AS BAD AS SHE'S PAINTED?

"I Should Say Not!"

Retorts CORRA HARRIS

Author of "The Eyes of Love," "Happily Married," "Making Her His Wife," Etc.

I SHALL not begin this defense of the young girl by attempting to justify her manners, morals, or dress; but my purpose is to offer an explanation of her development, to place the blame where it belongs, and to suggest the only possible means by which she may be recovered and restored to her friends and family.

Not all the charges against her are suitable for polite discussion. This is true of most people if they only knew it. We may defend ourselves against robbers and assassins, but there is no possible defense against the evil mind which frequently exists in the most respectable men and women. The young girl has become the object of this kind of gossip and inquisition. Out of respect for her, and a profound compassion, this writer will endeavor to keep on the side of this discussion nearest propriety and decency, even if she fails to mention all the accusations promulgated against the young girl. A lot of our best people live and die without having their faults published in the Sunday papers.

One of the lighter indictments is that she has made a mockery of her maiden countenance. She bobs her hair, picks her brows, powders excessively, rouges still more excessively, uses a "lip-stick," and perfumes the palms of her hands.

Personally, I do not think it is morally wrong to bob one's hair. All men do it. I do not think so even if certain business firms refuse to employ girls with bobbed hair, claiming that this brevity of the hair indicates a frivolous mind. Maybe so. But even so, it certainly is hypocritical to refuse her a position behind the perfumery, cosmetics, and curling-tongs counter because she uses the goods advertised and sold there.

The trouble is that we concede hypocrisy as one of the legitimate methods in this very business which flourishes upon the decadent vanities of girls.

And She Follows Her Mother's Example

THIS is not recorded as an extenuating circumstance, but the young girl's mother powders, paints, and works the "lip-stick." I have no doubt that she would also bob her hair if she had enough of it to bob. Of course, the young girl should set her mother a better example, but since this is such a reversion of the relation between mother and daughter, probably she has never realized that this was her duty. She has followed her mother's example, as usual.

And while I may be breaking a sacred confidence which was never given me, it is a secretly notorious fact that young men have become addicted to the pink-paste pots which enhance the complexion. They have degenerated to the practise of feminine arts upon their faces. It is disgusting. One wonders what form of decadence they represent. But one knows why the girls rouge. They do because "everybody does," including their mothers and their beaus. If these silly vanities are to be charged against those who practise them, why single out the young girl, who is the least guilty, and omit the mothers and the men?

BY FAR the greater number of complainants against the modern young girl are men. I can not believe in view of the example they set her that their arguments against her and their strictly virtuous horror of her conduct are inspired by the subliminal uprush of their own moral natures.

My shrewd suspicion is that it is all due to an occult masculine selfishness. Potentially speaking, they own romantic stock in these wayward maidens. They resent the damaging of this stock. If it were not so distressing for the girls it would be funny when one considers that they are only trying to attract and please the men. And it is evident that they have the right "dope," because they do attract more attention from men than ever before.

The trouble is that it is a sort of universal attraction, not complimentary but ardent. What a man wants is for a girl to please him, not every man. He is jealous.

She Knows What Pleases the Men

I HAVE always wondered why men were considered reasonable and why women were regarded as unreasonable when the whole history of their relationship to each other proves the contrary. Men are invariably most strongly attracted to women these days by the very qualities, fashions, and vanities which they condemn in women. Meanwhile the modern girl has discovered what attracts men and she makes herself the image of that, regardless of his purely ethical views. She is astoundingly rational about this. Her logic is what makes her capable and unscrupulous. She knows what he wants and she does not care the snap of her fingers what he thinks. This is the view taken by the demi-monde, as are the fashions of the clothes she wears and the "toddles" she dances. But who introduced the ideals of the demi-monde to this young girl? By nature she is the most delicate, sensitive, and modest being born into this world.

Somebody is responsible. Not long since a prominent society woman in a certain city overheard her daughter refuse to accept the escort of a young man for a dance.

"Why did you decline to go with him?" she asked.

"Because he is rude; he is familiar. He puts his hands on me," the girl replied.

"Other girls stand it. Are you any better than they are?" was this mother's retort.

Two strangely eccentric parents at a fashionable resort this Summer exercised a mild supervision of their young daughter, a lovely and attractive girl. They would not permit her to attend public dances where the "toddle" and the "Chicago" were the favorite numbers. The old and middle-aged women in that hotel were indignant to a man. They were sorry for this poor young girl. They were merciless in the criticism of her parents. They represented what we call the "cream of society" in several States. And they were the propagandists of conditions which make young girls what they are.

The charge is made that the young girl dresses immodestly. Her frocks are cut too low at the top and too brief at the bottom. She wears no corsets, rolls her stockings and shows her knees when she pleases.

This is the truth. She does all these things. So does her mother. If you are a decent person, it is very sad. If you have the sensitively immoral mind, it is positively shocking, and gives you something deliciously scandalous to talk about.

But who designs these fashions? They were planned and produced by modistes without the knowledge of the young girl, or her approval. Not that she is not game to approve and wear anything offered. She is. They are daring.—My dear brethren and sisters, the modern girl will not take a dare!—Later she and her equally modern mother go down-town to buy a frock. They purchase half a frock because no whole ones were being shown this season.

It is easy to understand why the girls buy these things. They are young, conventional. They naturally wish to look at least as smartly dressed as possible. And they know how much more interested men are in this kind of clothes than they have ever been. This is reason enough in all conscience, and even without conscience, to account for the way the modern girl dresses.

What I can not understand is this. If a dairyman sells polluted milk or skimmed milk in a city, there is a great hue and cry. He is stealing the substance of life from children; he is killing the babies. He is prosecuted. He may be mobbed. But when was any one prosecuted for selling garments to women deliberately planned to destroy modesty, decency, and virtue? It is not done. Yet the crime committed is a worse crime.

We can offer no excuse for the exhibition the young girl makes of her legs. Still, some good may come from the exposure. For one thing it may cure men of a senseless curiosity they have always sneakingly indulged about these members of the feminine body. But you must hand it to the young girl. Nothing in this turgid situation so nearly approaches comedy as the horror with which all mankind has thrown up its hands at the sudden revelation girls have made of these stems of their being without the slightest concern for every man's outraged sense of propriety. It is not she who is conscious of them, I am firmly convinced, but these men. They have been suddenly deprived of their curiosity. It is a singular but very real loss. Consider how many ages women have been worried and hobbled in the effort to keep their very ankles a secret. I hope all prudes will forgive me, but I can not help thinking that these candidly confessed legs are the pentameters of poetic justice, so to speak.

As for rolling her stockings, she has simply revived the custom of her lady grandmother, who always did. This writer lives in a remote mountain community where manners and customs have not changed for fifty years. One week ago, on the Lord's Day, I saw a very good woman, forty years old, and a member of the primitive Baptist Church, descend from her buggy in front of this church door. As she did so she revealed a stout, durable leg with the stocking rolled six inches below the knee. No one in this county would question that woman's exceedingly stern sense of propriety nor her right to roll her stockings. It distresses me almost as much as it does any man to see a girl with her hose rolled, but I am bound to admit that she has the best authority for doing it.

The difference, of course, is in the length and width of her skirt as compared with that of her grandmother's.

Why Has the Corset Gone?

WHEN we who are now middle-aged women were girls, mothers, men, preachers, and doctors were teetotally against the idea of our wearing corsets. I remember the first one I ever had was stolen from a young lady aunt. I put the thing on and wore it to school. But it was so much too long for my pudgy little-girl waist that I could not sit down in it. I was obliged to slip out of the schoolroom, crawl under the Presbyterian church which was adjacent, and take it off after a fearful struggle. Probably the steel ribs of it are there yet just below the floor of the pulpit.

Now the young girl has discarded the corset, and all modern society professes to be shocked. A good many of us are. She did not take the thing off for reasons of health or wider respiration. The reason most frequently assigned is that men prefer to dance with a girl when she does not wear one. Not only that, but they call her "Iron skies" if she does, and they will not dance with her. This is not a moral reason, but it is a natural one. Girls want partners at a dance, and lovers, and husbands because they have never had husbands, so they do the best they can to please these possible partners, lovers, and prognosticated husbands.

The crowning accusation brought against her is that she

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JUSTICE

She Is Really Quite a Lovely Lady When You Begin to Know Her

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

ONLY half past nine! He wondered why everything on this street on the old Heights was so still. He could not remember that it had been as quiet as this in his boyhood.

The old residence-part of the city had not changed much. Same street lights, shedding a rather feeble circle of yellow aura on the black cobbles. Far away the whine of a street-car motor picking up speed on its way down there to the vaporous glowing of the city. The brick-front houses with the white, recessed doorways and iron-railing steps were old friends. One of them had been the house of Margaret Emison. Dead now, he had heard; married and dead. He remembered her playing hopscotch. She had marked out the diagram on the bricks with her father's tailor chalk while he had looked upon her twelve-year plumpness in adoring, respectful, awed fascination somehow introduced by that adult stranger who had crept in to displace the boy of him.

A shadow moved across the lighted space below the street-lamp where the wetness of the drizzling rain fell. A cat—a black, slinking cat shaking the water from its feet. His mother's own cat—the one called—called let's see—called Bub, short for Beelzebub. He laughed. Hardly the same cat. That was twenty years ago!

"Well," said one of the men—the one with the cropped mustache. "There's the house. What's the matter, Mr. Milburn Frode?"

"Nothing. That's the house all right. If he isn't there already, he's coming. On his way, they said at his office."

Frode gathered the folds of his ulster around his neck.

The third man—lean, tall, cadaverous—wearing a black raincoat spreading from his narrow shoulders wider and wider toward a wide orbit of edge at his feet, like an inverted funnel, snuffled.

"She lives in a wooden house," he said contemptuously. "The rest are brick. I'd hate to live here. Dull at night, eh?"

Frode sneered at him. "Yes, very dull—a dull, old, respectable, stuffy neighborhood. Book clubs, church festivals. All that. That's why I left it. I used to live up there on the next cross street opposite a public school. That's why I left. Dull, stupid—too wholesome—too sweet—too——"

The cadaver spoke again. "Yep." He did not have much interest, not much interest in anything. Always snuffled at the end of every sentence. A catarrhal villain.

"That is the house. She lives there," said Frode. "There's a light in the front room. She was born in that house. That's Celia Berton's."

The cadaver addressed the stout man with a cropped mustache, saying, "How do we know that he hasn't come—isn't inside already?"

"Who?"

"Why, this John."

"That's so," said Milburn. "I hadn't thought of that. What about it, Mr. Sells?"

"You know the woman?" asked the stocky Sells.

Frode half closed his puffy, aching eyes. "She was fifteen. Not very pretty. I wouldn't know her. Time works changes. She wouldn't know me. I'm only a name to her. Seldom spoken, I guess."

"Well, if there's a chance he's in there you better go in now. If he isn't there you can get in a little work on her while you wait. See him when he comes."

"Well, all right. His office said he was working there after supper to-night and had gone at nine to come out here. He'll come. I suppose you'll wait for me."

The cadaver gave forth a cackle and leaned against the iron fence.

"Shut up, Joe," said Mr. Sells. "Yes, Mr. Frode, of course we'll wait for you. That's our business. I'll wait at the front door and Joe will wait at the back door, maybe. Sorry—but you know how it is."

"Yes," answered Mr. Frode. "I know how it is."

The stout man coughed. "Look at this mist! It's a fine night for a murder. Well, go to it!"

"What—murder?" Frode asked.

"No—the money."

"Yes, the money."

Sells watched the other start away along the iron fence. "Slip over, Joe, and watch the back door," he said out of the corner of his mouth and then he called gruffly, "Say, Mr. Frode."

"What?"

Sells came up until the stale cigar odor was evident again. "I just sent Joe around to the rear," he said. "I want to talk to you."

"Yes," Frode said loathingly.

"I am not a bad feller," Sells told him. "There are not many who are straight in my business, and I'm straight. I just wanted to give you a tip."

"What?"

"No monkey-shines."

"You mean I'd try to escape?"

"Yes. Don't do it. It wouldn't get you anywhere and there'd be a disposition on the part of the company to work on the D. A. to hand the judge a tip for the maximum. This corporation never lets up on a man. They have too many traveling collectors like you not to make of any case like yours——"

"An example."

"Sure! An example. But the corporation also likes to show a clean set of books. They never got caught with an oversight like this!"

"Sending me out without seeing I was bonded by a surety company."

"Certainly. And you getting into 'em for ten thousand eight hundred. Wow! No wonder they give you this chance to square it."

Frode recalled the interview with the Treasurer after the arrest in Buffalo. The Treasurer, that stern stranger had a hard look around the eyes and mouth. Frode's eyes and mouth appeared even to his own vision in hotel mirrors as weary and soft. In his own were the tenderness and weakness of vice; in the Treasurer's the hardness and cruelty of virtue.

"HE CLUNG TO THE GATE-POST. OH, GOD, WHAT A HORROR! JOHN WOULD SAVE HIM FROM THAT"

And the Treasurer had said, "Under the circumstances we are willing to waive any prosecution—if you can make restitution."

RESTITUTION! Frode had heard Destiny laughing in his ear. He had taken the money to play the bucket-shop. Now that he was forty he had wanted to quit the drifting, drinking, cheap round of life and settle down. That or nothing. Win or lose. He had figured it out beforehand; that if he lost and was caught he would take his medicine. He would go where there were stone corridors, echoing with footsteps, and where men cut pictures of pretty actresses out of newspapers to put up in their cells, and where one at night could lie awake and hear the snores of educated embezzlers and bristly necked yeggmen mingling fantastically in hours of horror.

He could remember now how he had said yesterday—my God, was it yesterday? It was like a year ago! No, it was day before yesterday. He had said, "Why, I haven't a cent in the world."

"How about your family?" the Treasurer had suggested. "They would be interested."

"Very," he had replied. "But I have no family. I left home when I was twenty. There was a little trouble with a card game. My mother—we had words. Let it go. I left. They didn't hear from me again. I went the pace. Twenty years. I have nothing but poor relatives. All poor. All lame ducks. Except my brother John."

"Ah—your brother John," the Treasurer had said insinuatingly.

"Yes, John," Frode had said.

"John Frode."

"No, his name is not Frode. I was the one who changed my name. Mine is Frode."

The Treasurer had smirked; he had a wife who belonged to the Country Club and two daughters at Bryn Mawr. So he had said, as if to be as superior as possible to a man who had no wife, no children, and not even a clean record.

"I'm the black sheep," Milburn had admitted with a careless laugh.

"Well, your brother John—whatever his name is?"

"Oh, yes. That might be. John was the steady one. The one who earned. He was always for keeping the family together. John was the one who paid my father's funeral expenses instead of going to college. John was the one who always had family loyalty and talked about the family name! John might loosen up—if I went back and asked him."

"Well, Mr. Frode," the detestable, virtuous Treasurer had said. "Well, Mr. Frode, that is your one salvation. Your brother might care to make restitution. There has been no arrest, no arraignment, no publicity. If you choose I can send you to your old home with two of my men. I can give you twenty-four hours. It would be rather better than——"

"Four years," Frode had said grimly.

"JUST tell your brother what it means," the Treasurer had suggested, rustling the papers on his desk like an executive about to close an interview. "Make your appeal to his unselfishness, his family loyalty, the stain on the name and he may again be——"

"A mark!" Frode had said rather cynically. "The same dear old, lovable, easy mark."

"Certainly."

"Blackmail the innocent?"

The Treasurer had looked at him sternly and said, "You are not a man in a position to talk like that to a corporation trying to find a way to save you from punishment."

Frode had said, "Bosh!"

Now to this private detective, the coarse-mouthed Sells, he said again, "Bosh!"

"What do yer mean?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Milburn. "I was just thinking of my talk with the Treasurer."

"Well, he gave you a chance, at that," the detective argued. "I hope you play in luck. I hope you shake this brother of yours down. This John, what's-his-name."

"You don't know his name?"

"You said you wanted us to keep off that."

"Yes."

"Well, I should wear out my rubbers finding out your real name and address. All we want is ten thousand ——"

"Or me?"

"Yes, and make the suspense short."

Frode had lived hard. He knew what it was to spend months with men like Sells. He had not cared—professional gamblers, racing men, resort keepers, and their ladies! Good fellows all. A whole album of almost tender memory of the good old, bad old days. And now he was back again. Life had been like a forest where one goes feeling a way hoping to come out into some kind of sunlight on the far side but instead goes in a circle and comes back to the starting place. Here he was—in front of Celia Berton's house, where the same old woodbine leaves rustled in the window. It was so quiet! So quiet one could hear the drip-drip of water from the gutters coming down the water-spout and the scratch of branches of the street trees reaching out like clawing hands toward the tin roof.

He looked back. Sells had disappeared into the shadows, but he and Joe would wait and watch. Sells had the warrant in his pocket ready to hand over to the City Chief if anything went wrong. Frode filled his lungs with the damp air.

It was full of the warm, provoking odor of baking bread. In the penitentiary they baked bread too, and the ball where the plates and the tin soup-cups were laid out on the greasy benches would smell like this. Ten hundred and ninety-five times a year—file in to a meal, file out. Four years—four thousand banquets of the society of remorse, failure, and rottenness. And at forty! At thirty a man could look forward to getting out; there would be drink and pretty faces and the call. But at forty-four! How tired a man who had gulped all the life possible in hungry unrestrained swallows could become of pretty ladies all alike, and dissipations all alike, and of living days all alike.

He clung to the gate-post. Oh, God, what a horror! Locked up like that and life sneering all the time. The future sneering. Life silently sneering. Memories sneering. John would save him from that. Family loyalty.

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Clean name. No stain. Brother's love. He could bet on John.

John had been the good one of the family. That idea enraged him. The idea of all careful, restrained, industrious preservation enraged him. They made virtue hideous! A sudden exasperation seized him—and a sudden rage and unreasoning anger at the injustice of Destiny. He wondered whether there could be a chance that Brother John would refuse. He wondered whether he would seize that stranger brother of his by the throat and choke him until his eyes bulged out and—

WHAT nonsense! What nonsense to think these wild thoughts. He went up the walk toward the lighted windows and knocked resolutely upon Celia Berton's front door.

There was a pause. He heard a coughing from upstairs—an aged cough. Celia's mother must still be alive. He remembered Celia's mother when she had been a blooming widow. How the years had flown!

The door opened. There was Celia.

"You don't remember me?"

"No. Excuse me. Come in. Remember you?"

"I'm Milburn."

"Milburn?"

"John's brother—the one who ran away from home."

"For pity's sake!"

She had a pleasant contralto voice, but he was astounded that it spoke in such a commonplace tone. He had looked forward to this dramatic meeting; nothing exploded, however, either in him or in her. For the moment neither could realize, neither could get away from the habitual commonplaceness of mere living.

"Come in."

She indicated the small front room. He remembered the last time he had been there. She had been thirteen, and he twenty. Others had been there—children. They had played a new game with counters on a piece of green felt. One tried to snap these counters into a glass. Tiddledywinks—that was the name! Indulgently he, the man, conscious of being a superior being, had shown these children how to play. Now she was past thirty, tall and straight standing beside the lamp on the center table.

"You've taken my breath away, Milburn," she said in a shaking voice.

Without comment he looked at her. She had the same golden hair drooping in two festoons over her forehead, the same troubled and yet mischievous eyes—at one moment mischievous and at another troubled and anxious. Otherwise he would not have known her. She was not a great beauty, but there was patience about her mouth and a delicacy about the lines of her cheeks and the contour of her nose which suggested beauty. He was surprized to see her looking so modern and dressed as if she refused to give up girlhood, as if clothes could keep the years away. He had expected demureness, but instead he found self-possession. He had expected her to be old-fashioned: instead he found her in appearance almost smart. He could sense a faint aroma of delicate perfume.

"Why, Milburn! Take off your coat. How old you look. I don't mean that—only how much older than when I saw you. I was only a girl. I can hardly remember. Put it there in the hall. Won't you sit down?"

"Yes."

He looked around the room. The old tin-panny piano had gone. There was nothing in that corner now except the cabinet with the ivory fan and the silk slippers her great grandmother wore at Monroe's inauguration. He ran his fingers around his collar, seeking for relaxation from embarrassment, seeking for room to say words that would not form in his mouth.

"When did you come?"

"To-night. I wanted to see John—my brother John."

A flicker of anxiety showed on her face as she sat down in the wicker chair under the old engraving.

"Yes, he's coming. He ought to be here now."

"I hear you're engaged."

"Yes. I suppose that isn't news. We've been engaged ten years."

He rubbed the chair arms with the moist palms of his hands. He said, "That's too long."

She smiled.

"Well, we have had to wait. Of course we really were engaged more than ten years. But your mother was an invalid for the latter years of her life."

He swallowed.

"Yes. John had to work real hard to take care of her. I know how it is. Mother has been failing for four years and it represents lots of expense and time."

"I suppose so. I suppose it does. I don't know much about that. I've wandered a good deal."

An emotion seized her; she exclaimed, "Oh, Milburn, how could you? They spent so much money trying the first three years to trace you!"

He waved it all away with a gesture of one hand.

"I don't see why you didn't get married," he announced.

She looked up in astonishment.

"We—we couldn't!"

"Why not?"

"Money."

"Money?"

"Yes, Milburn. John has worked awfully hard, but just think of what he has had to carry."

"Of course I don't know."

"No, maybe not. But there was your mother—Well, why talk of that? I am bursting to know where you have been. What brought you back?"

SHE stopped and then went on. "Really I always said if you came back I'd never speak to you, but I have. That shows how we deceive ourselves, doesn't it? Here I am really glad to see you."

"Oh, never mind that," he said awkwardly. "What's become of Henry?"

"Your brother Henry?"

"Yes."

"Oh, he is always getting a new job."

"And coming to John for help?"

"Yes."

"And gets it. Well, that's John all over. Then I suppose my father's sister——"

"Aunt Emma. Oh yes. She is the one who always has to have doctors and operations."

"Still alive! Well, where is Helen?"

"Your little sister is in college."

"Earning her way?"

"No. John wanted to have her have all the advantages she would have had if your father had lived."

"What do you do?"

"I work. I took the secretarial course at Blowers. But now I'm a librarian at the Memorial."

Milburn laughed. "I thought all librarians were homely," he said. "You look as if you might dance, Celia."

"I do. It was because of that we had the worst quarrel we ever had."

Picking up a book from the table he turned its pages idly without seeing a single word. Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Quarrel? He was jealous?"

She smiled indulgently. "He is. Yes, he is jealous. But my stars, life can't be all dark gray, Milburn. And that was the time I took him to task. I said he wanted me to grow into an old woman while he was helping Henry and Helen and his mother and Aunt Emma and his mother's brother—with every cent. I was sorry afterward. I am always sorry—afterward."

MILBURN sat back until his neck was resting against the hard, unyielding but cool wooden round of the Morris chair. He found himself looking into the heirloom mirror, seeing his own life-weary face still filled with the remnants of over-eager youth. His own eyes were dull. They were dull even at this moment of great speculation when he had come to play his last card. They were dull in contrast to her eyes, still glinting the hope and expectancy of the future. His nose had coarsened. For three or four years he had rather avoided mirrors because they threw back the picture of one whom he had gradually learned to distrust and dislike, but one from whom there could be no flight nor separation, ever. He turned away irritably and spoke to her with irritation and petulance in his voice.

"I should think you'd have gotten married in spite of everything," he said accusingly.

"How could we? John had such a sense of honor. He thought he must be sure that we could see ahead if only for a little way. And they kept him—well—behind. It seemed as if fate——"

He nodded. "Family loyalty."

They heard footsteps on the sidewalk outside. Both intent, they listened. No, it was not John. The footsteps were slow. He knew, if she did not. It was Sells—Sells with his thick-soled shoes and a gun in his side pocket.

"We are going to be married now—in another month—when the weather will be smiling." She spoke with embarrassment as if she were eighteen and made her own clothes and had come in from the country and was confessing her secret to a city dinner-party.

Milburn laughed.

"Well, that seems like justice."

"I think so," she said. "I am jealous of those years—we wasted."

"There might have been children already—useful creative life, eh?"

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"'I'M BEYOND ANY FAVORS FROM YOU, BROTHER JOHN,' HE SAID. 'I CAME HERE TO GIVE YOU A PIECE OF MY MIND AND I'M DOING IT'"

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"OLD BATTLES AND LOST CAUSES FILLED THEIR HEARTS TO BURSTING AT THE QUICK BEAT OF HIS FIERCE SONG. THEY WERE LIKE MEN WAITING TO CHARGE"

OUT OF THE MIST

BY JAMES BOYD

THE STORY OF A MAN'S LOVE FOR HIS DOG

ILLUSTRATION BY J. C. SHEPHERD

A GREAT fog was creeping in from the North Sea, over the stone huts and pony-stables of the Shetlands and Orkneys, over the gray, restless waters till it climbed with smooth and formidable ease the flinty coast of Sutherland. The purple of the billowing moors was swallowed up in its gray, sullen tide, wild things slipped into their secret homes, and the few desolate men bowed before its desolation. It stole on unopposed until a certain crofter's hut was reached. There, before the door, a terrier puppy, bracing his legs, watched with hostility its mysterious approach. He barked with a doubtful quaver at the incomprehensible menace. His hackles were up, and he stood his ground between it and the world he knew. As the first curling wisps stole nearer he crouched down, then hurled himself upon them and was instantly swallowed up. Dejected and mystified, he hastily sought for the familiar door, and found to his joy that it still existed. He scratched on it, then, putting his muzzle in the crack, made a little moan and cocked an ear.

The door was opened by a tall ruddy man of many whiskers, who dropped two great red hands down toward the sill. Into them the puppy scuttled, and was lifted up wriggling.

"Well, little man, did the ghosties chase ye? Don't mind. Ye're a brave lad. Aye." He smiled at the puppy drooping sheepishly under his gaze and set him on the floor. Lighting a charred and blackened pipe of great size, he went back to his work.

He was making a trout-rod. The strips of cane had been glued together and sandpapered down, and now he was winding the silk thread on the joint he held in his hand. He bent forward over his work to gain the feeble light of the fog-blanketed window. His head dropped down so that his beard curled back from his chest like a wave rebounding from a headland. His left hand held the scarlet thread while his right revolved the rod with delicate precision. He wound the thread on evenly and, slipping the end through the loop, pulled it out of sight. He ran a finger over the smooth red band, squinted at it, and began pottering over it with the idle relish of a connoisseur.

As the light failed he laid down his work; Nappy immediately planted himself before him, wagging the tip of his tail in the dubious hope of food.

"And now what is it, eh, lad?"

The puppy gave one high, cracked bark and lolled his tongue.

Neil Gordon began to cook supper. It was Saturday, and he meant to start early for the Heilim Inn. His life was lonely, cut off from men by the silent moors, and by something in him as well that, like a small wild animal, hid itself shyly at man's approach. The friendships which he longed for but could not grasp had passed him by; he had his fellowship with animals. As he stirred the porridge in the saucepan his lined face and soft, childlike eyes were cast down by his sense of isolation, then they lit up with solemn joy at the thought of the genial Heilim tap-room. For there on Saturday nights, safely lost in the crowd, filled magnificently with Brora whisky, he brushed self-consciousness aside and let the inner man shine gloriously forth.

He made up a tin pan of porridge and milk. There was a low "Now, Nappy, boy," as he set it on the flagstones, then the sound of many waters. Neil Gordon placed his own bowl on the table, then raised his great hands quaintly and bowed his head in grace.

Nappy soon finished. He nosed the pan noisily around the flags; abruptly he subsided before the fire, groaning in repletion. His shadow was thrown in huge proportions on the opposite wall where Neil Gordon noted with pleasure the bulging abdomen's majestic arc. Silently sweeping away the dishes, he took down his plaid and addressed the recumbent figure.

"And now, brave Nappy, will we not go down to the Heilim Inn for a bit human intercourse?" To this the puppy lifted one ear and slightly shifted his tail, but his eye showed only the vacancy of surfeit. Neil Gordon picked him up. The movement expelled a dismal groan from the unresisting body, and Nappy, drowsily nudging the big, seamed knuckles, was stowed away in the folds of the plaid. The man covered the fire with ashes and set out across the moor for Heilim.

IN SPITE of fog and darkness he swung along the well-known path whistling "John Bain McKenzie" in cheery anticipation. Only once did he slow down in the long six miles. That was at the point where the narrow track passes by the edge of the old quarries, now abandoned, the stone-workers still got out old-fashioned flags from the near-by pockets and still wasted their weekly substance at the Heilim Inn. Bending forward in the fog, he looked closely at the path as he went between the great pits, for it was only a step to the edge, and on either hand Neil Gordon felt the void.

From the top of the hill, he caught the blurred gleam of the inn light. He hoped there might be a jolly spirit at the tap-room, and hurried on. "Have ye had a good trip, Nap?" he asked, but Nap slumbered on oblivious, and he gently patted the bulge in his plaid. He pushed back the door and stepped in, the fog-tendrils reaching after him as far as they dared go. His eyes blinked in the gleam of peat-fire and bright copper. He screwed them up with a bashful grin and glanced around. Four stonecutters were already established in one corner, grasping steaming glasses in hands as tough and gray as elephant-hide. They would be bad men in a fight. He nodded to them, but he knew

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THE LOVE of LUCRETIA LOMBARD

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COMPLETE IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART THREE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

The Story of the Story

FOR years Lucretia Lombard had lost touch with reality. Then her invalid husband suddenly died and set her free. She was young and beautiful and had married to please her mother, and she had never thought to sample romance until sedate Stephen Winship came into her life. But he was engaged to Mimi Warren, a frivolous young heiress and his ward.

In spite of the hopelessness of the situation outside forces are working to draw Stephen and Lucretia together. In a bookshop one day they discover the key to an old love-affair in which their long-dead grandparents were involved. It is more than a coincidence, for a short time before Lucretia had received a message from the ouija-board that seemed to come from Grace Delafield, her mother's mother, with whom Stephen's grandfather had once been in love.

Overwhelmed by his feeling for Lucretia, Stephen unconsciously becomes Mimi's lukewarm lover. At the end of the previous instalment Stephen has left Mimi almost heart-broken to go to Lucretia with the news that Mimi of her own accord has broken their engagement. Which woman plays the losing hand? Not until the closing chapters is this secret disclosed.

"'NOW, YOU MUST GO,' SHE SAID, IN A DRY VOICE. 'YOU HAD BETTER GET HOLD OF FRED THE INSTANT YOU REACH THE OFFICE, FOR FRED KNOWS IT ALL—ABOUT OUR HAVING FOUND EACH OTHER.'"

THE hours that followed were among the few that life ever gives of perfection. Stephen and Lucretia were in an enchanted world, lighted by a lingering Summer sunset, a long, perfumed twilight, and by the moon that came up suddenly red and enormous, and sent long shadows from the haycocks in the mountain meadow, and that mounted into a pale, trembling, luminous Summer sky.

They dined side by side, finding the country fare delicious; Stephen making himself fascinating, now and then, to the thrilled little music-teacher who chanced to be his left-hand neighbor at the long table, and Lucretia exchanging an occasional friendly word with the old sea captain on her right.

To each other they murmured only commonplaces, if anything could be commonplace on this night of Midsummer magic. They must see "Ma" first, Lucretia told him, and then perhaps they could take a stroll. Stephen felt a sense of suffocation, and actual suffusion of the heart, as he thought of the walk.

Ma Gunther, an enormous, grizzled, old country-woman, whose oily, warm, old face made her seem of another race and sex than the radiant Lucretia, was pleased to meet the District Attorney, and get his opinion of her lemon-meringue pie. She remembered him when he wasn't no bigger than her Jim's Jimmy, she said. Once when they was measles over to Warren's Mills, and he and his folks were there, his Ma had sent him and his brother up to her for a while—guess he didn't remember that? So he was a friend of Mis' Lombard's? Yes—Ma mused inconsequentially, Jim died, you know, and his wife died 'fore he did—

They left her, spread rather than sitting, upon a wide rocking-chair, palm-leaf fan in hand, two or three noisy granddaughters clattering pans in the hot, lamplighted kitchen near by. It was lovely to saunter away between the currant-bushes, under the warm, thick-leaved apple-trees, past the dry, clean-smelling litter of the barn-yard, to the stone-fenced meadows ringed about with pines, where the moon was pouring her dim radiance, transforming and bewitching all the world.

Lucretia seated herself upon the warm, lichened surface of a projecting boulder, and Stephen settled himself in the grass at her feet, and lighted his cigaret. His shoulder was against the rock, one arm flung over it; her frail, full white skirts billowed close beside him. Her fine, bare hands were clasped quietly in her lap; she was slightly leaning back, to touch the projecting back of the rock, and upon her face the mingled glow of twilight and moonshine threw an exquisite and unearthly light. She took off the white hat, and Stephen saw the little silky pressure it had left upon her shining hair.

It was all magic, whether they talked or were silent; both were steeped in unutterable content. Stephen felt that he would have liked to sit so forever, with the mountain's shoulder falling away below him, and the furry gray tops of the trees swimming in milky moonlight, and the good Summery smell of forest and drying weeds about him.

"I have never loved a woman before," he told her.

"No; nor have I ever loved before," she answered simply. And thoughtfully she added, "But I always knew that I *could*."

"I suppose I did, too! But it's funny," mused Stephen. "This—this feeling makes me love everything and everybody—conductors on trains, even, and the people I pass in the street! If I see a milliner's window, I think it's darned nice," said Stephen, smiling at his own absurdity, "to think that girls can go in there and buy new hats, and if I come to a place like this—it seems to me wonderful that an old woman like Mrs. Gunther can be so useful and so happy, and that Summer's wonderful, and life is wonderful, and that everything is all right!"

He heard her laugh; she did not speak for a while.

"I've been thinking," she said presently, "that in the—the amazement of discovering what we meant to each other, last Thursday, we have been perhaps a little selfish. Did you—did you talk to Mimi?"

"Don't," he pleaded, "don't let us be heroic to-night!"

"We won't be heroic," she assured him. "I don't think there is any need for heroics! But I have been thinking that we were a little—carried away. Whatever you feel for Mimi, and have come to feel for me, we must move with a certain decency! I have been widowed for only five months; you are engaged to another woman."

"But Lucretia—" he began impetuously, interrupted himself. "Why did you put your fingers on my cheek?" he asked.

"Because I like to hear you call me Lucretia, I suppose."

"Lucretia, then. I was going to say that I *can not* have you talk about renunciation, and all that. These forty-eight hours, since Friday, have taught me that there is nothing else in the world but you! I love them all—all the others, but it is because I love you so!"

"BUT Stephen, this is what I want to say. I see no reason to be precipitate, dear—even if it were right for me, it is not for you! Did you—could you say anything to Mimi?"

"I talked to her. I didn't get much said," he confessed.

"She felt—badly?"

"She made me feel like a rotter. In fact—in fact, I had to leave it all up in the air! I said that I was afraid I was not giving her as much as she—as she had a right to claim, do you see? I don't know just how I expressed it, but that was the gist. She—you know she's wonderful, Mimi——"

"Oh, I know she is. She was angry?"

"Well, in a way she was. She broke the engagement——"

"Broke it!" breathed Lucretia.

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"Yes. And then I persuaded her not to tell the old people—I suggested that it simply rest as it is, for a while——"

"Yes, that is what I meant!" she said eagerly. "The engagement is broken?" she asked, slowly, after a pause.

"Mimi said so. But I am not sure she really meant it. A talk like that is awfully hard to get over," Stephen explained, somewhat apologetically.

"Oh, Stephen, frightful!"

The three words lingered like music on the Summer air; her sympathy was exquisite to him.

"Leave it so for a little while," she said. "Mimi will make some plan, perhaps go abroad; the thing may gradually solve itself. You and Mimi were engaged—a few friends knew it. Now it is broken, Mimi goes away perhaps—some other excitement comes up. And then some time next year—next Summer at about this time—you and I are quietly married—and come up to Gunther's!"

The thought choked him; he pressed his lips against her hand. Here and everywhere—his wife. There would be one room, down there in the old farmhouse, whose gracious, primitive gable lifted itself over an edge of the meadow. Their room!

After a while they wandered, talking all the time, back through the now broad and splendid moonlight to the house; the bright, white night was full of movement and voices. Sharp tree-shadows lay against the mild face of the old colonial farmhouse; the orchard was all silver and inky blots; light swam like a floating veil across the valley. Groups passed them; they heard laughter and exclamation.

"ISN'T it a wonderful night, Mrs. Lombard?"

"Isn't it quite extraordinary?"

"Did you see the moonrise, Mrs. Lombard?"

"Indeed, I saw every instant of it!"

Stephen loved her friendliness, the ready, gracious replies. Ma Gunther assailed her from the dim, creaking shadows of the hot porch. Seventy years of moonrises had sated Ma Gunther.

"Don't suppoze ye feel like a game of halmy in the parlor, Mis' Lombard?"

"I feel just like it!" Lucretia's fragrance and her white, thin skirts swayed toward Stephen in the dark. "It's her one delight, and it won't take long!" she whispered, apologetically.

They went in, to supper-scented heat and red lamplight. A June bug batted about among rickrack picture-frames and china statues. Stephen sat in a patent rocker with red ball-fringe, and turned the pages of a magazine some months old, and watched Lucretia. The old lady's knotted, oily hands trembled joyfully over the tiny red and yellow men.

He felt the perspiration upon his forehead. Lucretia looked cool, altho there was a delicious hint of babyish dampness up where the smooth, clear brown forehead met the rich tan-brown hair. The fine little hand, with the little pearl buttons on the transparent cuff, moved quickly and surely; the even, thick brows were knitted. Extraordinary creature that she was, the game absorbed her!

It was a part of her, this utter simplicity. He thought it vaguely akin to her acceptance of the rectory in Kingsgreen Square; it was her own way of living, and she offered it gladly to the world. Imagine Marjorie—indeed, imagine Mimi, humoring this delighted old lady in this fashion, quite simply sitting down to this preposterous game! Especially with an admitted admirer about, to witness the melodeon and the what-not, the shells and antimacassars of the Gunther parlor.

"Keepin' ye from your beau, dear?" said Grandma, in the heat of the second game.

"Indeed you're not! He didn't come to see me. Mr. Winship has been up at Red Pine, above Warren's Mills, with Judge and Mrs. Curran," Lucretia answered, laughing. "He missed the train!"

"You're afraid you're losing the game, Ma; that's why you're worrying about Mr. Winship," she added, serenely, after a busy moment.

"No, I ain't afraid I'm losin'," cackled her hostess, with a proud glance at Stephen. "I ain't never played with nobody like Mis' Lombard," she confided to him; "she certainly has a wonderful mast'ry of halmy. I've played for years, off 'n' on, but declare if she don't beat me, now and then!"

"You see, Mrs. Gunther won't play from sunset Saturday night until after sunset Sunday," Lucretia explained, with the serious look of a good child. "So she looks forward to this game!"

The room was suffocatingly hot. Stephen had fallen into a sort of weary daze when Lucretia touched him upon the shoulder. He stumbled up, laid aside his book, blinked.

"Come out for just a breath of air before it's time to go to bed!" she said. He followed her into the grateful darkness of the garden.

A good many of Ma's boarders had gone in; it was eleven o'clock. The moon was still majestically moving across the purple-blue luminous expanse above them; the stars were throbbing rhythmically in the soft night.

They went down to the old Summer-house, and looked out through its big arched openings at the changing beauty of woods and fields in pouring, mystical moonlight; Stephen's chair so close to her own that he could lay his arm along the iron support behind her, and when she turned to speak to him, to laugh, to faintly protest at something that he said, he felt the movement of her silky hair like a little wave of perfume against his cheek.

He could see the topaz eyes in the gloom, the flowing spread of white skirt, the hint of slenderness, of roundness, of young firmness and straightness that made every inch of her beautiful. One of his hands fell on her further shoulder, and she put her smooth fingers up to hold it.

For almost an hour they talked together; then suddenly she told him that they must go in. He held her for one deep and fragrant and intoxicating kiss—and one more—and one more, drinking of the red young mouth, and straining the whole lovely woman toward him, as if he never could let her go.

Then she half ran up the garden path, dragging him by an imperious hand, and they were in the hallway again; a hallway still hot, and odorous now of kerosene and the strong oil in some mosquito poison. And here she whispered to his whirling senses a laughing good night, and fled up the dim stairway with never a backward look.

Stephen was dizzied with emotion; he had never had half a dozen such hours in all his life. He had been remembering,

"THEY DINED SIDE BY SIDE, STEPHEN MAKING HIMSELF FASCINATING, NOW AND THEN, TO THE THRILLED LITTLE MUSIC-TEACHER

as perfect, the afternoon in Kingsgreen Square, the little trip from Sanbridge to Farley's. But this was utter ecstasy, this Summer moonlight; these long, deep, murmured talks; this laughing, sweet, enchanting woman, whose beauty was spinning in his eyes and his heart and his soul like a hundred kaleidoscopic pictures.

He could not resign her to the stuffy, candle-lighted upstairs of the farmhouse. He walked up out upon the grass again, looked up at windows. One or two gleamed dimly—were dark. She had gone to bed. He would not see her again to-night!

Mrs. Gunther had consigned him to another building, once a tenant-house, now used as an annex. But he could not go to bed. Her voice sounded in his ears; he was smothered and drowned in the beauty and delight of her. He was too rich even to count his treasure of words and smiles and glances; it was as if he gathered them in his hands, in a very madness of possession, and let them fall in a wild river of riches about him.

Perhaps that was her window; perhaps, robed in white, and with her hair braided, she was looking down. Stephen longed for one more word from her—one glance! But there was no stir in the shadowy oblong that showed against the black, plain rise of the house. If she was standing there, with her wild heart beating like his own, she gave no sign.

AS MOTIONLESS as the leaf-shadows, he stood against the trunk of a great maple, looking up. A hot night wind stirred the heavy branches, sighed as if the whole earth sighed with heat and weariness. There was a clicking of twigs, the lacy pattern of silver and black about him shifted, and was still.

After a long while he shivered, turned, and went slowly toward his own bed. He would see her in the morning; she had said so.

A few days later he found Mimi waiting for him, when he went home from his office to the swathed and darkened rooms of the Curran home. She wore her pongee traveling-coat, somewhat crumpled, and a small tan hat swathed in creamy veils, and looked serious and mischievous at once.

"Aunt Bessy thought that there was something the matter with her heart," she said demurely, "and I *knew* that there was something the matter with mine. So we came down to see Doctor Sayre. Steve, haven't you anything to say to me?" She widened her gipsy eyes and came close to him. "After the way you talked, up on Red Pine!"

"Well, well, this is a surprise!" Stephen smiled, amazingly disconcerted, taking her hands. "Why didn't you telephone?"

"We came so suddenly. No," said Mimi, prettily warding off his attempted kiss of greeting, "I don't kiss people I'm not engaged to! You have to show me all over again how much you like me!"

A week of Marjorie's counsel, and her own knowledge of Stephen, had entirely restored Mimi's confidence. She had long before this persuaded herself that Stephen's attitude had been only that of the too modest lover.

He was extremely tired, his heart sank with discouragement and doubt. He *did* like her, he loved her, but every glance of these dark, appealing eyes made him feel more hideously a hypocrite, more miserably dubious as to his course.

Her very sweetness hurt him. She had evidently steeled herself to be unexacting and trustful, to make him happy and take his devotion for granted.

"Tell me that you are over your nonsense about not being good enough for me, you goose!" she said. The unexpected, resolute philosophy of it confused him. "You're dead," she observed immediately, in a tone of sympathy. "Is it the horrible Bowlder case?—is it those gangsters and gunmen again?"

She had never questioned him about his work before. That was new, too.

"It's a brutal business," he admitted, smiling. Mimi was motherly at once.

"Well, you're coming up to the cabin with us to-morrow night, so don't say you can't!"

"Dearest child, I have to go to Washington to-morrow!"

"To Washington—in this broiling heat! What for?"

"I HAVE to be there for some reference work—and to see a man that's there, and to do lots of necessary stupid things!"

"Oh, Steve!" Her little face was piteous with disappointment.

"I know, it's too bad."

"Well—" She was cheering. "I'll get into something pretty, and you take me somewhere for supper, and let's do the Imperial, and then go up to the roof of the International, and drink things."

"How's Aunt Bessy?"

"Oh, it's nothing!"

"Well, *Mimi!*" he said, still bewildered at finding her here. The dream of a cold supper up-stairs, and a letter to Lucretia, faded. Of course he would take her to supper and the roof-garden, but he felt singularly lifeless and weary over the matter. "How about Aunt Bessy?"

"She's to rest, and when we come back, in August, she's to have treatment. She wouldn't go with us to-night anyway. But run up and see her, Steve!"

"I'll tub and change my clothes, and be ready in half an hour!" He had kissed her after all; Mimi's bright eyes full of questioning as he did so. She followed him up-stairs; she must bathe and change, too.

While they dined, at an airy corner of the big Hotel International's Summer dining-room, with the parched trees of Sanbridge, and the burned roofs, and the motionless, faded awnings far below them, she watched him closely. She chattered naturally enough of Marjorie, and Ted and Fred, and of the new Montgomery baby, and the affair between Jerry Stover and Marie Fanning. And she took her salad-fork, and pressed upon the table-cloth a little outline of the arrangement of rooms in a smaller but even more convenient house than the one she had originally selected in Kinnicut

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AND LUCRETIA EXCHANGING AN OCCASIONAL FRIENDLY WORD WITH THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN ON HER RIGHT"

mind, maybe
I don't know
her own mother
could. The orange straw hat with the circling sweep of bright-green feathers was becoming to the eager face; her limp, little filmy blouse was green, too, with odd tracerlike beads and gold stitches ornamenting it. There were jade balls in her ears. He thought she was her pretty and sweetest self to-night—dear little old Mimi.

And his heart ached and ached at the stupid helplessness and heaviness that enveloped him; that made it hard even to listen to her. She just—didn't count, any more. His fine gray eyes smiled at her automatically; he was careful to order a delicious dinner for her; but his thoughts were directed almost to exasperation, and the vision of another woman in her place—a woman whose cool white and tan and gold would have made an odd contrast to all this brunette orange and brunette sparkle—was constantly before his eyes.

They talked for a few minutes at the foot of the stairs, when he took her home at midnight; then she agreed that

and prayer, and it would be done! But he could not write it. The love he felt for Lucretia was like a fire in his veins, and while it burned there he could give not even affection to any other woman.

Before he answered Mimi's letter, Lucretia came back to the rectory for a day, and they had tea in the room of books and photographs. If he had had any previous doubts, they were dissipated by that exquisite hour, when he might watch the beautiful, expressive face and listen to the rich, wonderful voice again.

SHE walked with him across the Square. The dusty, thick leaves were motionless; shadows were hot and metallic under the dull, heavy sky of a brooding afternoon. She was translating a book of essays from the French; she was trying to identify a piece of old blue china she had seen in a Mercer Street shop; she had a new magazine, out of

"Well," *we were*," her mother confirmed dubiously.

"Then you'd better drive down with Fred—oh, dear—you can't very well—that's—this is Sunday—" Mrs. Curran fretted in an uneasy stream, when Mimi interrupted her with that charming mixture of authority and deference that Stephen thought so becoming.

"Now, just don't worry, darling—we've got enough real things to worry about! I'll arrange it, I'll do something—you'll probably be back here yourselves to-morrow! Or maybe Grace—no, Grace can't—but maybe Mrs. Lombard would come over from Gunther's. Anyway, I'm all *right*; I could stay here alone with Matea, for that matter, so just don't *worry*——"

"You might take me as far as Farley's, Steve," Fred said, suddenly animated at Lucretia's name; "I haven't seen her for weeks!"

"Oh, I thought you had to get some sleep," Marjorie jeered.

"Perhaps I had better—" Fred hesitated, with a rending yawn. Some undefined little pain in Stephen's heart disappeared. He pulled on a dirty glove, glanced up at the encircling cup of the woods, dreaming in motionless Midsummer heat, and brought his eyes back to the girls. They had linked arms now, slender figures in Sunday white; there was reassurance and even a sort of tender amusement in Mimi's parting look.

When the car had slowly started down the grade, they went back to the cabin, got into their thinnest and coolest attire, and lay upon their beds, in the burning descent of day, in Mimi's shaded bedroom. Fred had disappeared, with a yawning mention of being aroused when there was any question of food. An odd strangeness and silence descended with the lingering, warm twilight at the cabin; Marjorie's somewhat mournful little widowed mother reviewed illnesses of all sorts; Marjorie reflected that unless they started for Maine on Thursday it would be "no fun" to go to Kennebunkport at all; Mimi told her dancing heart a hundred times that she had been everything that was dignified and composed with Stephen. And he *had* told her that she was wonderful!

Perhaps Marjorie was right; perhaps this was the way of true love, after all!

THIS was Sunday afternoon, one of those happy, unsuspicious hours so strange to remember in a lifetime, so impossible to regain. On Monday night Fred drove Mimi into the city, a sobered, white-faced Mimi now, and all of them spent Tuesday in the echoing, odorous walls of a great hospital.

While Uncle Sam, oddly helpless and infinitely dear, in his buttoned nightshirt and with his silver, majestic head, was up-stairs in the surgery, Mimi and Fred and Mrs. Curran sat in the airy, orderly bedroom, and Stephen came and went with an anxious face. Nurses, lining the bed with warmed blankets, even on this hot day, turned the immaculate counterpane down in a long, expert fold, and murmured to Aunt Bessy, who was trembling and paralyzed with fear, that Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Fanning and Mrs. Porter had telephoned—just to send love, and ask if there was *anything* they could do——

Noon whistles shrilled in the burning city before they brought Sam Curran down-stairs. It was seven o'clock that night when Stephen took his aunt and Mimi to a cool little supper that Lizzie, tearfully efficient, had waiting for them in the swathed and darkened house.

But food choked Mrs. Curran, and as she sat at the table her fat, soft face was blotched and bloated with tears. Nothing definite had been said, and after a terrible day the Judge was restlessly and brokenly sleeping, but they were all sobered with the knowledge that a change had come in the dear, familiar ordering of life.

At six o'clock, where they were still at table in the deeping warm dusk, Doctor Sayre was announced. Mimi gave her aunt an apprehensive look. They all went into the drawing-room, Lizzie sympathetically deft in the raising of shades and grouping of chairs. Doctor Sayre sat down with a headshake and a preliminary sigh, fitting his eye-glasses into their case with careful hands.

Mrs. Porter, who had joined them, shook her head, too; Mrs. Curran moaned a little against the folded handkerchief she pressed to her shaking lips. Mimi balanced herself upon her aunt's chair, one arm about the older woman's shoulders.

"You stay with us, Steve; Mimi needs you," his aunt whispered.

"I will, Aunt Bessy!"

"We all need you," faltered Mrs. Curran, weeping.

"What do you think, Doctor?" Stephen said courageously. The verdict made Mrs. Curran begin to cry quite loudly. Mimi cried, too, and Lizzie, flying for water, was also in tears. Stephen felt his own heart sink heavily. Uncle Sam had always been everything that was generous and good to his sister's children.

It might be one month, or even two, the doctor told them. But it would probably be only weeks. The surgery was too late, years too late. He might come home, in a week or two, might have September and October at Red Pine, even; the main thing was to keep him from fretting, and out of pain——"

Aghast, the young persons looked seriously at each other. And Mimi hated herself for a little singing, soaring recognition of one more bond between her and Stephen. They would all need her now!

"Oo—ooo, no—no—no!" moaned Mrs. Curran. "Oh, Sammy—my dear, good Sam!"

"Now, *please*, Aunt Bessy!" Mimi was fighting her own grief. She was kneeling on the floor before her aunt, dabbling the quivering face with her own handkerchief.

Mrs. Porter, crying helplessly, took the chair next to Mrs. Curran, and Mimi, with Fred and Stephen and Lizzie to help, took control of the situation heroically. The big bedroom up-stairs must be opened and prepared; they must all school themselves to the loving insincerity of making the weeks to come easy for Uncle Sam, to the bitter necessity of facing this incredible change. Mimi and Stephen met

which she read him a poem whose phrases he never forgot.

The independence, the vitality, the charm of her enchanted him afresh; her soberness, her smiles, her words, and her dreaming silences were all equally enthralling.

He drove her all the way to Gunther's on the following afternoon, going on himself to the cabin on Red Pine. Mimi had sent him a decorous little note; Uncle Sam wanted to see him, and because that old bad pain in his back had returned, Aunt Bessy did not wish him to make the trip into Sanbridge. And she was always his affectionately, Mimi. The formal "Mary Yolande" was once again replaced by her baby name—what a little gentlewoman she was, Stephen thought, studying the dashing hand, the stiff gray paper with a little red pine-tree engraved at the top, the indefinite "Thursday," Mimi's only attempt at a date.

She was demure when they met, picturesquely dressed, delightfully easy with Marjorie and Ted and the dogs and the car, delightfully dutiful with the old persons. The Judge's discomfort made a center for all their talk and plans; it was immediately arranged that Stephen should drive the old man slowly into town, for medical advice.

IN THE sweltering heat of a blazing bright Sunday, Mimi and Marjorie padded the tonneau of the larger of the two cars with quilts and pillows; Mrs. Curran, trying not to cry, went back and forth with vacuum-bottles and fans. At about four o'clock the Judge, smiling gallantly, limped forth, on his nephew's arm, and settled himself in the waiting nest with a philosophical comment to the effect that driving was the pleasantest thing to do on a day like this, anyway!

His wife established herself at his feet; Stephen took the wheel; the girls ran back and forth in a fever of sympathy and concern. It had been just Uncle Sam's familiar backache yesterday. And to-day they were talking of consultations and hospitals!

"Mimi, you've been wonderful," Stephen said, with his brotherly smile. She flashed him a bright look; like all women, Mimi loved a dramatic rôle.

"And just as soon as the doctor says it's nothing, we'll be back!" said Aunt Bessy, peering out between the side supports.

"Now, listen, Aunt Bessy," Marjorie called. "If you don't want to come back before Thursday, I can just as well put off the Maine trip!"

"Oh, yes, let's think of that," Stephen said. "When do you go, Marjorie?"

"Well," Marjorie hesitated. "Thursday, don't we, Mama?"

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quite naturally every day, a dozen times a day, slipped at once into an easy, affectionate reliance upon each other that to the girl at least was reassuring and sweet.

Mimi, they all said, was wonderful. It was one of the first opportunities life had given her to be of service, and she rose to it splendidly. The maids turned to her, her aunt leaned upon her; it was with Mimi that Doctor Sayre left his instructions, and it was to Mimi that Stephen and Fred confided their opinions and their advice.

She went about the quiet, mournful house, a little vision of efficiency and sweetness. The muffled telephone must be answered, there were lists of commissions at the drug-store, there was smoking soup to carry to poor Aunt Bessy, there were conferences in the library with the boys.

"You're a wonder, Mimi!" Fred said.

"I don't know where we'd all be without you!" Stephen added, almost mechanically. But there was a quick gleam in her dark eyes, and something like a smile on her white face, in reply.

Seeing her so, the girl thought to herself, always busy, and beloved, and adequate, he must come to love her. This was not pleasure, now; not flirting and dancing as they had flirted and danced at the Country Club. This was real, this time of danger, illness, and strain, and he must see that she was no longer the old spoiled little butterfly Mimi, the little sister who enjoyed teasing and coquetting. These dark days were filled with a deep happiness for Mimi; she had put Stephen out of her life honestly enough, but circumstances had brought him back again, and in a closer and more intimate relation than they had ever known before.

WHEN she said good-by to him at the front door, in the morning, it was almost with the dutiful, bright smile of a wife.

"You'll get some fresh air to-day, dear? You look pale," Stephen would say.

"Marjorie is going to take me down-town for an hour, for a little shopping!"

"Couldn't I meet you girls and take you to lunch?"

"Oh, Stephen, I think not." But how her heart was singing! "I don't like to leave Aunt Bessy; not until we get another nurse. Will you be home for dinner?"

"A little late—maybe. Say about half past seven. Don't wait! If you're shopping, have you plenty of money?"

And so on and on, with the utter simplicity and confidence of young persons drawn together by a common emergency and sorrow, and conscious, under their gravity, of the joy of real living—real companionship.

Mimi found herself spared all the embarrassing questions she had anticipated, as to the wedding and the immediate plans. Nobody expected her to do more than fill this daughterly rôle while the Judge lay convalescent in St. Luke's.

On the ninth day he was brought home, full of innocent, boyish exultation in his rapid recuperation. They established him in his big walnut bed, the whole household circled about him. Mimi read him the morning paper, Stephen paid him constant visits, discussed local politics with him endlessly, and his wife was never long away from his side. Every night of sleep that he enjoyed, and every dainty little meal that came up-stairs to him, deepened his sense of triumph over illness and made him happy. And while this state of affairs went on, Mimi knew that the question of the wedding was definitely shelved.

Sometimes she would sit thoughtful in the sick-room, sewing or reading, glancing now and then toward the drowsing gray head in the pillows. She would deliberately review the day, remembering every minute of it that touched upon Stephen. She had worn her pink cotton, when she poured his coffee for him at eight o'clock, in a lovely morning twinkle of sunshine, and glass and silver and rose-flowered china. They had talked of the book he was reading, and the gangster case; and Mimi could see now every expression of the clean-shaven, pleasant face, and the shrewd, fine gray eyes. He had laid his warm hand over her own, finding her a special line in a book he had given her. Had she heard rain in the night? There had been a storm. Would she see that Emma got his brown suit to the cleaner? And many thanks about the drop-light; it was working perfectly again.

All so domestic, so unutterably sweet to the heart of a girl who had never had a mother or father, a brother or sister of her own!

Then she had seen him off at the door, and she had been dusting the drawing-room for Lizzie, an hour or two later, when he had made the dim sweetness of its chairs and tables wonderful by suddenly coming in for a book, or to see Aunt Bessy about some important bit of business touching Uncle Sam's personal affairs.

There was another little conference between Stephen and herself. What had the doctor said? How was Lizzie acting—any more talk of going to her sick sister?

"You're a trump, Mimi!" he often said when he went away.

"He doesn't know it!" the girl would exult, turning back to her duties, "but he is growing nearer to me all the time! He will miss all this when things are normal again. And then, I wonder if he'll *really* care, this time!"

She would fall into sorrowful musing; had he ever really asked her to be his wife? Had she so lightly accepted that prospect, as one of the happy, triumphant things of her happy, triumphant life? Mimi knew better now. The mere thought of that old surety made her heart ache, and when she saw, in a closet or bureau, one of the gowns or blouses she had worn in that unbelievably glorious time of flowers and congratulations and engagement presents, last Midwinter, she felt a pain at her heart. She hated the relentless calendar that made this seven and eight and nine months in the past!

TWENTY-THREE—and thirty—and thirty-five; the years menaced her with spinsterhood. If anything went wrong between her and Stephen, she would be an old maid all her life! Was this the way, the girl wondered, in which such tragedies began?

Just two weeks after the operation the Judge was moved

MY GIPSY VAGABOND

BY HELEN WASHER

I DID not know the Gipsy lure
Ran riot in his veins;
I took his love for granted as
The hawthorns in the lanes.

For he was all I had to love,
No kith nor kin was mine,
And I, a simple country lass,
Gave him a love divine.

But life to him was idle play
For idle Summer days,
And when around our valley farms
Came creeping Autumn's haze,

He changed as change the burning leaves
Of maples on the hill;
As one who at a bugle-cry
Grows drunken with its thrill.

I watched the blaze of wild sumac
Along the southern slope;
To me it was a smear of blood,
To him a voice that spoke.

And all the while and everywhere
The winds kept calling him;
The Gipsy light was in his eyes,
But mine with tears were dim.

And then he left; and truer lads
Would come awooing me,
But only his the voice I hear,
And his the face I see.

Now always when the Autumn smoke
Comes drifting soft and slow,
Beyond the outward hilltop road
My restless feet would go;

For tho I love our hawthorn lanes,
Our simple valley homes,
My heart cries down the same far paths
My Gipsy lover roams.

Decorations by Herbert Paus

back to the cabin on Red Pine, and every one told him that his convalescence was nothing less than an absolute miracle! Now he must be patient, must reconcile himself to idle days under the trees, and must make haste slowly where getting up and entering upon anything like business responsibilities were concerned.

Happy and unsuspecting, he let them settle him in wicker chairs or hammocks. The Jenkinses only returned to the mountains for an occasional week-end; Marjorie Rutger and her mother were still in Maine; the cabins, other than their own, were closed. But Fred and Stephen and Ted came more constantly than ever, and Mimi showered upon her adored old guardian a love and loyalty that filled his days to the brim. One day she wrote to ask Mrs. Lombard to spend Saturday and Sunday with them.

Mrs. Lombard did not answer by note, but she rode the six miles over the mountain, coming in upon them on a quiet mid-week afternoon. She wore a dust-colored habit and a small black hat; she drew heavy gauntlets from her fine hands as Mimi ran to greet her.

The girl was extraordinarily glad to see her visitor; she had forgotten how charming and how stimulating she had always found the older woman's society. Now, in these quiet solitary days, with only lonely walks, between Monday and Friday, and reading to Uncle Sam, and long conferences with tremulous, anxious Aunt Bessy, it seemed delicious to hear the firm, quiet voice again, to tell their troubles to a new listener, and to lead Mrs. Lombard in triumph to Uncle Sam.

She sat down beside him, and they began to talk of books and people, the old man's admiring eyes upon her glowing, Summer beauty, faintly flushed cheeks under the warm tan skin, crushed, glittering hair when she took off her small hat.

"Do stay—but could you?—and have supper with us, Mrs. Lombard," Mrs. Curran said, in a flutter of pleasure.

"Stay overnight!" Mimi amended eagerly. Lucretia looked hesitatingly from one to the other. "Only I wanted you this week-end, too," the girl told her guest, hospitably, "because the Rogers Newells and their baby, and of course Stephen and Fred and Ted Rutger are all coming up!"

"Week-ends are bad for me," Lucretia said, regretfully. Mrs. Curran looked at her expectantly, but she gave no reason. "Thank you, but I can never come week-ends!" she said firmly. "But to-night I should love to stay!" And she went back to her previous reasoning with the Judge. "It takes a long time to rally from these things, you know. You must be content with very slow progress, for a while. You get a sort of reaction from the opiates and the narcotics, and that deceives you."

"You've had experience with these things?" Mrs. Curran said, with her pathetic eagerness. "That's just what we *tell* him!"

"Oh, after an operation—" Mimi loved her for not quoting her husband's case; the case she did presently mention was one with a successful ending.

The Judge, who loved pretty women, was enchanted with her, and Mrs. Curran—over Mimi's quick protest—asked her before supper if she could come and stay with them again, this time for four or five nights, next week. Mrs. Porter could not come, and one or two other friends were out of town, and Mimi had been asked to go on a week's trip by motor-car up into the Vermont mountains. But Mimi did not like to leave Aunt Bessy with just old Matea and Lizzie, who were not much use in any emergency. On Friday, of course, the boys would come up—"

Mrs. Lombard accepted with real pleasure. They were very sweet to make her happy by suggesting that they needed her, even in this wholly simple and pleasant capacity, she said.

"Only, I must go back to Ma Gunther on Friday morning," she said. "I manage her books for her over these crowded week-ends, keep account of extra lunches and dinners and rooms—she hasn't much system, the dear old thing. I didn't think I had—"

She rambled on into reminiscences of her book-keeping stupidities where foreign currencies and terms were concerned. Presently she helped them move the Judge's paraphernalia into the cabin. Matea grinned at her affectionately; Lizzie confided to Mimi that you could see that Mrs. Lombard was "one that had always *had*." At the dinner-table the trained, beautiful voice led the talk, all its eager and interesting talk, and Lucretia's girlish enjoyment of her little visit added the last touch of satisfaction to Mrs. Curran's approval.

IN THE evening Mimi was directed to write a note to Stephen, to tell him that everything was going splendidly with Uncle Sam. Mrs. Curran went to sleep in her chair, and Lucretia found her old host in an expansive mood.

"You know my nephew Steve Winship, of course, the District Attorney?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" Lucretia glanced toward the dining-room, where Mimi was scribbling under a warm red lamplight. She and the Judge, and the lightly slumbering wife, were on the dark porch.

"I was afraid that my being laid up would change those children's wedding plans!" said the Judge.

"But I don't see that it need now."

He sounded the last phrase with something like a questioning intonation, and Lucretia, who was in the family conspiracy to keep him happy, answered serenely,

"I don't see why it should. Operations are extremely common nowadays. And we have to fit in other things in with them, that's all!"

"Exactly!" said the Judge, with satisfaction. "They'll be married before Christmas!" he added, confidentially, with a little jerk of his head in Mimi's direction. "Next year will be a big year for the boy. I needn't hesitate to tell you that the party has him slated for—well, for Washington. Exactly what we need, you know. Young, clever—"

"Senator?" Mrs. Lombard said, after a moment.

"I think so. And the little girl will help him—they've known each other all their lives! She's always looked up to him. His father was a brilliant fellow, John Winship. But unstable—unstable. This boy knew what responsibility and sorrow were—at an age when most boys are children. He took it upon himself—"

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The Judge chuckled, laughed, and fumbled for his handkerchief.

"I am sure he did!" Lucretia said warmly, and he saw the light of her shining eyes in the gloom.

"Took it all upon himself," the Judge said, with emotion. "He gave up his school when he was fourteen—he was twenty-one before he could give all his time to his law business. John Winship left debts; this boy paid them. He used to come into my office, shabby little fellow, with that same keen look on his face that he has now——"

"I know!" she said, under her breath. And she laid one hand upon her heart.

"Benny and I had Fred in a military school, then," resumed the Judge. "Steve was boarding with an Irish-woman, but he was her real help. He used to carve the joints at the table, keep the Cutler Bridge; she had boys of her own to recommend the Cutler Bridge; she had boys of her own to recommend the Cutler Bridge; she had boys of her own to recommend

visitor quite simply as "Lucretia"; she had chanced to meet him on the road, she explained, outside the gate, and they entered the house together.

In the twilight, just before dinner, she was delegated to take him and show him the blackberries. They walked up under the dusty, laden apple-trees together. A summery sweetness and silence held the mountain-top; smoke drifted from the cabin chimney; bees wove dizzy roadways through the thick sunset light. Shadows were long and clear; the orchard was a dazzle of shine and shade.

"Steve, we've had the joy of finding each other," Lucretia said; "now it's going to be pain and trouble—all the way. I can't—I can't go on with it, my dear. I can't ruin Mimi's life, and yours, and your uncle's dearest hopes for you——"

"You are too late, Lucretia," he said, with his quiet smile.

"Your career, your Senatorship——" she began again.

"The Senatorship is extremely problematic," he told her, unruffled. "And as for the career—you are my career! You are my fate. This was the way it had to be!"

SHE was following an upward trail through scrub-pines; now she turned, and the glorious eyes met his wistfully, and she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"No, it didn't. What have I to give you, Steve?" she asked. "Why did I have to come along to upset everything?"

"It's love, I suppose," he said, in a low voice.

Tears came into Lucretia's eyes.

"You're so sweet, Steve," she said, trying to laugh, as she again began to move restlessly beside him. "And it seems such a terrible pity that you couldn't have gone on in the way you should go! It makes me feel so horribly—this waiting for the blow to fall, for your uncle to die, for Mimi to realize that you love another woman! I don't know what to do about it, except to get out, perhaps——"

"I should follow you," he said steadily.

"Or marry some one else!" She finished her sentence bitterly.

"Then I should kill him," Stephen said.

"I have no doubt!" Her laugh was full of pain. "What is this *love*," she asked, "that makes it worth while for us to break up so many lives?"

"Lucretia, don't talk so," he said, really distressed.

"It's selfishness—that's what love is!" she said rebelliously. "All selfishness!"

"I don't think I ever saw you like this," Stephen said, his arresting hand holding her beside him as he watched her with troubled eyes.

"I have my desperate times!" She tried to laugh again. "Stephen, I'm almost twenty-nine," she said, with a trace of angry tears, "and I want to be happy! I want people to be *glad* you married me, not always critical and resentful. The women you know will never forgive me, and the men will say that you threw your political chances away! You'll come to see it, too. We'll have a little apartment somewhere, one maid—you'll remember then all Mimi could give you!"

"Please don't talk so!" he said, displeased and hurt.

"Why don't you marry your devoted, domestic, lovely Mimi?" Lucretia pursued, spurred by some fretting impulse she could not define. "I don't belong here—I might marry Fred. Every one would be pleased with that!"

"I don't know you when you are like this!" He stopped her, and held her by the shoulders, trying to read her unhappy eyes. "Lucretia, you didn't talk like this when we were so happy up at Gunther's!"

"It's always different, just in the beginning!" she said, cruelly.

Stephen turned pale; he felt his throat dry.

"Dearest woman, don't spoil the little, little time we have together by talking in this way. You know we have to go back in a few minutes——"

"Back to Mimi!" she supplied, with a brief laugh.

Stephen dropped his hands, turned toward the house.

"I think we had better go back now," he said. "I'm sorry you feel so unhappy. It is only a question of a little patience for us, and then we can show all the world what we mean to each other. If you will consent, I will tell them all—this afternoon, now!—that you and I——"

"That you have fallen in love with that strange blond widow who lives down in Kingsgreen Square," she supplied, still mutinous, "and that you have thrown Mimi Warren over, and that the week in which your uncle may perhaps die is the one in which you choose to break the glad tidings!"

His distress, as he stood looking at her in stupefaction, made her laugh suddenly, and the laughter broke on a note strangely like tears. She sat down upon a crumbling bit of orchard wall, and he knelt beside her. And this time she hid her face in his shoulder, and lay quiet while he kissed the fragrant crown of her hair.

After a few minutes she began to talk to him in a murmur so sweet, and at once so childish and so wise, that everything in the world vanished from his consciousness except that they were together and that they loved each other. And presently she raised her wet face, and laughed at him through the marvelous velvety brown lashes that were clinging together with tears, and told him that she was "sorry."

An ecstasy of love poured through him; he was as exhausted as she from the storm, and for a long while they were motionless, holding each other close.

"My darling, you kill me when you say things like that!" She fingered a wave of his hair.

"Like what?"

"Like—what you said—that you were always this way in the beginning!"

"Well, but Stephen, one *has* had other beaus, you know!" She was laughing, but he could not even smile.

"Lucretia—please! It makes me so unhappy!"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" The rich bubble of laughter was in her rain-washed voice.

"And that you would marry Fred!" he pursued reproachfully.

"Well, wouldn't that be nice? I would be your little sister——"

"That's—sacrilege!" He kissed the red mouth.

"Then forget that I said it. I'll never say it again!"

Stephen could forget it for these few minutes while he was with her, but the wretchedness of jealousy returned again, after a while, and again and again. When she was out of his sight he was hungering for her; her words came back to him again and again—"We've had the joy of finding each other—now it will be all pain and trouble!" All the agonies of first, passionate love beset him; her least word would make him unhappy or enchant him for hours.

Everything tended to make his pathway difficult. The Judge's days, if not hours, were numbered. There was a great deal to arrange, Mimi's affairs primarily, a hundred other odds and ends of legal business, and these brought Mimi and Stephen into constant contact. He knew the girl too well not to know exactly what her demure, self-forgetting, affectionate response to his demands meant; Mimi felt that his difficult explanation of his own feelings, to her, on that Sunday afternoon, had been just one of the ordinary exigencies of courtship. She was patient, she was everything sweet and good, but she knew that the irresistible currents of both their lives were steadily bringing them together.

Lucretia felt those currents, too, the unchangeable stream of habit, policy, propinquity, and family loyalty that was carrying him slowly away from her. Everything was against them, and sometimes, with humility and discouragement, she longed for the old days again, the very beginnings, when to have Mr. Stephen Winship come to her for a cup of tea and a talk about books was quiet pleasure enough, and when this question of unhappiness and disruption did not haunt her day and night.

"*I*—taking away another woman's lover?" she would ask herself, with a bitter shame at her heart. And a few days after her meeting with Stephen at the cabin on Red Pine, when he came away from the hot city and joined her at Gunther's, she could only show him a mood that moved restlessly between unkindness and despair.

THERE was none of that first exquisite happiness in this meeting. Lucretia was distressed because every one at Mrs. Gunther's, she said, would suspect that he came to see her. Every one knew that there was an understanding between him and Miss Warren, and that if he had a mid-week holiday it should be spent at Warren's Mills.

In vain he tried to soothe her; even his arm, laid across the back of her chair, in the Summer-house, annoyed her. The August afternoon was burning hot; the country boarding-house looked tawdry and shabby in the blazing light. Butter was almost liquid on the supper-table, and the dry cut bread curled at the edges.

"It makes me feel horrible! It makes me feel as if I were your—well, anything!" Lucretia said recklessly, when they were walking through hot darkness after dinner.

Stephen was too tired and too despondent to reply.

"I'm *wretched*—wretched—wretched!" she said, angrily.

"I'm sorry!" he said, quietly. He put his arm lightly about her, but she freed herself with a quick movement.

"Please, Steve, it's too hot!" She preceded him in a moody silence for a few minutes, and then burst out, bitterly, "Why should she have it all? The position, the approval of every one, your uncle and aunt, with Judge Curran's political backing thrown in, to play her game for her? I must be kept out of the way like something shameful—I *am* shameful! You have to fabricate a motive for coming to see me here; you have to destroy my letters; I tell Mrs. Gunther that you are my business man as an excuse for your calling me on the telephone—you don't write me on your business stationery—you don't dare! But when you are with Mimi—then everything is lovely—everything is approved! You may safely——"

"I can see that there is no use following this line of conversation," Stephen said, deeply displeased. "I am sorry I came up here tonight! I will be at the cabin tomorrow, and I will give every one a full and fair explanation——"

"Then you will kill your uncle!" said Lucretia.

"—Every one," he repeated firmly. "It *will* hurt them, and I am sorry!"

"I am sorry we ever met," she said darkly.

"But, my darling, you wouldn't have wanted never to have realized what we mean to each other," he pleaded, feeling himself how weak was his dependence upon her smile, and yet unable to bear the anguish of this mood.

"Oh, yes, I would," she answered lightly. "We have done a foolish thing, and I suppose we must pay for it! You are engaged to a lovely girl, who will make you a wonderful wife. I have not been six months a widow. We have had a lovely dream——"

It was no use. He could not soften her, could not win her. Fifteen minutes later, with an anger Stephen had not felt stirring within him for actual years, he flung his suitcase into his motor-car and bid her a brief good night. No, he could not stay. No, he was going to drive back to the city. No, he had made a mistake in coming, under the impression that she might be glad to see him.

She said good-by composedly, almost with amusement. Stephen's heart was sick, his teeth were gripped, as he shifted gears and touched keys. She could not—she *could* not—he told himself, let him go in this fashion, sacrifice the whole evening—it was only eight o'clock—and the dewy, fragrant Summer morning when she would laugh with him over their breakfast cups!

But she did exactly that; there was no sign of melting in the casual bright farewells. It was in a fever of misery and despair and doubt and anger that Stephen raced the fifty miles between him and his rooms in the old Curran home, and for him the burning night was only a succession of brief sleeps, evil dreams, and wakeful tossing while the whole troubled panorama of his problem unrolled itself before his aching eyes.

THE next afternoon he drove to the cabin on Red Pine, still miserably upset and undetermined. If Lucretia loved him, how could she possibly have treated him so cruelly, and if she did not love him, why should he hurt and disappoint his uncle in the last few weeks of his life? Marrying Mimi was impossible, of course, but marrying Lucretia sometimes seemed as impossible, too, and Stephen said to himself that he would like to get away from it all, like to make a fresh start in Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires——

She had lived in Buenos Aires, the beautiful, radiant woman he loved. How marvelous it would be to take her back again some day, to have her leaning beside him on a white railing, while the blue sea and the distant shores of Barbados and Pernambuco swept by! But then what would not be marvelous in that society? And he remembered a day when her maid, Hannah, was out, and when she had given him a late luncheon, cold chicken and wonderful clear iced coffee, and a salad she dressed expertly with chives from a window-box! Even that little reconstructed kitchen, with its gas-stove, and its white-and-blue jars of rice and beans, was Arcadia when she reigned in it.

He reached the cabin on Red Pine still wondering, in the end of a long Summer day, and found Mimi on the tennis-court, with Ted Rutger and a strange blond young man, Marjorie's cousin, Younger Rogers, it appeared. The fourth player in the interrupted game of mixed doubles was tall and beautifully built, with bright hair under a crushed white hat. She came slowly across the court, as the other greeted him, and gave him her hand, and as he looked into the serious, topaz eyes, he knew, with a great melting and an exquisite warmth at his heart, that for him she was the only woman in the world.

He could see, from Younger Rogers's appraising glance, that he was being judged as Mimi's promised husband, and as the evening wore on the net tightened slowly and steadily about him. He sat next to Mimi at dinner, and presently she dropped a warm little hand and curled the fingers inside his own. Lucretia was unusually quiet, avoided his look, and never directly addressed him.

The Judge was not so well; the troubling "pains" had returned, he admitted. He looked tired, and shifted his position with difficulty now and then, altho he did not complain. Mrs. Curran's spirits were correspondingly affected, and despite their resolute gaiety the young persons felt the gathering trouble in the air. Mimi alone was bright and natural; a pretty Mimi to-night in a gay yellow-and-black print, with shiny big black cherries bobbing on the calico hat. There was a charming shade of difference in her manner when she turned toward Stephen, a certain becoming deference and affection, a radiant desire to understand the affairs that kept him so busy in town, and to help him.

"Stephen!" It was the voice he loved best in the world. Lucretia came out of the shadows of the porch, and drew him away from the dim flood of light that fell through the open door. It was early evening, and Mimi and the two young men had started for a walk. Stephen had supposed Lucretia with them, and was hurriedly following when she spoke to him. "Steve," she said urgently, her white-clad figure close to him in the soft gloom, "I was so bad yesterday—will you forgive me?"

Instantly everything resentful, dubious, and angry melted from his heart, and the sunshine of peace flooded it.

"I have been so unhappy!" she said, with a little break in her voice.

His answer was to put his arms about her, and wipe out all the bitterness with one marvelous and dizzying kiss. For a long minute they clung together. About them was only the dark rich fragrance of the mountain night. Stephen could feel the beauty and sweetness of her relaxed in his arms, and everything else in life became shadowy and far away.

"We must follow the others," she whispered; "we have not a minute! But Steve, I couldn't sleep—I was so wretched! I tossed about for hours——"

"I too!" he said eagerly. "Ah, you *darling*——"

Their lips were together again.

"We *must* follow them!" Lucretia said presently. "Steve, you do forgive me?"

"Lucretia, don't—" he said, breathless with the miracle of her mood. "You make me want to cry!"

They went down through the dark garden, and here he made her linger just a moment, for another taste of the first reconciliation that was so sweet. In the room off the dining-room they could see the glimmer of a lamp, where Mrs. Curran was settling her beloved invalid for the night; from the warm darkness of the orchard, odorous of apples, came Mimi's laugh and young Rogers's hoarse echo.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

For and Against the Flapper

BEFORE a judge renders a decision he hears both sides of the story! The girl of to-day is on trial! Is she altogether weak—altogether headstrong? Turn to Page 12, where the case is tried by two of our greatest writers. Kathleen Norris outlines the case against her and Corra Harris takes the stand in her defense.

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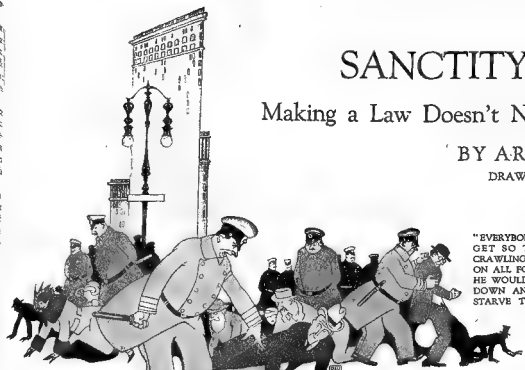
SANCTITY BY STATUTE

Making a Law Doesn't Necessarily Change the Old Adam

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

DRAWINGS BY RAY ROHN



"EVERYBODY WOULD GET SO TIRED OF CRAWLING AROUND ON ALL FOURS THAT HE WOULD SOON LIE DOWN AND GLADLY STARVE TO DEATH"

IT IS an idiosyncrasy of us Americans to believe that we can make ourselves good by making it a crime to be bad. It is our common delusion to suppose that if anything goes wrong all we have to do is to pass a law about it. Unfortunately it makes no difference how many or what sort of laws we put on the statute-books—we remain exactly what we were before. The milk in the bottle is no purer because the milkman changes the label and marks it "Certified." The leopard can not change his spots by calling himself a lamb. No self-serving declaration of righteousness can change us by a single jot or tittle. We can not lift ourselves as a nation by our own moral bootstraps.

This is as true of religion and health as it is of morals. We can not intensify our faith by eloquent preambles to legislative enactments; nor can we make ourselves well by declaring it a crime to be sick. Yet we seem to be convinced that we can sanctify ourselves by passing statutes and that so long as we pronounce ourselves virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale. The fact of the matter is that we want to appear better than we are. But we are living in a fool's paradise. The American nation, sticking its head in the sand of legislation, is trying to fool itself into the belief that no one can see what sort of bird it is. Yet it is the same old bird—a pretty good one, no doubt—but still the same old bird, call it by whatever name you choose.

There is another thing about this law business that comparatively few people understand, and that is how very slight a factor—almost infinitesimal, in truth—the criminal law is in keeping the world straight. Ninety-nine per cent. of all law is unwritten. Human affection and loyalty, morals, religion, chivalry, good sportsmanship, manners, etiquette—even mere taste—are vastly more important in making people behave themselves than the fear of going to jail. What people won't do for themselves they are not apt to do for the law. Just as in school you can't make children learn unless they want to, so when they are grown up you can not make them good unless they wish to be good. People who have no consciences will not obey the law; the rest do not need it. The worst sinners have the least remorse. Murderers sleep sounder in prison than any other class of offenders. In a word, the law is at best not a very effective instrument in human progress.

Habits Can Not Be Changed by Law

AND making laws is one thing; enforcing them is another. Legislation can not be too far in advance of public opinion, else it becomes, in consequence, ineffective or tyrannical. You can drive a horse to water, but you can not make him drink; and on the other hand you can not quench his thirst by giving him hay.

Quoth Anacharsis to Solon: "What! Do you expect by a few writings to repress the injustice and passions of men?"

To which Solon replied: "Men take good care of those things concerning which they themselves are agreed; such shall be the nature and spirit of any laws that the citizens shall perceive their interest to be more in the observance than in the violation of them."

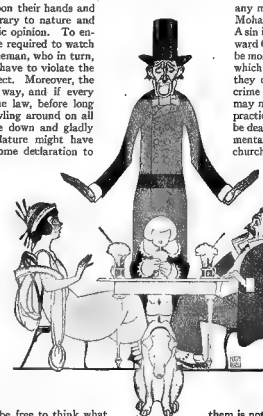
As Emerson said:

"The wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen."

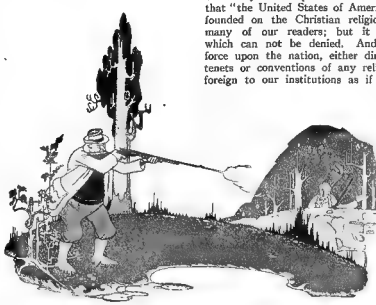
Only those laws are wise which are perceived by public opinion to be for the best interest of the citizens.

No law can be enforced that defies public opinion or is contrary to the reasonable demands of human nature.

Let us assume for illustration that our lawmakers in their wisdom should decree that thereafter all citizens instead of walking upright should go upon their hands and knees. That would be contrary to nature and presumably contrary to public opinion. To enforce that law there would be required to watch each citizen at least one policeman, who in turn, to be at all effective, would have to violate the law himself by remaining erect. Moreover, the human body isn't built that way, and if every one in fact tried to obey the law, before long he would get so tired of crawling around on all fours that he would soon lie down and gladly starve to death. The Legislature might have prefaced the statute with some declaration to the effect that whereas everybody in the world was agreed that it was wrong to walk in a vertical position it was now therefore resolved and enacted that thereafter it should be a crime to do so; but that in itself would not change the fact that it was the natural method of locomotion or make people really regard walking on two legs as a crime.



Now, it is even harder to control people's minds than it is their bodies. It is manifestly impossible, as well as absurd, to attempt to regulate their religious beliefs or political ideas. Our Government is based on the proposition that every man shall be free to think what he will so long as this does not interfere with a similar right on the part of others. This includes the right to worship any god he sees fit. Yet most of us are inclined to forget that, save as a matter of numbers, we are not officially a Christian nation any more than we are Mohammedan or Hebrew. With us religion and the state have no connection whatever. As long ago as 1796 in our treaty with Tripoli the National Government declared that "the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion." This will surprize many of our readers; but it is nevertheless a fact which can not be denied. And laws intended to enforce upon the nation, either directly or indirectly, the tenets or conventions of any religious faith are just as foreign to our institutions as if they were designed to enhance the glory of Buddha, the "Bab," or the "Omnipotent Oom."



"IT IS CLEAR THAT IF ONE SHOOTS ON SUNDAY HE IS APT TO GET IT COMING AND GOING"

This was evidently quite overlooked by the Western solon who recently proposed a bill in a certain Legislature making it a crime to violate any one of the Ten Commandments, and beginning: "Whoso shall have another god shall be fined one hundred dollars."

The bill did not pass, but in view of other legislative monstrosities dignifying the same session, it is surprizing that it did not. Had the legislator in question attempted to define the God he was referring to he might perhaps have realized himself the grotesque character of his proposed statute. The final paragraph of his bill provided for the sin of covetousness.

"Whoso shall covet his neighbor's house, his wife, his man servant, his maid servant, his ox, or his ass, shall be fined according to the enormity of the offense."

Following Moses and Mohammed

ONE wonders how our friend expected to enforce this and other provisions of the Decalog. Did he propose to have a police force trained to detect the telltale symptoms of coveting? Did he assume that the coveter goes through the same facial contortions as the gloating villain of the movies? Or did he just run in "Art. X" for good measure?

While it is a sin to covet, altho it would require an all-seeing eye to detect the sinners, the mere fact that it is prohibited in one of the laws brought down by Moses from Mt. Sinai is no reason whatever for enacting the commandment as a statute for any one of these United States—any more than any one of the injunctions of Mohammed taken at random from the Koran. A sin is something which violates our duty toward God and which our conscience tells us to be morally wrong; a crime is an act or omission which works an injury to our fellows, which they collectively desire to prevent. A legal crime may or may not be a sin; a sin may or may not be a legal crime. Theoretically and practically, they are different things and must be dealt with in different ways, by the governmental authorities on the one hand, and by the church, or whatever represents religion to us, on the other. It would be against public policy to confuse them, and to make all sins punishable by prison sentences would not only be impossible, but, if it were possible, would result in social chaos. If coveting involves an injury to the public which the public wishes to prevent, and there is any reasonable ground for supposing that a law against it could be effectively enforced and the covetera sent to jail, then and then only should it be made a crime. Otherwise it should be left to our private consciences.

For you can not make people regard as sinful that which their consciences tell them is not, by making it illegal. You may possibly succeed for a time in preventing the forbidden acts, but in the long run an intolerant law arouses such antagonism that it will almost inevitably make lawbreakers out of even good citizens. Desire to do the thing prohibited grows with repression—until the social boiler explodes. People who think that motoring on Sunday is an innocent and reasonable form of recreation will not be led to regard it as morally reprehensible because the Legislature makes it a misdemeanor or even a felony. Much more effective is the method adopted in many places of posting a sign just outside the door of the church reading: "Automobilists, have you been to church to-day? If not, why not park and come in? Service is going on. You are welcome!"

"Blue Laws" and Liberty

IF THE old colonial "blue laws" of Virginia, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts ever were rigidly enforced, which is doubtful, it was only because they represented the consensus of public opinion that the acts prohibited were wrong. In point of fact these ancient laws flew in the face of the later principles of religious toleration that became the corner-stone of our institutions, for while the early colonists had emigrated from England to secure religious liberty, they did not come here to secure religious liberty for all, but only for themselves. Their laws were as intolerant as those religious tenets by virtue of which they regarded themselves as justified in scourging Quakers, Adamites, and heretics, and putting witches to death.

The so-called "blue laws" are merely the adoption by the first authorities of the New Haven and other colonies of the Mosaic code as their principles of law and government. As the Rev. Mr. Davenport, addressing those met to consider the nature of their institutions, said, and with which they all agreed:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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"'I HAVE EXCEPTED JULY AND AUGUST,' HE SAID, 'BECAUSE I EXPECT TO SPEND THOSE MONTHS AWAY FROM YOU, HUNTING AND FISHING'"

SANE HEARTS

Nailing the Bloom on the Rose of Love

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

I ALWAYS return to my little home in Westcote, after a long day at my office in New York, with a pleasant feeling that I am leaving behind for a few hours the narrow, shut-in existence of a business man and entering again the busy, crowded life of the living present. I know that as soon as I enter the door of my home I will be in a vivifying atmosphere of vital problems. My wife Jane is nothing if not a good wife and mother, and as such she takes an active part in society, politics, religion, ouija-boarding, sex problems, cash-and-carry marketing, Tad's skinned knees, ten clubs, my socks, and Emily's lovers.

Jane is a wonderful woman. I suppose, if I did not let my loving prejudice sway me, I would have to admit that she is not greatly different from the average woman of this year of grace, but I still claim she is wonderful. I do not mean to say she is perfect. Only last week she admitted that she had made a most annoying mistake, having set the same hour last Wednesday for her golf lesson and her face-massage—two things she could not possibly go through at the same time—and she has said she prefers Dostoyefsky to Mutt and Jeff, even when Mutt and Jeff are at their best. But no matter! Jane is a wonderful woman. She is a perfect wife and a perfect mother and knows every word in "Cushing's Manual."

You can imagine my surprize, then, when my daughter Emily approached me one evening recently and said she wanted to have my advice. I was sitting at my desk in our living-room, looking at last month's bills and feeling hurt at the price of beef, beans, and pink-silk lingerie.

"My advice?" I asked with surprize. "Don't you mean your mother's advice, Honey? Or isn't she home?"

"I mean your advice, Daddy," my dear eighteen-year-old girl said. "Your advice and Mother's too. I am engaged. Engaged to be married."

"What, again?" I said playfully.

"Yes, again," Emily said without a smile. "And most seriously this time. It is Bob."

"Bob?" I exclaimed. "Great stuff! I like Bob. This is fine, my dear. You've never been engaged to Bob before, have you?"

"No, Daddy," she said. "And I'm quite glad to be, everything considered. Even if it is serious."

"So this time it is really serious, is it, Pet?" I teased her. "It is to be love, honor, and obey this time, is it?"

"I have told him I will marry him, if that is what you mean," said Emily, "provided we can make satisfactory arrangements."

"Well, Honey Girl," I said, "you know I am not a millionaire, but I have always told your mother you should have the finest wedding I could afford to give you, even if I have to mortgage the shack, and I mean——"

"Oh, Father!" cried Emily, "you know I mean nothing like that! What does it matter how the ceremony is performed? I do not mean that at all. I mean I will marry Bob if he and I can make satisfactory arrangements, and that is what I want to consult you and mother about."

"Oh, ho!" I exclaimed. "So Mother is to be in the consultation too, is she? And quite right, Emily. Your mother is——"

"I know!" said Emily hastily. "You would say that, of course. All husbands would. And that is why, Father, dear, I want you to promise to tell the real truth—the cold, ugly truth. I have to look out for Bob's interests in this, you see, as well as my own."

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I do, naturally," said Emily firmly. "I must, because there is no denying the fact that Bob is insane."

"Insane? Bob insane?"

"All men are insane when they are in love," said Emily rather scornfully. "Every child—every female child, at least—knows that. In the first flush of new love a man is not only insane, but he is almost idiotic. It is the inevitable reaction of the supreme sex attraction on the mind of the male."

"Merciful Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Great Scott! and did your mother think such things of me when I was a young moon-calf?"

"She would if a man fell in love with her to-day," said Emily. "Every woman knows such things to-day. We are all aware of the disrupting effect of sex attraction on the mentality of the male."

"Wait!" I begged. "Wait until I grasp that!" but Emily went right on.

"Those females who think shallowly," she said, "are still silly enough to believe that they do best by taking advantage of the weak-mindedness of the male in his early-love stage. Their motto is 'Hog-tie him while he is batty.' We who are wiser think otherwise. We see the far future. We see the male of our choice——"

"Of *your* choice!"

"The male of *our* choice, of course," said Emily. "We see him emerging from the first idiocy of sex madness and looking around. We see him finding himself tied and constrained. We see his vain attempts at revolt resulting in anger, disgust, surliness, and boorish mannerism. Even in murder, at times; often in divorce."

"Listen, Honey!" I said, interrupting her. "When I found I was head over heels in love with your mother I grabbed her hand, kissed her on the left eye, and we hiked off to the parson and lived happily ever after. She did not hold me off with a ten-foot pole while she studied the marriage laws of the State, the Constitution of the United States, the Freudian theory, and 'Becker's Divorce among the Middle Classes.'"

"But she would now," said Emily. "Don't be silly, Father! You know women have some sense now."

"My dear," I said, "you have convinced me that they have all the sense there is. So run along and consult your mother. I can add nothing to the wisdom there assembled."

"BUT that is just what you can do," Emily insisted. "You can tell the truth. Please, Father! Please, Daddy! Don't you see it may mean all the difference between my happiness and my misery, for all the rest of my life?"

I patted her hand and pushed last month's bills into my desk drawer.

"All right, run along, Chicken," I said good-naturedly. "I'll be right with you."

I waited only to foot the totals of my unpaid bills and to groan when I saw the total, and then I followed Emily into the sewing-room, where Jane was.

As I walked across the hall to that room I thought briefly of this great happiness that had come to Emily. Both Jane and I were fond of Bob. He was a clean young chap. While he was twenty years old he seemed younger than Emily, for he had not shaken his boyishness, and Emily, of course, had been womanly for at least four years. Like most eighteen-year-old girls of to-day she was as sophisticated as her mother, and would have felt shame had she known she was no more sophisticated than that. It was evident that the wedding was not startlingly imminent, since Emily meant to have four years of college, with perhaps a few years of post-graduate study and then enough business or professional life to assure herself that she would always be self-supporting at need.

ROUGHLY speaking, I saw the wedding looming some eight or ten years ahead and thought of Bob as a merry-faced infant, but slightly beyond the marble age, so I did not feel called upon to cross the hall very swiftly. A moment or two could make little difference. I entered the sewing-room with a cheerful, fatherly air, expecting—perhaps—to see Jane in happy motherly tears.

Jane was not in tears. She was in that expectantly nervous state that marks a truthful but reluctant witness about to be questioned or cross-questioned by a shrewd attorney.

"Emily has told you?" she asked me.

For answer I walked to Jane and kissed her.

"Yes, dear," I said. "I am sorry, but I am glad. Since it is inevitable that we must lose our little girl some time, I am glad we are to give her to a fine boy like Bob. When the time comes for them to go away together, to begin their own lives, I can hold out my hand and give them a father's blessing——"

"But of course that has nothing to do with it," said Emily, "any more than the orange-blossoms have. Whether I wear orange blossoms or petunias or Spring onions has nothing to do with my future happiness. A father's blessing or a father's curse will not make a husband's face any more attractive across an egg-stained table-cloth at breakfast."

The moment Emily uttered those words I felt my heart sink. I believe I actually took one step backward toward the door, but I had not the courage to run away and allow her to think the very worst she might choose to think. I knew what was coming. I knew what Jane and I had to expect, and I knew that poor Bob would have to submit to what every young man will have to submit to from now on. I glanced at Jane. She met my eye and then lowered her eyelids and shuddered.

Jane's shudder meant, I felt sure, "The old order has passed; the new order prevaileth." She felt herself a back number, as she had long known me to be. Politics, esoteric philosophy, pink lingerie, clubs, jazz-dances, canned asparagus, bare-back gowns, super-Ibsenism—none of these things could save Jane from the discard. She and I were old-fashioned. Cocktails at five and cigarets every hour, had Jane chosen to take them up, could not save her. She was a gone goose. For twenty-one years she had lived with her husband and had breakfasted with him every day. Worse than all, too, she had loved it.

"Father, dear, and Mother," Emily said briskly, "Bob has bought a perfectly spiffy ring and I'm dying to wear it, but I have told him I can not do so until he and I have agreed on the Constitution and By-Laws of our married life. I say Constitution and By-Laws because I consider the By-Laws quite as important as the Constitution. By Constitution I mean, of course, the marriage ceremony. We choose to be married according to the rites of the Episcopalian Church, and consider its ceremony, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, our Constitution. The First Amendment inserts after the words 'love and honor' the words 'as long as possible.' I

"'I NEED NOT TELL YOU,' SHE SAID BRISKLY, 'THAT I SHALL INSIST THAT BOB AND I HAVE SEPARATE ESTABLISHMENTS'"

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can not, of course, agree to love and honor Bob any longer than it is reasonably possible to love and honor him. The Second Amendment eliminates the word 'obey' entirely."

"Quite right," said Jane nervously. "Only the women of the lower classes obey their husbands, and most of them do so only under protest."

"THAT is understood," said Emily. "I suppose you agreed to obey Father, didn't you, Mother?"

Jane, greatly abashed, said nothing.

"But you don't obey him, do you?" Emily asked. "I'll tell the world you don't! You are not expected to. So that brings us to the important matter—the By-Laws. I want to have the By-Laws quite clear and—please wait until I get a pencil and some paper."

When Emily had hastened from the room I drew a deep breath, but Jane leaned suddenly forward, her eyes alight and her bosom heaving.

"Henry!" she cried. "Henry, dear! You see what is coming, don't you? She is going to cross-question us. She is going to sink the knife of her questions deep into us and lay bare everything, so that she may avoid, in her married life, all that has made our married life so sordid and mean and miserable."

"But, good grief, Jane!" I exclaimed, "our married life has not *been* sordid and mean and miserable. Our married life has been one darn fine experience and we have both loved it, and loved each other, and we would not have had it any other way for ten million——"

"I know! I know!" said Jane. "And that month you had to be in Chicago last year and I could not see your face across the egg-stained table-cloth every morning at breakfast, I cried in my lonely bed nearly all night every night you were gone. But we must not let Emily know that. She thinks I am old-fashioned enough as it is—not smoking cigarets. And thinks you are mid-Victorian, never coming home drunk to beat me with a bed-slat. We must not let her know the truth, Henry. She is our only daughter; we must keep her respect—such of it as is left."

"I suppose we must," I said gloomily, but I did hate to have to pose as a horrible example. I understood well enough, however, that to admit that Jane and I had been happy and that our love had continued fresh and interesting during twenty-one years of breakfasts together would wreck Emily's faith in our veracity. No modern young female could possibly believe it.

Emily came back with a pad and pencil.

"I need not tell you," she said briskly, "that I shall insist that Bob and I have separate establishments. I think I shall have a small cottage somewhere near here on Long Island—something with twelve rooms and three baths, near a good hotel. If Bob wishes he may have an apartment in New York, in the Seventies near Fifth Avenue, I should recommend, but if he prefers a small house near one of the golf clubs in New Jersey I shall not object. You advise separate establishments, don't you, Father and Mother?"

"Ah—ah—certainly," I said weakly. "Yes, indeed! It is a great mistake for husband and wife to live in the same house. It—it——"

"It breeds familiarity, which breeds contempt," said Emily, and looked at us sternly. "Mother, you admit, don't you, that most of your contempt for Father is due to the fact that you have had him too close at hand?"

"Yes—yes, dear," said Jane meekly. "Tha—that's why I have such utter contempt for him."

"It forced you to see, day by day, and hour by hour, his gross material side. Were you not nauseated the first time you saw him trimming his toe-nails?"

"I—I was ill for a week," said Jane faintly. "I—I have never loved him since."

"Exactly!" said Emily. "And, tell me truly, Father, did you ever love Mother after you saw her hair in curl-papers?"

I could not tell Emily that it was coming upon dear Jane in curl-papers in a Summer camp that first made my young heart thrill with love. I should be ashamed to admit this, but it is the truth that the flame of love often springs into being because of just such things.

"Emily," I said solemnly, "I have never told your mother, but from the moment I first saw her in curl-papers her face has been a hideous nightmare to me. More than a hundred times since then I have looked at her curl-papered head as it lay on the pillow and have stolen to the bath-room to get my razor, meaning to end it all then and there. Had I not been a coward I should have killed myself at least a hundred times in the last twenty-one years."

"Precisely!" said Emily, with rather too much satisfaction. "Your lives, which might have been lived in a glow of undiminished love, have been long nightmares of disgust. Bob and I shall escape that. We will maintain separate establishments."

She wrote rapidly on her pad.

"And, now, as for breakfasts," she said, when she had jotted down By-Law One. "I want your honest and sincere opinion regarding breakfasts. Mother, is it not true that you hate Father more at breakfast than at any other time?"

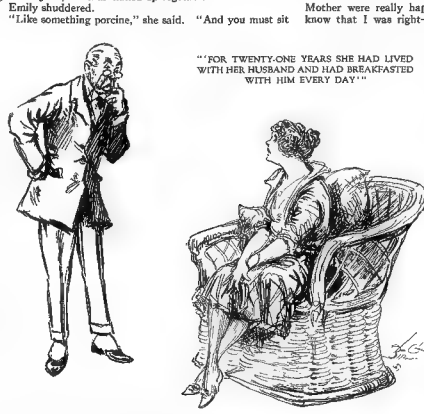
Jane glanced at me and shuddered. I cast a glance at her that told her to be brave and lie most nobly.

"It—it is at breakfast that I long to murder him," she said. "It is then, isn't it," asked Emily, "that he seems most of all a gross human animal, exhibiting his bestial appetite for food?"

"For ham and fried eggs, wheat-cakes, and maple-sirup," groaned Jane, "and all mixed up together."

Emily shuddered.

"Like something porcine," she said. "And you must sit



"'FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS SHE HAD LIVED WITH HER HUSBAND AND HAD BREAKFASTED WITH HIM EVERY DAY'"

there, morning after morning, across the egg-stained table-cloth, and think that until one of you dies this must be your fate every morning! Is it not that, more than all else, that has taken the bloom off the rose of your love?"

"The bloom," said Jane pathetically, "has been entirely ham-and-egged away."

"And you have to sit there," said Emily, "and look at his sleep-bloated face—the same sleep-bloated face—morning after morning——"

"Alas!" said Jane, and she sighed.

"And you, Father?"

"It's awful!" I said. "There she sits—your mother, you know—opposite me at the—across the egg-stained table-cloth—and—and—eats, don't you know. Eats food. With a knife and fork. Except the breakfast food. She eats that with a spoon. Morning after morning, week after week, year after year!"

"Poor dear!" said Emily. "And the bloom is off your rose, too."

"Emily," I said, "I assure you there hasn't been any bloom on my rose since the Panama Canal was opened."

"WELL, that convinces me I am right," said Emily. "I was not sure, but now I am. I did think I would let Bob have breakfast with me Wednesdays and Saturdays, but now I shall insist that one breakfast together each week is sufficient. I shall permit him to breakfast with me Thursdays. But no eggs! No eggs, Mother. Or, if eggs, no table-cloths."

Again she wrote rapidly on the pad, underlining a word here and there, as if to make the regulations more strict.

Jane and I, I assure you, felt rather shamed.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, Mother and Father," Emily said, as she arose. "I wanted to be sure before I put my By-Laws in final form for submission to Bob. I had to ask you to be perfectly frank. I have, of course, studied those who have studied married life most deeply, and I am cognizant of the merits of the By-Laws they have formulated for keeping love always fresh and sweet, and I knew they were right—being so modern—but sometimes it has seemed to me that you and Father were quite happy."

"Oh, my dear Emily," I cried as reproachfully as I could, "how can you say such a thing!"

"I know!" Emily smiled. "But hypocrisy can be carried to such perfection by those who are pledged to show a brave face to the world. Sometimes I almost believed you and Mother were really happy. It is a great satisfaction to know that I was right—that you are miserable and disgusted and nauseated."

"We are! We are!" said Jane and I in one breath.

"I knew you could not be otherwise," said dear Emily, "so now I have only to complete my By-Laws and show them to Bob. I am sure that he will accept——"

It was then we heard the firm, elastic tread of a young man in the hall and Bob's cheery hail.

"Oh, here you are, folks!" he cried as he entered the sewing-room. "All neat and tidy. May I come in? How's things, Pa-to-be? How's everything, Ma-to-be? 'Lo, Honeybunch, Sweetheart!"

HE WOULD have kissed Emily, quite in an old-fashioned way, I believe, had she not made her face stern and raised her hand.

"Wait, Bob!" she commanded. "Before we go any further with this we may as well see whether we agree on our By-Laws."

He chucked his hat on a table and dropped into a chair.

"Fine and dandy!" he exclaimed. "I'm for it. I'm for the little old Constitution and all the By-Lawlets. Go to it, Em!"

"The first By-Law," said Emily, looking at her pad, "stipulates that we shall have separate establishments, not closer than seven miles apart."

"Good! Great stuff!" said Bob enthusiastically. "You know, folks-in-law, I'm strong for that. Em suggested it, but I was right with her. Mistake, this piling all together in one house, like an East Side tenement gang. Separate house for husband, separate house for wife, separate house for dog, separate house for cat—all that sort of thing. I'm for it."

"Of course," said Emily, "but do be sensible, if you can, Bob. By-Law Two is about breakfasts."

"Great!" said Bob. "I'm strong for the breakfast stuff. Start with grapefruit or cantaloup, according to the season——"

"It is about how often we are to have breakfast together," said Emily seriously. "What we talked over. I have decided that we are to have breakfast together once a week, every Thursday morning."

Instantly all Bob's levity fled; it was as if he had changed in one moment from a playful boy to a mature, thinking man.

"I hope you have not made an unchangeable decision to that effect yet, Emily," he said. "You should have consulted with me before doing so."

"I have made the decision," said Emily, raising her chin as she does when she is inclined to be imperious.

"I'm sorry," said Bob. "I'm sorry, Emily. Because I have been giving this matter of breakfasts serious thought. Our love is a very precious thing to me, Emily, and I can not bear to have it jeopardized, and the bloom has been brushed off the rose of too many loves by reckless handling of this breakfast matter. Since I talked with you I have come to an unalterable decision. My wife—and I hope you are to be that wife, Emily—may breakfast with me but once a month, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of each month, July and August excepted, except when Tuesday falls on a legal holiday. My decision can not be changed."

He arose and took his hat. He stood waiting.

"I have excepted July and August," he said, "because I expect to spend those months away from you, hunting and fishing. I except legal holidays because on legal holidays I mean to get to the golf course before breakfast."

Emily, I think, swayed a little where she stood. I know she put out her hand and steadied herself against the sewing-table.

"But—but—" she said helplessly.

"Very well," said Bob coldly, "since that is your decision I will go." And he did go. He walked out of the room and out of the house.

It was a full minute before Emily caved. I can think of no other word that expresses it so well. "Collapsed" might do, or "melted," but "caved" is better. It was as if a snow woman had grown soft, the way Emily caved into her mother's lap. She sobbed there and clung to Jane.

"He's gone! He's angry! He'll never love me any more!" she sobbed. "And we would have been so happy, just living anyway—even in one old stuffy room! Darn the bloom on the rose! And when I knew and knew and knew you and Father had been so happy all your lives!"

I felt rather silly and inefficient, but Jane seemed to know what to do. She kissed Emily and patted her hair, and then there came a hail from the porch. It was Bob's voice, clear and strong.

"Hey, Em!" it rang. "When you get those fool By-Laws torn up come on out here. I'm in the hammock."

"'THEIR MOTTO IS "HOG-TIE HIM WHILE HE IS BATTY." WE WHO ARE WISER THINK OTHERWISE'"

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ABOVE ARE SHOWN TWO OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE SAME HOUSE, EACH HAVING THE APPEARANCE OF BEING THE FRONT

COMMON-SENSE HOUSE DESIGNS

The Passing of the Back Yard: A House with Four Fronts

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

THE idea of a home consisting of a square box with one side, fairly attractive, facing the street; two ends, hardly presentable at all, insulting a neighbor on each side, and an aspect from the rear so disgraceful as to require the erection of a high board fence to hide it—is passing.

Good taste and the proper regard for all parts of the premises are far more important factors than the possession of wealth in the accomplishment of good results, for the mere expenditure of large sums of money will not necessarily produce a building which is good to look upon. A small sum invested in a slender wooden trellis and a few vines will surely be far more effective than a cornice ever so elaborate and a brass railing on your front steps ever so highly polished. But there are still unfortunately some who have not come to realize this.

The above illustrations show the opposite sides of the same building, and a glance at them may give the impression of a rather elaborate house. But I have shown five porches merely to indicate that any one of these locations may be chosen, and not with the idea that any one will want to build all of them. I have simply thought that it would be easier for the reader to picture the porches or terraces in the desired positions if I show all five and let him make his own eliminations.

Also I have shown various treatments of these porches, the columns and roofing, any one of which may be used on any one of the four sides of the house, and any or all of them may be omitted entirely.

Furthermore, any one of the four sides of the house may be used as the front, as circulation may be had straight through the building in either direction. Thus the design is adaptable to an ordinary interior plot in the average suburban block either of limited width (if one of the narrow ends is placed to face the street) or of a greater frontage if the building is set crosswise on the plot; or the plan will be found to work admirably on a two-front plot, such as, for instance, one situated between a roadway and a water-front.

The small kitchen yard being secluded between two ornamental lattice and pergola fences will not be objectionable from any point of view, and the features of the other sides certainly need no apology.

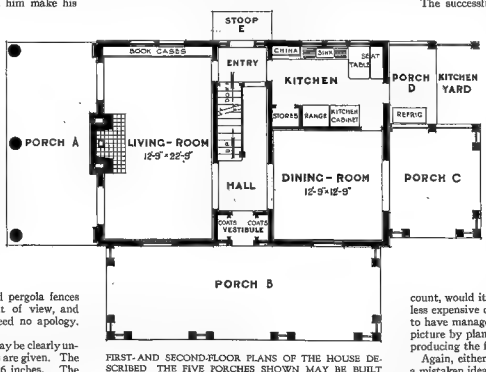
IN ORDER that the size of plot required may be clearly understood, the following general dimensions are given. The main building measures 24 feet by 34 feet 6 inches. The two large porches and also the terrace measure 11 feet each, the kitchen porch 5 feet, and the stoop on stair side 5 feet. This gives total outside dimensions, including all porches, of 40 feet by 56 feet 6 inches. None of the above figures include the cornice projections, which would be about 2 feet 6 inches more on each side, thus requiring a minimum lot width of about 30 feet without a driveway or 36 feet with a driveway, and a maximum frontage of about 52 feet and 46 feet, with and without driveway respectively.

The first-story plan is a well-studied example of the center-hall house of moderate requirements, and both this and the second story show a number of built-in features which have recently become so popular, altho they are in no way essential to the other conditions of the plan, and can therefore be easily omitted. The four bedrooms are shown as duplicates in size and arrangement, with built-in dressers and triple mirrors, but the plan of this floor is susceptible of many changes, such as, for instance, the following:

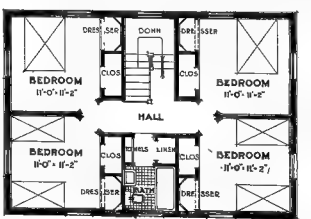
The pair of bedrooms on either side may be thrown together into one large room, or the partition separating either pair can be moved so as to give one larger room and one smaller one. However, the use of any of the bedrooms as a sitting-room being far less common than was formerly the case, there is less objection to having all bedrooms the same size.

Complete working plans and specifications have been prepared, showing all of the porches and other features, and are so arranged that estimates may be taken on the entire structure and with separate figures on each of the porches A, B, C, D, and E, so that a decision as to which of them to eliminate may be reached after the itemized cost of each is known.

Also bids may be taken on any one or all of the porches with any one or any combination of styles of column and roofing schemes indicated, and full details of the construction of each are given. Thus the question as to how much to attempt to build may be settled after obtaining some detailed figures from various contractors.



FIRST- AND SECOND-FLOOR PLANS OF THE HOUSE DESCRIBED. THE FIVE PORCHES SHOWN MAY BE BUILT AS INDICATED, OR ANY ONE OR MORE OF THEM MAY BE OMITTED AS CONDITIONS WARRANT



The materials of construction are shown to be all frame, shingle roof, and clapboard sides, but this can readily be altered to suit individual tastes. The plans show a 7-foot basement under the entire main building, and the two stories above each measure 8 feet in the clear. No finished attic is contemplated, as it was desired to avoid the excessive height which would result from adding a third story to a building of these slight horizontal dimensions. However, if additional room is desired in the attic this can easily be arranged by extending the main stairway upward, and increasing either the pitch of the present roof or the height of the eaves-lines. However, either method will detract from the appearance of the exterior and will naturally also increase the cost, so it is advised that the basement be utilized for storage and the finished attic eliminated if possible.

It is hoped that the accompanying illustrations may help to show that the "back yard," as we have become accustomed to regard it, need not exist at all, with the exception of a small enclosure adjoining the service entrance to kitchen; and even this can, at small expense, easily be made extremely attractive in appearance instead of the unsightly creation so commonly seen.

The successful following of these suggestions is not by any means a matter entirely architectural. The most beautiful building erected in ever so attractive a location may be a miserable failure unless much thought and just a little money are devoted to the "fixing up" of the grounds.

It is a common thing for an architect to spend days in working out attractive house designs and then to become severely shocked, when he views the finished building, by discovering that the owner has come to an abrupt stop as soon as the house itself was completed.

FREQUENTLY not even a blade of grass is to be seen, and the shrubs, flowers, and trailing vines which were thought of as an important part of the scheme are nowhere to be found.

If such omissions are due to any unfortunate conditions of the bank-account, would it not have been better to have adopted some less expensive design, left off a room or two, or in some way to have managed to arrange for the real completion of the picture by planting something around the place to help in producing the feeling of a home?

Again, either through the scarcity of funds or because of a mistaken idea that houses must settle on their foundations to alarming degrees, the decorating of the interior walls is frequently left "until next year." Such a procedure simply means that the whole interior is barred from having any sort of presentable aspect.

Nothing can be any colder or forbidding than a large expanse of white plaster wall clashing with everything else in the room, and there is no more certain way of conveying the impression, true or not, that just about the last dollar had been consumed in settling the final bills for the construction itself. So whether it be oil-paint or water-color or cheap paper, the walls had best be treated in something which will produce pleasing colors at small expense.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We will be glad to answer, free of charge, any questions regarding the plans shown on this page. Address the House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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I am the skipper of this little clipper
She's queen of the ice-boat fleet!
Her name is a winner on ice or at dinner—
It stands for the soup we all eat!

Off to a good start!

New Year—new cheer! Greet 1922 with a smile and decide right now to make it the biggest, happiest, healthiest year in your life. Good, hot, nourishing soup eaten regularly every day will keep your appetite keen, put the glow of health in your cheeks and a spring in your footsteps.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a lively start to any dinner or luncheon, with all the spicy, tonic flavor of pure tomato juices enriched with golden creamery butter, snow-white granulated sugar, dainty herbs and piquant seasoning. Just what good soup should be—a delight in itself and a spur to the appetite.

Blushing Bunny

Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut into cubes or small pieces. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with Soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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OUT OF THE MIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

their conversation to be barren, so he looked further, then it seemed that there was no one else in the room.

At the far end the ceiling was very much lower than elsewhere, and in the dimmer light of this half cavern he made out a very white face. White faces were rare in his world, and in a sudden access of boldness he stepped across the room and greeted the stranger. He was met by a demure and catlike smile and by a motion, rather grandiose, inviting him to sit down.

The moment of constraint which followed was happily bridged by a familiar invitation.

A red and powerful Highland girl had instinctively appeared, and while she was bringing the glasses Neil Gordon made a nest of his plaid in a corner of the bench and deposited the whining Nappy. The puppy yawned once prodigiously and stretched himself in a curve till he looked like a small heraldic lion. With a shake he composed his ragged, slate-colored coat and, performing three solemn revolutions, lay down in the folds of the dark tartan and gave himself to dignified contemplation of convivial life in Hellim. His nose alone was agitated as it tilted first one cheek after strange scents. His deep-brown eyes roamed further and further afield with growing interest. They lingered for a moment on the stonecutters, who had begun to sing, and his chops vibrated in sympathy with their melody. But he made no sound, and finally curled his fore paws neatly and dropped his muzzle between them. In that position he remained, only raising his loving, watchful eyes now and then to look at Neil Gordon.

His master, conscious of these faithful glances, would always murmur a "Heh, Nappy!" As time passed, however, and the red girl kept forever unmeaning, the three syllables of this inquiry tended to merge into one.

THE stranger had proved to be good company. He was ingratiating in manner and fluent of speech and had come, it seemed, from Wales on some mining venture whose details were obscure and became steadily more so, but whose nature, it was repeatedly brought out, reflected singular credit on the pale visitor himself. After a time the Welshman's attention wandered to the music at the far end of the room, which was now well filled. He listened with an air of authority, and then began eloquently to tell Neil Gordon of the eisteddfod and the great choral gatherings of his home, not omitting the part he had taken therein. He was polite, but it was clear that in his country such tunes as "Rantin' Rovin' Robin" and "Tullochgorum" would be held in small esteem.

"Let me tell you," he said, leaning forward, "no man has ever lived until he has heard a thousand of our men and women singing together like an organ."

"Will ye not sing us such a song?" said Neil. "These lads here to-night would like to hear it."

The Welshman rose not quite steadily from his seat and moved to a position in the fuller light. He threw an oblique, smiling glance at the crowded ring of weathered faces raised to his in somber anticipation. They waited in their sober plaids and blue cloaks, motionless, intent, while he licked his white lips and smiled again. The transparent pallor of his face shone through the haze of smoke; his light-gray eyes sought the distance, and he commenced a song, "The Ash Grove." The voice, a sweet and melting tenor, trembled musically like aspens in the wind. All brooks and trees were in his singing, and as he ended, there was a wild, spontaneous cheer. He caught the haunting tone of it.

"Friends, would you like to hear a fighting song, he asked?".

"Aye, aye!" they answered.

He began the "Men of Harlech." Slowly his low-pitched chanting gathered force like squadrons wheeling into line. With measured beat he hammered out the rhythm.

> " 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
> Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen;
> Be they knaves or lords or yeomen,
> They shall bite the ground."

The heavy marching swing of the verse carried them ominously forward. They closed their jaws and leaned toward the pale, singing figure, listening intently for every word. His head went up, his voice rose sharply in a shivering cry

> " 'Loose the folds asunder!
> Flag we conquer under!
> The placid sky now bright on high
> Shall launch its bolts in thunder!"

The barbaric, high staccato chorus cut through the haze like a thin, steel knife. As the verse ended they surged to their feet, howling. The Welshman held up a hand and went on.

> " 'Strands of life are riven.
> Blow for blow is given,
> In deadly lock or battle-shock,
> And mercy shrieks to heaven'."

Old battles and lost causes filled their hearts to bursting at the quick beat of his fierce song. They were like men waiting to charge.

Suddenly, as he sang, from behind him rose the long-drawn, quavering falsetto of the little terrier. The tension snapped in a roar of laughter. The singer swung round, trembling with passion.

"The dirty pup! Why don't you keep him still?"

"Hold your own gab!" said Neil thickly. "Ye Taffy!"

"I'll stop him then." A glass was in

his hand. It struck with a muffled crack against the puppy's head. The small dog bended over and dropped from the bench.

Neil Gordon was on his feet. His face was black, his lips gray. For a second they faced each other, the man of ivory and the man of bronze.

The Highlander drove a fist at the pale face. The other dodged and rushed at his throat. A short, heavy jolt made him drop his arms with a cough. Neil Gordon lowered his head, and with a stream of swings drove him across the room. But the pale, catlike eyes sought every opening, and the flashing fists came through and rocked the Scotchman's head.

Gordon blew heavily through the corner of his mouth and worked on grimly to corner his man. They fought across the floor, where in front of some tables the Welshman made a stand. The place was in a roar, and Gordon caught a glimpse of the stonecutters, grinning like terriers, crossing the room to help him. He threw them a glance, growling.

"No, no, keep away, all you lads I'm all right." As he did so he felt that the stranger had slipped one hand behind him. The moment was incredibly brief. And yet the event seemed to move ever so slowly.

He saw a dark bottle in the gleaming hand. He saw it move with a great arc down toward his head. But he did not seem able to ward it off in time. And yet, at last, he did hear the bottle smash on an arm. The bottle drove it down and struck him on the forehead with a dull explosion. It cracked at the neck and shattered on the floor.

NEIL GORDON through the humming in his brain heard the tinkling of glass infinitely prolonged. The white fists were striking at him again. He threw back and shook his head to clear the mist. Then he hit with all his weight at the other's belly. The Welshman's arms jack-knifed to his sides; slowly he came forward, his eyes starting, his mouth like a funnel. He stood thus straining, rigid, and gave a long, retching groan.

Neil Gordon carefully surveyed his helpless enemy. He spat on his hand, and with a hooking swing that pulled his feet off the floor he crashed his fist against the pale jaw. The Welshman's head dropped on his chest, his body sagged forward like a lowering sail slowly he half turned and plunged into the litter of tables and chairs around him. He had hardly ceased to move. Neil Gordon wheeled around to the table they had left, groping unsteadily for Nappy. He felt the limp bundle of fur, and, gathering it to him, he thrust his way out into the Highland fog.

As he stumbled along, the puppy whimpered, then subsided in his arms. His own brain wheeled dizzily and sharp, prickling pains spread in successive waves across his head. He could almost see the pattern they made—like the veins on a leaf. They seemed to sap the strength out of the rest of his body. He had to thunk how to walk, first this foot forward, then the other. He should have stayed there till he felt better and could look after Nappy where it was light and warm. But an instinct like an animal's had made him carry his wounded cub away from the sight of men. They had all seemed enemies at that moment. He felt that his whole life of loneliness was summed up in the wrong that had been done the dog. Nappy moaned softly, and at the sound the drunken, battered man burst into wild sobs and hugged him to his breast. He nursed Nappy night and day, sleeping in snatches. He woke at last to see him galloping industriously in a circle with his bandage in his mouth.

"Nap, ye!"

The terrier stopped, one paw upraised, his feathery tail pointing to the rafters, and cocked a bright and impudent eye. But Neil Gordon found that his own mind and strength were curiously dull, that at times he had strange experiences, weird and foreboding.

A film would steal over his weary brain, and in its half light he saw vague shapes weaving back and forth to the sound of tumbling, cascading music. Their tumult passed away, to leave him drifting weakly in some unfathomable pool.

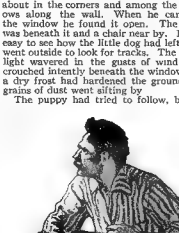
WHEN Saturday came he conferred with Nappy during their supper. He explained the wisdom of leaving him at home while he himself went to Hellim. They had, it was true, made a gallant stand and come off victorious the week before. Well, let it go at that. It was no place for a young dog —"Eh, Nap?" He shook the puppy solemnly by the paw and left him at last wagging his tail with a questioning droop. As he stepped across the moor he could hear the terrier inside the hut raising his treble voice in lamentation.

At the inn he was acclaimed by the other patrons, who told him with gusto of certain means which had been used to banish the Welshman forever from that part of the world. All were anxious to offer him refreshment, and the four stonecutters crowded round him, thrusting forward glasses, reproaching him uproariously for refusing their aid, and presenting a genial pantomime Neil Gordon's feat. He accepted the hospitality of all, hoping perhaps that it would bring him back to touch with the world of men that had begun to seem so alien. But the Brora whisky, of which he had long been supreme master, soon rocked his head as the blows of the fight had done and he pushed back his glass. He sat smoking for a time, then with a dignified good night he rose and went home perfectly sober.

In the hut he fumbled for a match, whistling softly to the dog. The lamp flared up and he peered about with a smile of anticipation, tender and faint.

"Are ye sleeping, Nappy, boy?"

The plaid was vacant. He searched about in the corners and among the shadows along the wall. When he came to the window he found it open. The table was beneath it and a chair near by. It was easy to see how the little dog had left. He went outside to look for tracks. The lamplight wavered in the gusts of wind. He crouched intently beneath the window, but a dry frost had hardened the ground and grains of dust went sifting by



The puppy had tried to follow, but he would lose the scent on such a night and might now be anywhere. He went inside and made up a meal of crusts and left it in Nappy's pan. Then he propped the door a little open and started. He wandered back along the path whistling again and again, but the rising wind snatched the sound away. He circled out across the moors that billowed darkly beneath the stars.

As he struggled on over the endless hills he felt the old pain and numbness returning. The moors seemed to rise and fall before the blasts, the wind-tossed stars rode wildly by, and ever and again, faint and far distant, he seemed to catch the familiar bark. Always he hurried to the spot, calling in vain. At last he raised his hand to the aching scar and turned toward home. His dragging feet were still urged on by the wild hope that there he might find his little dog. One more crest and he saw the light in his window. With his last strength he began to run. Trembling, he pushed open the door. The room was empty.

For days he searched. He visited the crofters and keepers of the region, and the he found nothing of help, now and again he met the rumor that at night, upon the moors, a white-faced stranger had been seen. He began to wonder whether his enemy had not, after all, come back to take revenge. But he did not give up looking, and he even went down into the old quarries, tho it was not likely that by himself the puppy could have gone so far. Saturday he went early to the inn, where he sat silent before the sympathy of all, drinking hard. When he left, his knees sagged under the blows that seemed to be descending on his head, and he hardly was able to reach his home. Next morning he crawled to the door and looked across the heather with cloud shadows, flecked with yellow sun. He felt none of the subdued excitement of the week before, no thought that at any moment he might see among the heather a little shaggy dog trotting home.

He settled into his old life, tho it was not, and, as he knew, never could be, quite the same. He spent the days on the hill, and in the evenings he mended tackle and made flies. He was always at the inn of a Saturday night. With the first glass the feelings of the week, which he had fought off by hard work, came rushing upon him, unresisted.

He seemed to grasp with dreadful acuteness the true meaning of his loss. Nappy, he saw, had been both a refuge for his loneliness and a link between himself and other men. Since strange fellow beings whom he leaned toward with shy passion but could never touch. Harried by his thoughts, he would cling tenaciously to his bottle and drink till all ideas faded and pictures only remained; pictures of Nappy when he first came as a small fur ball, of the puppy dozing by the fire, attacking an old shoe, playing, eating, pleading.

"Good lad, Nappy," he would mutter. When at last he groped his way from the tap-room the puppy had become a sort of reality. He saw him everywhere and nowhere. He saw him in every dog, an elusive shadow the story of his loneliness, and, raising his hand to his head in a gesture now familiar, he would find that his footsteps and fancies that flowed malignantly from the scar on his brow.

SOMETIMES as he passed the quarries he seemed to glimpse the dog trotting faithfully ahead. Once the small, shadowy figure came running back, he thought, in agitation. With an effort Neil Gordon stopped and, peering round, found that his footsteps had wandered dangerously. He regained the path, and Nappy vanished. Many weeks afterward he told of this late one night to the stonecutters. Three listened in awe while one pursed his lips and whispered eagerly to his neighbor. "A bit daft that the crofter is, lad." Neil Gordon overheard him and grew silent. Soon after he quietly left the tap-room in dejection.

It was a night of thick, still fog. He had not gone far when the footsteps of the stonecutters sounded behind him. They were coming to take care of him He hurried on. He knew the path, and they were unable to gain on him. This misled him, he did not know why, and he mounted the long hill toward the quarries, whistling. Far below him he could hear them shout and the stonecutters and saw the blur of their light. He ignored them grandly and went on. But the effort had exhausted him. A fog in his head, and numb, chilly weakness swiftly followed it.

He sidled his plaid around him and dragged slowly along, his exultation gone. He peered ahead, but the path had vanished; the lappable fog seemed slowly to revolve around him as if he were to be the center of some strange event. He felt as cut off from the earth as he was from men. Time ceased to exist, and he stood there in his black desolation, perhaps for an instant, perhaps for centuries. Then out of the void, more clearly than ever before, Nappy appeared. The little dog bounded toward him, twisting himself in curves of joy. Rolling round in a blur of ecstasy and excitement, he ran on ahead. The old man was slow to follow, and the puppy spread his fore paws on the ground and barked. Neil Gordon stretched out his hands.

"Nappy, Nappy, my good little man," he said, and stepped boldly into the bitter night.

THE stonecutters ascending the hill heard deep below them a rattle of pebbles.

"What was that?"

"Twas, be over!"

They ran up the path, calling in vain Then they turned and hurried the long way round to the bottom of the pit. There in the misty lantern light they made him out, face down, his hands stretched forward around a clump of furze. Where almost hidden lay the body of a little dog.

"A very remarkable coincidence," mumbled the stonecutter of philosophical pretensions, glancing uneasily over his shoulder.

"Coincidence!" said the most ignorant of the four. "Neil Gordon was wearing his heart out with longing to be with you terrier. Can ye not see that the like just showed him the way?"

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Added to the rich, full bean flavor you like so much, is the spicy tang from juicy tomatoes! When you eat Campbell's Beans you completely satisfy your hunger and enjoy a deliciously tasty dish. Beans of best quality are slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible and wholesome. And then made doubly appetizing by their famous tomato sauce.

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Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR THE TOILET-TABLE

By ALICE LANE

I CAN not remember when I have had as much real fun as I did last year just after the holidays, when I went out and spent all my Christmas gift money on fitting up my poor neglected toilet-table. Every one of my friends had remembered me, and I had been pretty lucky as far as the number of gifts went, but one day I sat down and took an inventory of them. There were useless frills and furbelows, filmy handkerchiefs, that are not a bit of good in this cold weather, and any number of doo-dads and doo-funnies that for the life of me I could find no possible use for, and then I wondered why on earth your friends do not give you things that are really useful and likewise things that you really need!

Lastly I turned around and looked at myself in the glass. It was an awful shock. My face was lined and wore a worried look; my hair was straggling about, and my complexion looked like a spotted Autumn leaf. Then I took a look at my dressing-table. It was about as well cared for and fully fitted out as a Russian war orphan! Instantly my mind went back to that old saying—"A woman is known by her dressing-table," and I realized that if any one should judge me by mine at that moment I wouldn't rank very high. So I counted up all my spare cash and I started out for a tour of the shops, intent on buying all aids possible for the tired Christmas shopper.

There were two old hair-brushes that I owned which I took to my jeweler and had new brushes put in the silver backs. I ordered one very stiff and one medium. Then I bought myself two new combs—one a very fine soft one and the second one with rather long teeth set fairly far apart. At first I was inclined to go into a beauty parlor and get a professional shampoo, but I knew that was just laziness on my part, and I could do it just as well at home. Now the question of what kind of shampoo to use is an individual one, but I talked to the girl behind the counter and she told me all the good points about several different kinds. Some of them are in powdered form, some are in liquid form, and some just regular cakes of soap. It all depends which you prefer.

When my new brushes came home I was ready and waiting as far as hair things went. I shampooed my head and brushed it and cared for it many nights after that, for I had invested in a good tonic that I rubbed well into the scalp. Then I stopped using curling irons that were so hot that my hair was all burned, and bought two or three kinds of patent curlers, and tried them all until I found one I liked best. And I brushed and brushed every night and gradually my hair took on new life and it has grown and thrived wonderfully.

Soap for Every Need

WHEN it came to buying soap—well, I went on a regular soap orgy! You might think buying a cake of soap was the easiest and simplest thing in the world. It might have been in the dark ages when there was only one brand of soap on the market, but to-day there is soap for your face and hands, some scented and some plain—there is bath soap for your body—foot soap for your feet—shampoo soap for your hair—medicated soap for your blackheads and pimples, and even a soap paste that will take off grease and grime after washing dirty pots and pans, or cleaning your automobile. Ordinarily I use a soap that is not scented, but it is nice to have a cake of your favorite odor for special occasions. The medicated soap I needed badly because I find that washing my face well with this soap and warm water every day keeps my skin free from those dreadful blackheads, which after all are nothing but dirt clogging up the pores. And in digging about for new things I found a lemon soap that is so refreshing and aromatic that I could not resist adding that to my collection.

My poor old tired feet were not to be neglected after the many hours they had carried my weary body about the shops, so while visiting my chiropodist I made a mental note of all she told me about caring for those two best friends of mine. In the first place she told me my shoes were not just the right last for me, so that meant a new pair of shoes. Then she asked me if I had a piece of pumice stone and a fresh lemon handy about my bath so I could use them on my feet every day. Of course I had not at that time. But to-day I never take a bath but that I rub the soles of my feet with pumice stone to keep away callous spots. The lemon tones up the skin, and keeps dark spots from appearing.

Friendly Aids for the Feet

THERE are other things on the dressing-table just for my feet—a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and witch-hazel to rub them, a heavy, oily, cold-cream to massage them with and a special make of talcum to dust them with. Sometimes if they burn and sting after a very strenuous day I rub them with camphor, which is one of the many things that the chiropodist told me, tho I don't suppose she knew I would ever think of all these valuable suggestions again.

Of course my hands were in terrible shape after cutting down Christmas greens, moving furniture, doing up packages and sweeping out trash that accumulates at this time of year. I bought a soft, fluffy, cold-cream that fed the skin and I rubbed it well into my hands, even sleeping with old kid gloves over the cold-cream for many, many nights. The stains about my fingers I managed to get off by rubbing them with peroxid, sometimes with my old friend the lemon. Really no one could ever tell you how many things you can do with a lemon about the dressing-table. It is invaluable for so many things. It is healing, stimulating, cleansing, and oh, heaps of other things.

Added to the cream for the skin on my hands of course I had to lay in a stock of really good manicure accessories. A pair of curved scissors is absolutely necessary and they are not very cheap. They must be very thin and very tightly set together, else they will tear your cuticle and not cut it, and they must be very, very sharp. Never cut your nails with the scissors—use your file or the little emory boards that come in packages for only a few cents. You need not cut the cuticle at all if you will use a lotion that seems to take it off like magic. But the scissors are still necessary for the little edges that get rough and sometimes toughened. Lastly, there were two good buffers to polish with. I generally use one for powdered pumice, which takes off all the stains and roughness. Then apply the nail-polish salve, rub that in well, and finally apply the powdered polish. Of course you don't have to do all this every day. If you go over the nails thoroughly, trimming, polishing, and caring for them like that once a week, all you will need to do to them in the meantime is to spend about five or ten minutes every day on them. Always rub a bit of cold-cream in them at night, pushing back the cuticle, and every time you wash your hands polish them with a few strokes of the buffer. This will keep them in perfect condition all the time.

When it came to selecting creams and lotions for my wrinkled and spotted face, I found I needed many things to repair the ravages of neglect. There was a good lemon cream for cleansing—it surely does get hold of the grime and dirt and leaves the face ready for the powder. I needed a flesh food and a liquid that should be used after coming in from the wind and rain. By the way, don't wash your face with water immediately after coming in from these Winter winds. Use a soft cleansing and healing lotion instead, and your skin will keep like velvet all the time. Liquid lotions of this kind should always be kept on the wash-basin, and when you have washed your hands, dry them lightly with the towel, then pour a little of the liquid in the palm of the hand and rub it well into the skin until it dries. Try it and see for yourself. Keep a bottle on the kitchen sink and use it on your hands after washing dishes. These little things done every day are the sign-posts that mark the vital difference between a smart, well-groomed woman and a careless, gone-to-seed housewife. And I ask you, honestly, which sign-post you want pointed toward you?

The Ten Commandments of Beauty

THOU shalt wash the face with soap and water at least once every day.

Thou shalt give the hair at least fifty strokes with a brush every night.

Thou shalt wear shoes that fit the feet properly, for tight shoes impede circulation and bring wrinkles to the face.

Thou shalt be properly fitted to a corset that upholds the abdomen and supports the natural figure.

Thou shalt get aboard the water wagon and drink at least eight glasses of water every twenty-four hours.

Thou shalt not worry, for worry begets wrinkles.

Thou shalt get at least eight hours of sleep every day after thou art thirty years of age. Ten is better.

Thou shalt feed the skin with cold-creams and healing lotions as thou dost feed the body with food.

Thou shalt take some time for play every day.

Thou shalt be well groomed at all times. There is no excuse for a sloven in the bible of a modern woman.

I Learned My Lesson

LASTLY, I bought powders and rouge, liquid powder for evening, and wrinkle-creams, all of which I needed badly; and I firmly resolved that never again would I neglect my dressing-table, and also my personal appearance, as I had last year. Why? Because I couldn't afford to. No woman can.

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"...*Watching her from every corner of the crowded room*"

Strangers' eyes, keen and critical — *can you meet them proudly - confidently - without fear?*

STRANGERS' eyes, watching you in crowded restaurants—in theatres and ballrooms—do you shrink and feel apologetic before them? Or can you meet them without awkwardness or dread?

The possession of a beautiful skin gives any woman poise and confidence. It is a charm that any woman can have if she will. For *your skin changes every day;* each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this new skin the right treatment, you can make it flawlessly clear and soft and smooth—free from the little defects that spoil so many complexions.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Skins differ widely—and each type of skin should have the treatment that suits its special needs.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin.

For instance, you may happen to have the type of skin that is exceptionally sensitive and delicate—so easily irritated by exposure that it is a constant problem to take care of it.

To overcome this extreme sensitiveness and give your skin the power of resistance it should have, you should use each night the following treatment:

DIP a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

THE very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing.

After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath so delightfully soft and smooth that you will never again want to use any other method of caring for your skin.

This is only one of the special treatments for different types of skin given in the booklet of treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. In this booklet you will find complete treatments for all the different types of skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use—for *keeping* the skin in good condition. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 301 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 301 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

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Decorations by Shirley Hite

ROSY CHEEKS FROM RUDDY APPLES

A Happy Fruit for the Holiday Cook

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

WHEN apple-blossoms come and the orchards are pink with bloom it may seem that nature is at her very best. But when the trees are laden with the glowing fruit and barrel upon barrel of delicious red-cheeked apples are packed away for Winter, our mouths fairly water when we think of the array of good things that are in store for us.

Apples for everybody every day in the week! If used raw as a dessert, they demand no preparation at all, and when developed into cooked desserts they may be used in many economical and delicious ways, the sweetening agent being either white or brown sugar or any of the sugar substitutes. Apples seem to have a particular affinity for maple-sirup, honey, and corn-sirup.

But the apple is not limited to use as a fruit proper or as part of a dessert dish; its peculiar acids cause it to lend itself delightfully in many ways to service with meat, to the preparation of various entrées, and to inclusion in many salads, both savory and sweet. Even the peelings may be used for making jelly or for the basic foundation of a gelatin, fruit-cup, or fruit tapioca pudding.

White Apple Sauce

THERE are a few staple ways of cooking apples which offer considerable variation. One of these is plain apple sauce. Few housewives know that to make plain apple sauce white it should be cooked very quickly, the apples being pared. A few grains of salt or a little lemon-juice will help to keep the dainty color. If a smooth sauce is wished it should be rubbed through a fine sieve, and if a rather coarse and pulpy sauce is desired it should not be strained. Sugar should be added during the last fourth of the cooking-time, as less will then be needed. The amount varies with the kind of apple. If sugar is short, apple sauce may be sweetened partially with white corn-sirup and brown sugar or entirely with maple-sugar or -sirup. If the sirups are used, less water is demanded in the cookery.

Apple sauce may be flavored with a little nutmeg, cinnamon, or clove, or with extract of clove, cinnamon, or nutmeg. Grated orange-rind or lemon-rind may be cooked with it for flavor.

Baked Apple Sauce

OLD-FASHIONED baked apple sauce is quite another variety, and may be termed apple sauce de luxe. It was an old favorite in the days of the brick oven, the crockful of apples and sweetening being put in along with the baked beans on Saturday night, then taken out in time for breakfast on Sunday morning. It is made as follows:

Pare, core, and cut in eighths two quarts of apples. Place them in a crock or large casserole together with one and one-half cupful of granulated or brown sugar and a cupful of hot water.

Cover closely and bake very gently for at least three hours or until the apple sauce is deep red.

Either type of apple sauce may be used in an apple whip which may be served plain on top of a floating-island, as a charlotte, or as a pudding sauce. To make it, beat together with a rotary egg-beater one and one-fourth cupful of apple sauce, one cupful of powdered sugar, and two egg whites. If to be made into a charlotte, line the sherbet-glasses with strips of sponge-cake or plain cake, putting one tablespoonful of plain apple sauce or any desired jam in the bottom. Then heap on the whip just before serving.

Apple Charlotte Russe

APPLE charlotte russe is made by filling lemonade-glasses or little sherbet-glasses one-third full of plain or baked apple sauce. Lady-fingers are then used to line the cups and a charlotte mixture is piled in the center, a glacé cherry, which has first been dipped in boiling water to restore its color and to plump it, being used to top each service. The charlotte mixture is made as follows:

Combine one cupful of heavy cream and one heaping tablespoonful of prepared marshmallow. Add a few drops of lemon- or orange-extract and a few grains of salt, and beat until the mixture is stiff.

It is just a step from a charlotte to a Bavarian cream, in which the whipped cream itself is combined with gelatin and a suitable fruit or cooked sweet base.

Apple Bavarian

TO ONE cupful of hot baked apple sauce add one and one-half tablespoonful of gelatin which has been soaked for five minutes in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. When dissolved and beginning to congeal, stir in one and one-half tablespoonful of lemon-juice and the grated rind of half an orange. Fold in one cupful of heavy cream, whipped with one tablespoonful of prepared marshmallow, and transfer to individual molds which have been lightly rubbed with salad-oil, then lined with macaroon-crumbs or pour it in a melon-mold. If the latter case the Bavarian, when turned out, may be garnished with macaroons, sliced bananas, and maraschino cherries, and with whipped cream, if desired, altho the use of the latter with a Bavarian is like carrying coals to Newcastle. There is almost too much cream!

Baked Apples

THERE is a trick in the making of good baked apples. The cookery must be slow, otherwise the apples are done too much on the outside and fail to have that delicious translucent tenderness at the center. In baking apples, honey, maple-sirup, or part corn-sirup and white or brown sugar may be used as the sweetening agent. The apples should be well washed and cored, or they may be well washed, cored, and half peeled, the skin being left on the lower halves to prevent the bursting of the apples. The apples should be set in the baking-dish, and the right amount of sweetening added (a cupful of maple-sirup, a half cupful of honey, a half cupful of corn-sirup and a half cupful of granulated sugar, or a cupful of brown sugar being sufficient for six apples).

Water should be added to barely cover the bottom of the dish, and the apples should be basted occasionally during the cooking process to keep them evenly moist. If desired a piece of banana, bits of cooked prunes or figs, cooked dried apricots or peaches, or almost any kind of canned fruit may be used to fill in the centers, thus adding a new flavor to the ordinary baked apple. Baked apples may be served with an accompaniment of whipped cream, or prepared marshmallow, diluted with fruit-juice until it will pour, or with boiled custard as a dessert, or they may be split and made into a fruit salad. In this case half an apple is allowed to a person. It should be arranged individually on a salad-plate with a garnish of lettuce-leaves, the apple itself being piled with equal parts of pine-apple and orange diced, French fruit-salad dressing being poured over the whole.

Baked Apple Sundae

BAKED apple sundae is delicious. In this case the apples should be peeled before baking. Half a baked apple is allowed to a person. It should be put in the frappé-glass, ice-cream, then whipped cream, shredded cherries, and a few shreds of coconut being used as garnishes.

But baked apples may be used also in a savory way. There is nothing more delicious for service with roast pork or roast smoked ham. In this case the half-peeled and cored apples are cooked along with the meat during the last hour, being basted with the savory drippings from the pan.

With Sausage Stuffing

AGAIN, apples may be well washed, or rather ţpeeled only cored, the centers being filled with sausage-meat, then baked, without sugar, of course, but with a little hot water in the pan, which should be used for occasional basting. These should be served as the main dish at luncheon.

Broiled Apples

BROILED apples may be prepared by paring and coring them, cutting them in thick crosswise slices, dipping in crums and melted fat or vegetable oil, then broiling the slices until tender. Broiled apples may be served instead of a vegetable with pork, ham, or game. They are also delicious with Boston baked beans.

Stuffed with Mince-meat

THEN we have a substantial substitute for mince pie, which is made by filling the centers of generously cored apples with mince-meat, which may be highly flavored with orange-rind. These are then cooked as baked apples, being basted occasionally with the sweetening agent chosen and the water in the pan, or with any canned fruit-juice. They may be served plain or with hard sauce.

RELIABLE recipes particularly well suited to the making of simple apple desserts are apple tapioca, apple rice pudding, baked Indian pudding with apples, and jellied apples. These may be found in any cook-book, and the sweetening may be either of sugar, maple-sugar, or honey.

Apple Custard

APPLE custard is decidedly new. To make it, beat three eggs in a quart-sized custard-dish. Stir in one cupful of sugar and the grated rind of a large orange. Add three cupfuls of milk and two cupfuls of sliced apple. Mix well and set in a dish of hot water in a hot oven. Cook until the custard is firm, and serve with or without whipped cream or prepared marshmallow or a meringue of egg whites.

Apple Custard Pie

THE same mixture may be used in half the quantity for the making of an apple custard pie. In this case the pie-plate is merely lined with pastry, the mixture poured in, and the pie set in a hot oven for the first ten minutes, when the heat should be reduced for the remainder of the baking-time.

APPLES may be served raw in combination with other foods in a variety of ways. They are always suitable for use in a fruit-cup, as in the following seasonable combinations:

1. Equal parts of orange or grapefruit sections, cooked prunes, and diced apple, with apple-juice or sweet cider as a liquid.
2. Equal parts of diced apple, canned pineapple, and diced, cooked figs, with apple- or pineapple-juice to sweeten.
3. Equal parts of stoned canned red cherries, diced apple and orange, with melted apple jelly as sweetening.

Many Different Salads

APPLES may be used in many delicious salads. For best results those with a piquant, tart flavor should be chosen. The apple should not be prepared very long beforehand, but when it must stand, the diced apple may be plunged into cold water containing a little lemon-juice. This helps to prevent discoloration. Two parts of diced apple with one of shredded celery and a few chopped walnut-meats put together with boiled salad-dressing and with a garnish of lettuce make the well-known Waldorf salad. One part of shredded celery, one part of chopped, diced tart apple, and two parts of chicken or veal put together with French dressing to moisten and mayonnaise to bind, and served with a garnish of cress or lettuce, form a delicious new savory salad for luncheon or supper.

Apple and mint jelly salad is very new, if desired, the salad-dressing and garnish of lettuce may be omitted, the jellied mixture itself being served as an appetizer with lamb or ham.

To make it, prepare a pint of mint gelatin, or make up a pint of prepared mint gelatin. When this has begun to congeal, stir in a cupful of diced, well-flavored apple and a half cupful of diced celery. Transfer to individual molds, and when stiff serve on individual plates, garnishing each salad with lettuce and mayonnaise, and accompanying it with two prunes, stuffed with cream cheese.

Delightful salads may be made from large red-skinned apples, which should be well washed, dried, and cored, then cut in one-fourth inch crosswise slices. These may be spread with any of the following combinations and served, one to each person, with French dressing and a garnish of lettuce or cress:

1. Equal parts of peanut butter and cream cheese.
2. Cream cheese with cream or undiluted evaporated milk to moisten with two tablespoonfuls each of chopped raisins and walnuts to a cream cheese.
3. Plain cream cheese, the spread apple-slices being heaped with equal parts of Malaga grapes and diced celery with a little chopped pimiento.

If desired the plain slices of apple may be served with a very sparing garnish of parsley as canapés at the beginning of the meal.

IT IS the Italians, however, who have shown us more persistently than any other nation where fruit belongs at a dinner. At the close of their ceremonial heavy meal, they often serve apples as a dessert with cream cheese, and to eat them one merely slices the apple and spreads it with the cheese. The combination is delicious.

Apples are not only excellent for use with other fruits in the making of jelly, but may be used equally well as an extender to more expensive fruits in the making of marmalade. One of the best examples is

Apple-orange Marmalade

WASH four pounds of apples, core them, and chop the skin and pulp. Add three cupfuls of granulated sugar, three cupfuls of white corn-sirup, six grated oranges with the pulp, six grated apples, one-half of a grated lemon, and two cupfuls of water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and simmer till of the consistency of marmalade. Then store in sterilized jars.

Apple butter may be made from the residue in the jelly-bag left after making apple jelly, by rubbing the pulp through a sieve then cooking down with water, sugar, and spices. It may be used not only as "spread" for bread, but in the making of apple betty, steamed puddings, shortcakes, tapioca pudding, charlotte russe, cream-cheese and apple-butter sandwiches, and so forth.

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Which counts most — color *of* soap or color *of* clothes?

Judge soap by what it will ***do***. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value. There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown. Some pure tar soaps are black! Yet who ever made her head ***black*** by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will ***make clothes clean***—and do it the ***safest***, the ***quickest***, the ***easiest*** way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the ***natural*** color of all its good materials mixed together. They help to hold the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up, thus making it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha is so skillfully combined with splendid soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it mixes readily with the wash-water. Thus it gets through every fibre of the fabric, and soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or without boiling. Fels-Naptha makes a wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean, because it gives clothes a soap-and-water cleansing and a naptha cleansing at the same time.

The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha —the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha

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Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha soap makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes quickly flushing away all the dirt.

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KING OF THE REEF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

I paused, holding fast to the hand-rail and laughing mirthlessly.

"Perhaps—unless he's murdered first," I sneered, uneasy enough—for something made me glance up at her, and whatever I saw I did not like.

"I wish *I* could murder him!" she clipped in, so quickly it took my breath. "But *I* haven't the nerve—nor Lutie hasn't." The look in her face, with its lines cut deep and cruel, nearly lost me my balance.

"How dare you say that?" I blew up.

And then she laughed—a hideous sound. I looked back at her. All the little, short yellow ends stood out around her face like a mimic aura, quivering with the force of her agitation.

"How do *I dare*?" she cried "Mebbe you'd dare too—if you felt it was getting you, as it's getting me." Here she moaned and rocked herself, pulling the purple kerchief closer about her shoulders. "For nine years, day and night, Odin Jorn's set in that chair, on the same old square of carpet."

My eyebrows rose into peaks.

"I understood he fell—two years ago!"

"Fell nothing," she blazed. "He's never fell—set no time. "Lutie lied to'ye."

SHE sank down on the top step, seeming to speak before my eyes.

"And he ain't a cripple either," she went on. "He can walk as good as you and me."

"Are you sure?"

She mocked me with a grimace. "Sure? You can't be living with a man in a lone spot for nine years and not ketch on to ther tricks. Ain't it so?

For a few seconds she lapsed into silence, brooding.

"And you can't move him—for nine years you can't move him no more'n a rock," her voice sank to a harsh whisper, "not even to *sweep* under him."

"There's—why—dust—"

"I got to *sweep around* him," she rasped. It was funny. I struggled to compose my features. The mental picture of the stanch old King of the Reef, sitting tight, in defiance of this woman, and for love the keenest relish in Odin Jorn had developed a hobby, an oddity that stamped him for the extraordinary character he was. Lighthouse folk for the most part are queer birds anyway. They have four-hour watches, plenty of tinkering, readable literature, daily reports to be inked in the log-book, and, yet, in spite of all these things, the eternal roll of time and the ocean grows monotonous and mental development lopsided. So it was with the old King. He was merely an aged man grown whimsical after twenty-five years of most excellent service at the Turntide. Let him sit in state on his dusty rug so long as he kept this woman under his heel!

"Eh—yeh!" she was saying in a far-off voice. "I see things—lots of things. I got second sight, I have, and I know what's doin' and what's comin', I know. I know."

Across her weird face had settled a weirder pallor like a grayish veil. Her body became tense. One piercing eye gazed into space.

"Know what?" I whispered.

"I know," she mumbled, "why Odin Jorn—sets in the same spot —these nine years. I know."

"Tell me—tell me!" I wheedled, chuckling to myself. A pause followed. The woman remained rigid.

"Ah—hi!" she hissed, "I see a ship—a ship from the East —she's fetchin' in close—close! Yeh—I see! She hits the Reef—she's gone!" The voice came out in puffs. "I see another ship from the East—another—another—I see them all—they hit— Ah—h—hi! They sink! The ocean-bed is full of—full of——"

"Of what?" I encouraged. And then the breath was knocked clean out of me. The woman all in one eye-blink had shifted her trance and was leveling the battery of her nearest eye full upon me so I collapsed like a spent bellows.

"First let me put you a question," she clanked, like an iron-tongued channel-bell. "Are you an honest man?"

I swallowed the wrong way and choked miserably.

"I—I hope so, Madam," I managed to gasp. "I—I—indeed I hope so."

"I thought you was," she nodded, "but I wanted to make sure." She spread out her hands again and slowly closed her eyes. "Wait—wait for me—till I go back!"

Again I watched her body stiffen and the grayish pallor quench the glaze of her eye.

"Away down—away down on the bottom—" She stared intently down the stair-well. "I see *treasure*—much, much treasure—" She was grasping like a fish on the sands. "I see pearls—ropes of 'em —big ones, teeny ones. There's diamonds, too, and rubies—but I like the pearls—I like 'em best—pearls!"

Her long, skinny fingers, pointing downward, swung round in a semicircle and clenched the open collar of my coat. "Look!" she whispered, shaking me with frenzy. "I see Odin Jorn—picking—picking— He has a chest—all pearls."

"And that's what he's sitting on," I nodded.

"How did ye know?" she whispered back.

"I'm sure of it!" I smiled wickedly.

"Me, too, friend! It's our secret—yours and mine and Lutie's. Under Odin Jorn's carpet is a manhole. He's got 'em stowed in there. For nine years he's got 'em—yeh!"

I jerked my collar out of her grasp and buttoned it snugly. Then, gripping the rail, I began backing down the stairs.

"Some day, Madam, you'll be rich," I bowed mockingly.

"Yeh—if it ain't too late!" She arose from the step to follow me. "Sometimes —oh, I dunno—but sometimes I think mebbe he ain't never going to die at all. Mebbe—mebbe it'll git me just like it did them!"

"Who do you mean by 'them'?"

My descent now was becoming rapid, but she traveled always a step behind.

"I mean the line of them—them that has cared for him. There was Granny Flnsen, and then his sister, Aunt Inga, and then Ma Jorn——"

"They all died of curiosity?"

"Mebbe it was that—just tired of waitin'."

"Sad case!" I mumbled in the depths of my handkerchief.

She scarcely saw my face. At the door of the sleeping-apartment, she paused with her hand on the knob and a shrewd look in her gleaming eyes.

"I've told you all," she whispered, "because I believe you're honest. Comin' again?"

"If it's necessary," I faltered, and was grateful to get away from the creature without further contact.

AT THE door of the living-room I stood a moment till my inward chuckling subsided. As I stated previously, I had knocked around the world a lot and interviewed many types, but rarely had I played a rôle in impromptu burlesque. The woman Meg, witch, fiend, demon-soul, veiled in mysticism, stood forth revealed merely a harmless half-wit, a pathetic victim of

"NEW INSPECTOR—YEH!' SHE ASKED, A QUERULOUS UNEASINESS IN HER TONE"

hallucinations. The joke was wholly on my own stupidity.

A step forward brought me into the living-room. I turned toward Odin Jorn's chair. Would he curse his daughter for disobedience or me for tolerating it? I spoke his name. He did not seem to notice me. The hoary head had sagged forward, shaken by long quavering breaths. The King of the Reef was asleep.

Stepping nearer, I peered at him in the half-light. The huge, gaunt figure, clad in a green-gray bath-robe, was drowning like a tired child. The long, knobby hands, white as polished ivory, rested one on a book—the Old Testament in shabby black leather—the other slightly raised, still grasping the ebony stick. Hair and beard were a pure white, shadowed with sea-green. Fit subject for a master painter —Neptune Sleeps."

Some square of carpet on which the great chair rested was *immaculately clean*, like the rest of the room. I remember saying "Nut-Meg" and chuckling as if at some great piece of wit. But deep within me glowed a burning pity for the splendid old King. It seemed a sorrowful thing that instead of peace as the last reward of faithful living, he should have to bear with two demented beings, who, like greedy ghouls, begrudged him every breath of life.

As I turned away, he awoke with a start, and, quickly conscious, thrust out his stick to hold me.

"Tell me, good sir," he quavered breathlessly, "what's your report on the light?" Proudly erect, he reared his silver-crowned head to await the verdict.

"I find it shipshape, as you claimed!" I said, and extended my hand, gripping his own with enthusiasm. The relief and joy in the old King's face was a miracle in that depressing spot. I lingered till I heard the tender's signal.

Once outside in the clear, buoyant air, I felt the relief an ex-prisoner feels with his first taste of freedom. The descent of the ladder was trifles compared to the monument of gloom above me.

DURING the next two months I was constantly on the move, passing from light to light, up and down the coast, encountering keepers unmoved, odd and ordinary. In fact the whole ugly episode at Turntide on Seven Sharks was becoming a dim memory unexpectedly I bumped into Cappie Thwigg in the lifesaving station on Barren Beach. It so happened that the veteran cutter on which I took passage had observed the weather-signals and put into port, allowing me the opportunity to meet the station. Violent winds, outriders of storm, were gathering together out of that vast gray yeast of the ocean. The cutter's funnel-smudges toppled, lay down flat and thin along the water, and the first impact of the tornado against the station-house set the lookout's cupola to shivering and the door-panels booming like bass-drums.

The station-captain and his men were all strangers, I thought when I had looked them over. So I hunted up a bunk and tumbled in; but the wind would not let me sleep. The station-house shivered with it; the bunk shivered with it. I pulled a blanket over my head, but the wind came through it, carrying its myriad voices, the shrilling sleet, the crash of breakers on the beaches, the human sounds like the cries of the drowning—clamorous, remote, and ghostly.

One voice I knew, and one with a familiar twang—brought me to a sitting posture.

"Neon Seven Sharks!" it croaked. "Ye know the old King of the Reef? He's dead!"

"By thunder! When?" asked another.

"Two days ago Died in his chair!"

I kicked the blanket toward the ceiling, leaped from the bunk, and thrust out my head to Cappie Thwigg. Squatting beside the stove in his shiny, wet oilers, he looked more like a frog than ever, with his eyes bulging and the corners of his huge mouth drawn down and back under each ear. The tidings.

"Odin Jorn is dead!" I ejaculated, and a swift rush of memory followed. "Did he die—naturally?"

"Dummed if I know!" said Cappie, puffing his cheeks. "They ain't had time to find out."

"Jee—hosophat!" burst out the husky Number 5 man. "'Bout time, I should say! Is that the reason ye was phonin' him just now?"

"Yep! Gotta take him right over."

"In this weather? Godsake!"

"Yep! Must. Orders rotten, I say, for Lute and his woman. Lute's a peachuva Adam. Says it's for fault. Says as how she would not let him come ashore, bein' afeard to stay behind and afeard to leave the body for me."

"Did they happen to mention *how* he died?" My curiosity was by this time eating me.

"Good God!" muttered Thwigg. "the way they was talkin', wild as heathens, I couldn't git head nor tail. Been heart, they says. Scairt to death, they says. I ain't able to fathom the goldurn thing."

"But what *story* do they tell?"

Cappie tapped the floor with his boot-toes and let out a long, whistling breath.

"Near's I kin make out, Lute was to blame, tho he didn't mean nothin' by doin' what he done."

"Lute?"

"Yeh! Him and the woman both tells it—and it's some yarn, believe it or no."

The artful old salt, knowing he held the attention of the entire room, removed his boots from the fender, opened the stove-door with studied deliberation, spat precisely in the center of the seething embers, closed the door, and reinstalled his boots.

"We all agrees to this," he began at length, "Lute's a great hand for tinkerin'. Next to wicks and lenses, he's bugs on paintin'. He's forever trullin' round, lookin' for new spots to smear up. And so he thinks to himself he'll put a fresh coat on the inside o' the dingey. So he climbs up in her as she hangs—him no heavier'n a spider—and *gits busy*. Sounds all right, huh?

"All right! Sure thing! Go on!" piped the lusty chorus about the stove

"What d'ye mean—Listen careful!" Swelling his cheeks, he tried to clear the croak from his voice, but failed. "A squall fetches up out of the sou'west and the rain is spittin' fierce. He kivers himself, head and all, with the dingey's tarpaulin—white canvas it is—and keeps on paintin'. After a spell he's through, and—still kivered, mind ye —he raises up his arms for balance and jumps down on the inside, they says. There a bloody yell from inside the light. And there's the old King dead as a stone, with his mouth open and his eyes stickin' out on his face like blue-glass bulbs.

For a moment not a muscle moved. Only the stone casement under the volleys of tempest, and the sleet and sand beat crazy tattoos on the yellow window-panes.

"What d'ye make o' that, Jim?"

It was curious to see those rough, prosaic fellows hunched there, features stern and set like those of weary wheel-watch, pondering the mystery

"Take it from me, boys, that there light is haunted." The lanky Number 3 man broke the spell.

"But this spook is alive!"

"Sure, he is. But I'm thinkin' years back when I was a shaver. My uncle, Capt'n Bill Jones, run the tender then some's Cappie's now. And every fall along out to the light. There was an old dame there they called Granny Flnsen, mother-in-law to Odin Jorn and housekeeping for him while Ma Jorn and Meg was off for a visit. She kept raving all the time she lived about noises in the tower—boomp, boomp, boomp—like a heavy body falling."

"Any one else hear it?"

"Gosh, no! Not's I know of. Odin Jorn didn't, and Sam Moke, the assistant keeper, was stone-deef."

"Any ghosts 'round?"

"Don't know."

Here the station-captain, Joe Mott, butted in.

"Go!—hang—it—all!" he boomed. "Ma Jorn heard the same racket in the starn. She told my wife about it!"

"And Aunt Inga before her," I supplemented, much to the surprize of the company.

Cappie Thwigg whirled round on his chair and faced me. "How in the—— ?" he swanged.

I told him bow in few words. The watches were changing now; the outer door opened, and on the wings of the tornado came the beach-patrols, shaking their dripping oilers like dogs after a swim. Silently rose the reliefs, and without whisper or salute passed out into the deluge.

WHEN the room had quieted I said, "How about that big phase of the mystery that no one yet has mannindged? I refer to Odin Jorn's peculiar whim. You'll all agree that Odin Jorn was a remarkably fine character, respected and honored by all who knew him, conscientious to the point of fanaticism, severe yet great-hearted, never having harmed his fellow man by word or act. Why, then, this unaccountable penance of sitting day and night for nine years on the same spot?"

"Fiddlesticks!" burst out Thwigg. "It ain't true! Just a week ago I seen him 'way up on the walk-around. 'Twas sunrise and, my watch, and I had the new telescope trained on the light. God alive! I seen him plain as day, white whiskers blowin' in the wind, and I says to myself, 'Pretty stiff climb for an old codger like the King of the Reef,' I says."

"His daughter has never seen him out of the chair. She wouldn't believe it nor would Lutie," I insisted.

"That's all very well. They can think what they dum please. But I *know*. Many's the time I've saluted him at the front railing as I was passing the Sharks. I *know*!"

"But you will admit that he's always seated in his chair when visitors enter——"

"Yeh!—tha'sso!"

"And that his chair rests over the manhole——"

"Come to think of it, it *do*!"

"Well, then, have you any ideas why this should be?"

"Aw—just happen-so, just plain happen-so!" Cappie stroked his crinkled

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use
A cleansing cream at night

Complexion flaws prevented by a daytime cream without oil

To protect your skin from dust and wind during the day, and to keep it from looking shiny, a daytime cream made without oil must be used.

Rough, chapped skin—The dust and wind to which one is exposed in winter dry much of the natural moisture out of the skin. To make up for this you need a daytime cream that softens and protects the skin without adding a particle of oil. Before going out into the cold air, touch your face and neck and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears at once and leaves the skin delightfully soft and satiny.

Shiny skin—This almost universal annoyance is due to powdering the wrong way—that is, without providing a base for the powder to cling to. Try powdering this way—

First rub the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. As it contains absolutely no oil, it cannot reappear in a shine. See how smoothly and evenly the powder goes on over this base and how long it stays.

Dull, tired skin—When you are tired does your skin feel drawn and tight, as if the muscles of the face were pulled taut? Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Absorbed instantly by the weary skin, it relieves the strained look about the eyes and mouth and gives the whole face a fresh youthfulness.

Before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

Flaws prevented by cleansing the face nightly with an oil cream

At night, a cream made with oil is essential, to cleanse deep into the pores and keep the skin supple and free from wrinkles.

Blackheads—Blackheads need a more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then work Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the pores. As this rich oil cream penetrates the skin, it softens and loosens all the dirt which has lodged deep in the pores. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. This leaves the skin really clean. If you would have a clear healthy skin, do not neglect this nightly cleansing.

Wrinkles—When the first fine lines begin to show themselves about the mouth and eyes, give them instant attention. If you let them go even for a little while, they will get deeper and become harder and harder to erase.

For wrinkles you need a cream with an oil base, for oil is the greatest enemy known to wrinkles. Pond's Cold Cream, rubbed gently into the face at night, acts as tonic, stimulating the blood, rousing the skin, and warding off the wrinkles. Be sure to rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is apt to be harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing, systematically done, is beneficial even to the most delicate skin.

POND'S *Vanishing Cream*

POND'S *Cold Cream*

Start using these two creams today

The regular use of these two creams helps your skin to become continually lovelier.

Both are so fine textured that they will not clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair.

They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. At any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
116 Hudson St, New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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KING OF THE REEF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

brow. "Might's well set over a manhole as anywhars else. Manhole's a eyesore anyhow—ain't it now, Bob? What do ye say, heh?"

Number 4 man shifted his feet and grunted.

"If I didn't know him for a plain, simple old feller, I'd say he had valuables stowed away under there!"

"Vallables, heh?" piped Cappie, then thwacking his knee like a pistol-report, he threw back his head. "Haw—haw! Haw—haw—haw! Vallables! What, Cap?"

"Oh, I mean—papers, mebbe—his will, or a deed to property somewhere, or a few Liberty bonds—you know what I mean. But say!" Number 4 man reached over and clapped a hand on Thwigg's shoulder. "What's the matter with salvage, Cap? There's enough ships been wrecked on Seven Sharks to fill a couple of warehouses. What d've think, Cap?"

"He probably has a treasure-chest," I broke in; "probably pearls!"

Cappie's eyes popped.

"Goldurn — tarnation!" he exploded, "ye don't say! Odin Jorn rich? Wull now, it could be! *It could be!*"

At this I stood up to stretch myself.

"Boys!" I said, "we've done a lot of talking and a lot of guessing, and our minds have moved round in a circle. Here we are—right back again to the first question. What was there in Lute's little act to shock to death a man like Odin Jorn?"

Number 2 man pulled savagely on his pipe. "Everybuddy's skeered of spooks," he mumbled. "Besides, his heart——"

"True!" I agreed. "But there must have been something deeper—something at all. Picture for yourselves, boys, exactly what Odin Jorn saw. For background a purple-black sky; one spot of the dinggy swinging in the davit. He was probably half asleep, dozing in his chair, lulled by the slow swish of rain. Suddenly there is a sharp, creaking sound. He wakes. And down through the air leaps a figure all in white, arms raised—and seemingly without a head——"

"Godsake!" Cappie Thwigg had jumped to his feet, squawking like a run-down fowl. His chair crashed at his heels. All those stalwarts, even the biggest, were visibly shaken. "Oh, God—God!" croaked Cappie, "I was thinking of Douglass—poor Inspector Jim Douglass—poor old Jim!"

AT THAT instant the door burst open and Coroner Cropper blew in. He was tall and cadaverous, with a receding chin like two V's above and below the line of his mouth. He laughed good-naturedly.

"Whaling, eh?" He took off his oilskin hat and shook it spattering on the floor. "Did you expect me so soon, eh, Cappie?"

"Aye, Jake. We gotta git right over, Jake."

"Humph, I guess you'll let me get my breath first." He ripped his oiler open, blowing and smiling. "Boys, this is some storm!"

"Jake!"

Cappie righted his chair and sank suddenly down on it. Cropper confronted him, warming his back at the stove.

"Nervy guy—nervy, Cappie, guy!" he jollied. "Dragging me out in weather like this. Have you no heart in the living, Cappie? What will a few hours matter——?"

"Jake, it's been two days——"

"You've told me that already."

"Jake, we got to hurry—right now. There's an awful mixup, Jake. We got to git things settled. Jake, d'ye understand?"

Coroner Cropper's bantering mood was cooled for the moment. He darted a look of inquiry at me, then went over to confer with Captain Mott. I saw the sweat stand out on huge Joe's forehead. He gestured forcibly and shrugged a shoulder or two, peering through the yellow panes. Then I saw the two mounting the steps to the lookout.

For the next five minutes Cappie Thwigg rolled and floundered about the room like a ship in a gale. His face was a pasty blank, and with every few turns he would fetch up against the wall or a chair like one blind. Then he was gone, crawling up the stairs on all fours. "Jake," he bawled up the dismal ascent, "she's moderatin'—I know she's moderatin'. Git a move on ye, Jake, goldurn yer lazy hide; git a move on ye!"

The brisk tramp of boots passed overhead to the top of the stairs, where a mere thread of voice descended the well, wrestling with the din of the tempest.

"Moderatin' my eye!" cried Cappie Thwigg! Go 'way back and sit down. She won't come clear for two hours yet!"

BY THE time the tender had come putting out of the jetty and around the double breakwater to bury her nose in the boiling surf it was mid-afternoon. There were three of us on board, and we spoke not a word except to congratulate each other that the wrack over the water was lifting.

Our little craft was stanch, but she never was meant for a sea like that. Thwigg stood by the wheel, battling with every ounce of his man's strength to keep her head to it Cropper crouched by the engine, ears cocked for orders. Seas broke over the bows, white as milk, and came astern to drench us in the same breath. We looked at one another through sheets of water as she gave, wallowed, slid, and came up slow, infernally slow, to take another wallop. I manned the bilge-pump, a small hand affair that busied the elbow but not the brain.

Out of the hopeless muddle of things it suddenly dawned on me what Thwigg feared. There was mystery, deep and sinister, on Seven Sharks. For nine years it had been so. And now we three men were risking our lives to solve that mystery, with the probabilities—after two days' delay—of utter defeat. How in truth were we to ascertain whether the story told by the woman and Lute was or was not a lie? No living soul, save the two who most desired his end, had been present at the death; and even in case of other witnesses there must have occurred many opportunities during the forty-eight hours' interval when Meg and her satellite might roll aside the chair with its ghastly occupant, remove the square of carpet, and discover the secret for themselves.

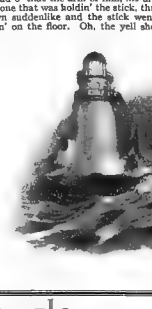
We were wholly at their mercy. The more I pondered the more puzzled I became. It seemed grotesque that the farreaching arm of the law should have overlooked these rascals instead of pinning them to the gallows as they well deserved. A slavering whitecap broke over me and I pumped away in a cold fury, conscious only of a consuming curiosity which demanded haste and the preservation of life from the gluttonous elements. We had much, much to discover. There was yet no motive for Odin Jorn's whim, nor for his sudden passing.

We had yet to probe the strange, untimely drowning of the three inspectors and the weird noises heard by women in the tower. In burning indignation I leveled the accusing finger of thought straight at the two uncanny creatures, the two unworthy successors of that splendid old King of the Reef.

Seven Sharks and the lighthouse looked quite unchanged save for the more vicious breakers and flurries of spume which made our landing and ascent of the Jacob's-ladder a sternly hazardous feat. The tower quivered from base to cap with the pounding of the surf, which moaned up through its hollow height like a voice of mourning.

Coroner Cropper preceded me, Cappie Thwigg brought up the rear, all three of us trembling like women. Even from the first we noticed an air of neglect. The near end of the dinggy had broken loose, and, wallowing in the wind, had buried its nose in the splintered railing. The canvas tarpaulin, the one that had started the trouble, hung by a ravelled end and trailed its sodden, mildewed length across the doorsill.

Even the family laundry, strung above the railing, had flapped itself into dismal rags that swatted and clung to our faces as we passed. Two days—and the absence of the ebony scepter already appeared



LUTE, his face a pasty yellow, unbolted of the door to let us in. He was apparently relieved to see us, yet there was terror in him too. "Mr. and m—my woman, w—we ain't touched him!" he shrilled. "Not a f—finger, sir."

The coroner pushed past him to the center of the room, followed by Thwigg.

"Did you move aside his chair and examine the floor?" I asked.

The man's head shook knocked together. "Oh, n—no, sir! N—no, sir!"

His eager look and the beseeching glance he gave me added to his earnestness. "We been afeard, sir—afeard he'd come alive again and reach for us. Meg, she tried—onct. S—she couldn't wait no more, sir. S—she crept up soft behind the chair and s—she pushed, she did. She pushed hard, but it never h—budged. 'Stead o' that the arm of him, *his* arm, sir, the one that was holdin' the stick, thumped down suddenlike and the stick went clatterin' on the floor. Oh, the yell she give! Gosh, the yell she give! I picked her up for a dead un, sir."

There was much about Lute that suggested the child and the fool. Against my will, I was forced to believe him. But his very proximity gave me a cruel distaste for the man. It must have been my subconscious self that put him down as the murderer—never mind how unwitting—of Odin Jorn.

"It's been terrible—with him and her!" he chattered. He was quite unable to control himself, and his whole attitude expressed a dazed terror, not so much of the fear of death and the supernatural as of the ghastly position in which he found himself. Poor wretch! Despised, yet deserving of pity as a weakling crushed to earth by burdens not his immediate own!

As the coroner returned to ply him with questions, I moved forward, drawn by the irresistible cords of curiosity.

THE circular room was in wild disorder. There was no fire, and the ill-smelling damp penetrated the bone. The high, narrow windows admitted gray bars of unnatural light. The rusty stove littered with unwashed pans, the chairs set awry, the table strewn with soiled crockery—egg-cups dripping yellow, coffee-cups dripping brown and spreading great stains over the cloth—all these details were discernible; but as if yielding precedence to the all-absorbing interest, the most solid object in the half-light was the chair that held the dead King I advanced, shivering, alert. The glance at the fallen monarch was sufficient proof of the manner in which he had died. To my excited fancy he was the very personification of Horror. The huge crystal frame had shriveled until it was seemingly no larger than his son-in-law's; the long, knobby fingers were curved like the claws of a vulture. I could see in the clouded light the silky, white beard with its ultramarine shadows, and the eyes—Lord, the eyes!—and the face so wizened and contorted that it comes to me yet in the dark of my dreams. Could this be the splendid old King of the Reef? Gaze as I would, there seemed no decent trace of the man I had known as Odin Jorn!

I turned away, disillusioned, soul-sick. Walking swiftly to the outer door, I threw it open and stood there filling my lungs with the blessed winds of heaven. Fears that crowded my brain I banished as unclean things.

And then some one tugged at my coat. I hesitated, revolting, then turned and mastered motion in rooms. The woman flitted ahead of me, tall, scrawny, pallid, her weird, wide-set eyes aglow with greed, her scarlet neck-bow twisted under one ear, a murderous splotch in the misty light.

"The pearls—the pearls!" she croaked. "He thought he could keep them forever, but he couldn't. They're mine—mine!"

I saw then that the chair with its occupant had been pushed to the far end of the room and the carpet taken away. A little group had gathered about the open manhole. They seemed to be gazing in its depths, head crowding head, and each breathing loudly. Cropper appeared to be lifting something, shaped like a small chest. Thwigg, apparently overcome, took off his cap and puffed his mottled cheeks.

"We'll be knowin' now!" he whispered to Cropper. "Jake, yet, still and all, what'll we be doin' if——"

"If what?" said Cropper. "If—what?"

But Cappie shook his grizzled poll. This was one of the great moments of his life, and the issues were tremendous.

"Now for it!" said the coroner in an undertone. "Come, Mr. Ferguson, now we shall see!"

We all gathered round the chest—an iron-bound wooden affair—on the floor as Cropper silently fitted the small black key he had found in the old man's pocket. The lock was rusted red; the key grated dolefully as it turned. It seemed to me that the man in charge grew slower and slower in his movements. Without even a glance toward the woman or Lute, I felt fidgety. Then I heard the creak of the hinges.

"Pearls—pearls!" the woman sobbed.

Suddenly and swiftly the lid was raised, bent back. The five of us in the group craned our necks with a swift movement.

Rubbish!

The chest was packed to the brim with junk, tightly pressed down—a heterogeneous collection of mementoes, let us say, which only the collector could value—a woman's comb, a baby's shoe, a broken ivory fan, a red-leather wallet, a log-book dated 1911—'13—'18. They lay there smooth, undisturbed, leveled, as the packer's hand had leveled it some years before. Not treasure, but trash!

One of the five laughed faintly. It sounded like Lute. Anyway the sound of the laughter broke the spell. Cropper looked around with a grin.

"So ends many a quest for treasure!" he remarked with a wink at Thwigg. "Unpack the thing!" he added, turning to Meg. "It's your stuff. Turn it out!"

The woman sank down on the floor and bent over the box, swooping like a bird of prey on one trinket, then another and another, then dropping them out on the floor in her ardor for still other trinkets her grasping fingers found in the box. After an interminable time she reached the bottom of the chest, and with a sharp, nervous jerk pulled up into view a jewel-casket. We pressed closer.

It was polished to a marvelous luster, highly ornate and exquisitely carved, probably a souvenir of Odin Jorn's sailing days. It was snugly locked, but a tiny silver key was tied to the handle by a silken cord. The lid rose easily.

"Pearls!" the woman whimpered, swaying hooped shoulders. We closed in.

In the topmost tray, velvet-lined, we beheld a marvelous object, snow-white, shaped like a horseshoe when looking down upon it, nearly as large as a human jaw with every tooth intact! The small card attached read,

Inspector James Douglass
killed Aug. 16, '18,
by Odin Jorn.
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay,
saith the Lord."

Horrified beyond speech, we raised the tray and examined the layer beneath. It was as we already feared. Another set of bones with the inscription.

Inspector Thomas Benton
killed Jan. 23, '13,
by Odin Jorn.
"Thou shalt not bear false witness
against thy neighbor."

The third layer was quickly exposed. The contents were identical, except that the teeth fell away, scattering at our touch. The label ran,

Inspector Ben Sears
killed June 2, '11,
by Odin Jorn.
"It is naught! It is naught!
saith the Lord."
"If thy tongue offend thee,
pluck it out!"

IN A flash I had picked up the log-book from the débris on the floor. Running over the pages, I discovered almost immediately a personal bit and read,

Aug. 26, 1918.
Inspector Douglass came into the light-room this morning. He said my wicks were low last night, and wrote it down in his report. I knew he lied. My wicks are perfect. My record is perfect. He lied—but I gave him three chances to change the report. He refused. I sent him best fowl down the stair. It was great amusement for me. He was a liar.

And then a little further on,

The old woman beard something. To keep her still I said,

Anything can happen to a man on Seven Sharks—even murder. The world says a man and his report are drowned—and no one the wiser.

As heretofore,

I WILL KEEP THE PART OF THE TRUE LIED.

Clearly the case of a fanatic!

Leafing the book rapidly, I came upon two similar entries in June, 1911, and April, 1913, referring to Inspectors Sears and Benton, and almost identical with the first report, except there was a difference in the nature of their complaints. The mystery of the Seven Sharks was revealed at last to the world.

We three men gazed into space, stunned by the magnitude of the crime and the shock of the revelation. We were roused from our trance by Lute, who clawed at our sleeves and pointed down at the woman.

"Pearls!—pearls!" she was softly crooning as she rocked herself on folded limbs. And her long, shaking fingers were carefully counting out many little pieces of bone, one by one, again and again, mumblingly, contentedly, happily, as a queen might count her jewels.

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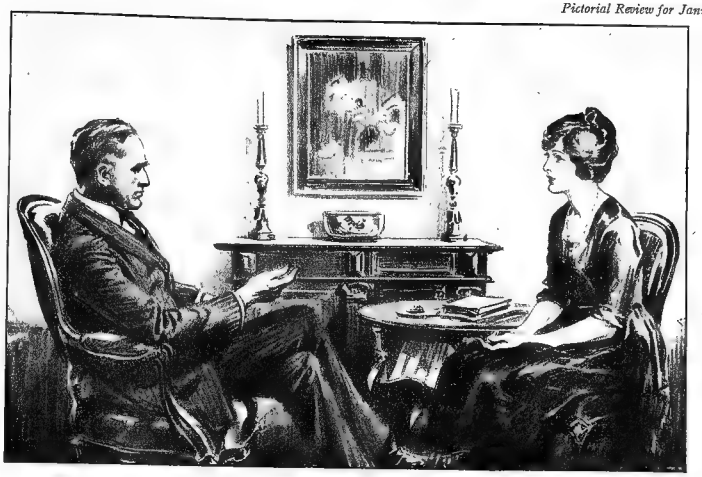


Two constant dangers—

We now know that food must protect us against them

How science has revolutionized the selection of the food we eat

IT is now known that there are two dangers constantly threatening our health—not having our body tissues built up and not ridding the body of poisonous waste matter.

Science has discovered that medicine cannot do this for us—that it is our daily food which must supply these great body needs.

But many American meals lack the life-giving elements which build up body tissues and the elements which eliminate waste matter.

Statistics show that every year thousands of men and women still young die of old age diseases. Scientists say that faulty habits of eating deprived them of the food factors necessary to build up health and maintain resistance to disease.

A familiar food with wonderful health-giving properties

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For yeast is the richest known source of the new found vitamin which experts maintain is lacking in many of our foods.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, it helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressd yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines, and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Laxatives gradually replaced

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

The need for scientifically tested yeast

Fresh yeast has received general attention from the public since recent scientific tests proved that fresh yeast corrects run-down condition, constipation, indigestion, and certain skin disorders. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure, fresh food, rich in vitamin, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals.

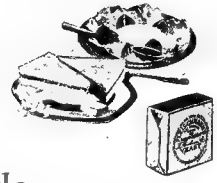
Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool dry place until ready to serve.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 301, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Various ways of eating Fleischmann's Yeast

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain or spread it on crackers or bread. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit-juices or milk. As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin, Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. You will like its fresh distinctive flavor, and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.



Beware of untested yeast-vitamin preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures. Fleischmann's Yeast is your standard of purity and potency. The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.

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CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE NEW BABY

MY DEAR MRS. N——: You are surely to be congratulated on the arrival of your splendid baby boy. I am glad both of you are doing so well. I have admitted little Paul to our club, and his first Admission Blank, which you filled in so nicely, is now filed in my history case. I am able to get a very good idea of the baby from your history, and shall take great pleasure in watching him develop as you send me the monthly reports.

You state he weighed 7½ pounds and measured 20½ inches in length when he was born. This is perfectly normal. It is also quite normal that he has lost a few ounces this first week of life, but he will now begin to gain back what he lost and will soon reach his birth-weight again. After this he should gain from 4 to 8 ounces weekly until he is six months old, then a little less every week until he is one year old, at which time he should treble his birth-weight.

I will now answer your questions according to number:

1. How often should a new baby nurse his mother?

Ans. At first the new baby should be put to the breast every six hours for the first two days of life; on the third day, when the milk-supply is well established, he should nurse every three hours from 6 A.M. until 6 P.M., then at 10 P.M. and 2 A.M. Usually twenty minutes is the correct length of time to keep the baby at the breast. He should be waked on exact schedule time and kept at the breast fifteen to twenty minutes. He should not be allowed to sleep at the breast, and never in the bed with his mother. When he has finished nursing he should be put back in his own crib, day or night.

2. Should the baby have any other food than breast-milk?

Ans. It is sometimes wise to give a breast-fed baby one bottle of modified milk in twenty-four hours. If this can be given at 2 A.M. it will allow the mother to have an undisturbed night's rest and thus improve her milk-supply. No sugar-water or any of the various teas should be given to a baby. Fresh boiled water should be given in a bottle several times daily between meals. If you decide to give this one bottle of modified milk, begin by taking ½ ounce of whole milk (certified), 1½ ounce of boiled water, and 1 level teaspoonful of milk- or malt-sugar. Do not boil the milk, but boil the water and add the sugar to it while the water is hot. Strain this through cheese-cloth, and when the solution is cold, add the cold, certified milk to it; mix well and cork the bottle, place it on ice, and when it is meal-time stand the bottle in hot water until the milk is lukewarm or 98 degrees F., then feed to the baby. Let some one else give this night bottle, so that you will not be disturbed, as this is the chief object in giving it. The formula must be increased as the baby grows older. I am enclosing directions for you to follow until I write again next month.

3. When should the new baby have his first tub bath, and how should it be given?

Ans. As soon as the navel-cord has dropped off, the baby may be given his tub bath. Morning is the best time to give this bath, about 8.30 A.M., half an hour before the second morning meal. Never give it directly after a meal. The temperature of the nursery should be from 70 to 72 degrees F. while the bath is being given. Let the tub stand before the fire if possible. Have a screen surrounding the tub and baby at the back, so no drafts will be felt. The baby should be undressed, wrapped in a bath-apron, and quickly sponged off with a wash-cloth dipped in a basin of water at 98 degrees F. No soap should be put on the wash-cloth until the face has been washed and dried, then the wash-cloth may be soaped a little with pure soap, when the scalp and the rest of the body are bathed. Keep the baby covered as much as possible while this sponge bath is being given; work with your hand under the blanket or apron, and take out one little limb at a time, bathe it, and put it back at once. After the body has been gone over in this way, gently place the baby in his tub of warm water, which tests 99 degrees F. by the bath-thermometer. Rinse off all the soap, then take him out onto your lap, or onto a table, and roll him up in a soft towel covered by the bath-apron or blanket, and pat him dry. Slip out the wet towel, and dust a little pure toilet-powder in the creases of his flesh. Do not rub him at all. Next put on his warm clothing, which should be on a rack in front of the fire. If his little feet are cold, be sure to warm them well, before putting on the long, wool stockings.

Be very careful not to turn and twist the baby more than is absolutely necessary while bathing and dressing him. Some mothers and nurses like to bathe and dress a baby on a table rather than on their laps. Do whichever is most convenient to you. I still prefer the lap-bath, because I think the baby keeps warmer from his mother's warm body than from a table, even if it is not quite so easy to handle the child just at first.

When all the warm little clothes are on, wash out the baby's eyes with a solution of boric acid, 1 level teaspoonful to 1 pint of water; use a separate piece of cotton for each eye. Cleanse the nose with a twist of gauze or linen dipped in the boric-acid solution or with a soft cotton swab; cleanse the ears the same way, but do not go far into the opening of the ears. Dr. L. E. Holt advises cleansing the mouth with a cotton swab twice daily, being *very gentle* and careful not to injure the mucous membranes. Some doctors object to any mouth-cleansing at all. I think it is best to do it, if the mother can remember to be very gentle.

Brush the hair with a soft brush, part it on the side, as your baby is a boy. Keep the scalp very clean by using a little olive-oil at bedtime. Cut the finger- and toe-nails with rounded scissors when they need it.

> IF YOU have a baby under six months of age send in his name and age, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelop. An Admission Blank will then be sent to you, and you will receive regular monthly help until the baby is two years old. For the blank or details about this Correspondence Course in Mothercraft address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York.

At about 5.30 P.M. every night the baby should be undressed, sponged off with warm water, have a fresh band, shirt, diaper, stockings, and flannel night-dress, and be put to bed after the 6 P.M. meal, in his own dark room. If you establish good habits from the very start of life, you will have no trouble.

Remember that your baby is not a toy, to be played with by all his relatives and friends. He must be let alone and allowed to sleep nearly all the time between his meals, during this first month of life at least.

I am sending you the Monthly Report Blank and a leaflet on "The Breast-fed Baby," as well as the formulas I promised. If you will file all the leaflets I send you every month, you will have a very complete baby-book at the end of two years. Any other mother who wishes these leaflets should join our Mothercraft Club as soon as her baby arrives, and thus receive all the leaflets from the start of life.

Many a Mother has found that nothing agrees like Nestlé's—

because **Nestlé's Baby Food is pure milk already modified and made easier for your baby to digest. How the babies love Nestlé's! And how they *gain* on it!**

This is little John Walker of Youngstown, Ohio, whose father sends in his smiling picture and says: "We started feeding him on Nestlé's 'Food at 2 months, when he weighed less than 9 pounds. At the present time (age 10 months) he weighs 29 pounds and is still gaining. We cannot speak too highly of Nestlé's Food.

Send the coupon and let us send you, absolutely free, enough Nestlé's for 12 feedings, and a book by specialists on how to care for your baby.

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Please send me, Free, A Mother's Book and trial package, enough for 12 feedings.
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Protection!

SHE has the calm and tranquil confidence of the woman unafraid. The dependable steel traction fingers, reaching down through the treacherous skidways, making her ride safe and pleasant, are symbolic of the intelligent, loving care that protects her and the life within her keeping.

This protection against *skid shock* is one of the most important of safeguards during the weeks and months of suspense, of nerve tension, when shock is the greatest of dangers.

The motorist who fails to put on *Weed Tire Chains* when the going is slippery is not only inviting disaster to women in his own car and in passing vehicles, but he is also jeopardizing the future generation.

Even the woman pedestrian is not immune from *skid shock*. The car with chainless tires, on slippery streets, may dash upon the sidewalks without a moment's warning.

Skid shock lasts long. Many women victims of skid shock never recover from it. Merely witnessing a skidding accident may cause *skid shock* with consequences equally serious—and lasting.

For their own well-being, for the health and happiness, perhaps the very lives of those for whom they make such great sacrifices, women should insist upon the use of *Weed Tire Chains*.

This appeal was prompted by an eminent New York physician. Reprints sent on request

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

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A Vital Attraction

that some women overlook

—the proper use of foods frequently determines youth and age. Note what a famous sanitarium prescribes

Had Your Iron Today?

There's a reason for stewed raisins—a dainty breakfast dish—that transcends their unique attraction for the palate.

That reason is *food-iron*. Raisins are rich in it.

Food-iron is the basis of a rare vitality and magnetism that are woman's greatest charms.

Some women overlook these *real* attractions, thinking mainly of trim features and rosy lips and cheeks. Yet iron promotes true *beauty*, too, by producing *natural* color that cosmetics cannot imitate. There's no beauty that is so beautiful as the *good looks of good health.*

Not youth's sole rights

These attractions don't belong to youth alone. Women of forty-five and fifty may preserve them and enhance them. And certain foods—the "iron foods" like raisins—are prime aids.

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need *is vital.*

That dish of luscious stewed raisins enjoyed regularly each morning is a safeguard to proper iron supply.

At Battle Creek

Stewed raisins are part of "the treatment" in the famous sanitarium at Battle Creek for pale-cheeked, listless women who are old before their time.

Physicians thus attest the power of raisins as a regular breakfast dish.

Take their advice and try it for yourself.

It's good food if you're well, to *retain* those vital powers and that natural beauty if you have them. Begin to-morrow to make a two weeks' test. If you feel under par or are a little pale, this dish may "re-make" you in just the way you wish.

100 recipes sent free

We've compiled 100 tested recipes in a valuable *free book* which we'll send to any woman on request. They suggest the most attractive ways to serve these fine fruit-meats. Simply mail the coupon and get them by first mail.

Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added, but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Raisins contain 75% natural fruit sugar.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

We make Sun-Maid Raisins from finest California table grapes—kinds too delicate to ship fresh long distances.

The grapes are juicy, tender, thin-skinned, and so are the raisins. Try them stewed. There never was a daintier breakfast dish.

Seeded, blue package (seeds removed), best for pie and bread; Seedless, red package (grown without seeds), best for stewing; Clusters (on the stem)—a luscious, quick dessert.

All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 13,000 Growers
Dept. A-301, Fresno, California

. Red package (seedless variety)—best for stewing.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

California Associated Raisin Co.,
Dept. A-301, Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes" and new book, "Eating Raisins for Health and Beauty."

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City..... *State*.....

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

BEVERAGES and quick breads have already appeared in the Little Cook-book Series of Recipes. Now comes Yeast Bread to make the last of the "B's" in this alphabet of simple cookery. With its buttery brown crust and a delectable odor all its own as it comes from the oven—what can compare to a good loaf of home-made bread!

YEAST BREAD

HOME-MADE bread! The words have a thrill for those of us who depend upon the baker's loaf for general use. While it may be an economy to buy our bread, as, without counting the labor or fuel, the materials for the home-made loaf cost almost as much as a baker's loaf, there is, however, a texture and a flavor which belong to the well-made home-baked bread which makes many of us feel repaid for the labor of making it. This labor will, of course, be lightened if a bread-mixer is part of the kitchen equipment.

Be sure to use a good quality of bread flour. Never mistake the pastry-flour bag for the bread-flour bag. On account of its glutes, the elastic property which flour bread develops upon being kneaded, Spring wheat (bread flour) furnishes an ingredient which Winter wheat (pastry flour) lacks, and which is essential for a good loaf of bread.

Keep the yeast-cake in the refrigerator until ready to use. Do not use a yeast-cake which has developed green or black trimmings. Cold prevents the growth while too much heat kills yeast, therefore lukewarm water and a moderate temperature should be used with it.

Bread made with milk has more food-value than bread made with water, but the loaves dry more quickly. A mixture of milk and water makes a good compromise.

Brushing with milk improves the color of the loaf as it browns.

After bread comes from the oven, place on a cake-cooler or across the pan so that air may circulate around the loaves to prevent sogginess.

Brushing the loaves with butter softens the crust and improves the flavor.

Do not put the loaves in the bread-box until perfectly cool.

Do not wrap the bread in a cloth, as this destroys the flavor and also makes the loaves dry more quickly.

For whole-wheat bread the recipe for White Bread may be used by substituting whole-wheat flour for half of the white flour.

White Bread

1 Pint Scalded Milk
1 Pint Cold Water
½ Cupful Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
½ Yeast-cake
½ Cupful Lukewarm Water
3 Quarts or More Flour

ADD sugar, salt, and fat to the scalded milk, and when they are blended add the cold water. Mix the yeast with the lukewarm water and add to the other mixture, which should be no more than lukewarm. Add two quarts of sifted flour and beat until smooth. Add enough more flour to make a dough which can be lifted on the spoon or blade of the bread-mixer. If a mixer is used turn eight to ten minutes until the dough is smooth and elastic and let rise until double its bulk. If the bread is to be kneaded by hand, remove from the mixing-bowl to a floured metal surface or to a board and knead until elastic. Return to the bowl and let rise until it doubles in bulk. If one-half yeast-cake is used it may be allowed to rise overnight in a warm place (75–80 degrees). For quick-process bread, increase the yeast according to the time in which you wish the mixture to rise.

When the bulk has doubled cut down with a knife to break the large bubbles. Knead until smooth, form into loaves, and let rise again to double the bulk. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes, cool the oven gradually, and bake about thirty-five minutes more until the loaves when taken from the pans and knocked on the bottom give forth a hollow sound.

Rolls

HALVE the ingredients (in the bread recipe) except the fat, the amount of which should remain the same. Use only enough flour to make a sponge (a batter which can be beaten). Let rise until double its bulk and add enough flour to knead. Let the dough rise again and shape rolls as desired. Let them double their bulk and bake in a hot oven. This quantity will make three to four dozen. To make a light mixture which may be used for cinnamon buns or rusk, two egg-yolks and more sugar may be added to the sponge.

OVEN GUIDE

THE baking is a most important factor in the success of a raised mixture. To easily manage an oven you must be familiar with your own stove. With a coal-stove experience will teach you how to regulate the fire and the drafts to heat the oven. Use the flue or the cook-oven for baking. If you are using a gas or an electric stove start to heat the oven from five to ten minutes before you are ready to use it. Bake a little below the center of either of them. While the experienced cook is able to test an oven by feeling its heat with her hand, an oven thermometer is a "sure thing" and well worth the money outlay. If you are purchasing a new gas or electric stove investigate the regulating attachment which insures a uniform oven heat. A simple but not very accurate test may be made by a piece of glazed white paper, which should be placed on the floor or the shelf where the baking is to be done. The paper should acquire the color of "coffee with cream" in the time designated in the following chart:

	Paper Test Minutes	Thermometer Test—Degrees	Baking Time Minutes
Breads, Quick:			
Biscuits	1	450–450	10–15
Muffins	1½	375–425	25–30
Popovers	⅔	500–300	30–40
Breads, Yeast:			
Loaf	1	450–350	50–60
Rolls	1¼	400–400	25–30
Breads, Baking-powder	3	300–350	50–60
Cake:			
Angel	3½	250–350	60
Chocolate Layer	3	300–380	30–35
Chocolate Loaf	3	300–350	40–50
Cup Cakes	3	300–380	25–30
Ginger Layer	3	300–350	25–30
Ginger Loaf	3	300–380	35–40
Plain Layer	3	300–400	25–30
Plain Loaf	3	300–380	50–60
Sponge	3¼	250–350	25–35
White Cake Layer	2½	340–380	25–35
White Cake Loaf	8	300–380	40–50
Cookies:			
Crisp	1	450–450	5–8
Soft	2	325–325	8–10
Pastry:			
Shell	1	450–450	10
Filled	1	450–350	30–40

Divide the time for baking into three parts—

First part—The mixture should rise.

Second part—The mixture should finish rising and begin to brown.

Third part—The mixture should finish browning and shrink from the sides of the pan. To test for a thorough cooking touch the center lightly with the finger, and if the crust does not recede take from the oven and "listen." When completely done, there will be no singing sound which is characteristic of a baking mixture. If it is not done, it may be returned to the oven at once and left for a few moments with the fire turned out. This test does not apply to sponge-cake nor to angel-food.

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DOLLY DINGLE AND SAMMY GO SKATING

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Old Favorites and New Achieve Success Behind the Footlights

Photograph by the White Studio

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photograph by Lewis-Smith

"BLOSSOM TIME," produced by the Shuberts, is another of their successful musical comedies. Appearing in it is the attractive and gifted Olga Cook, shown above, whose singing and dancing form very popular features of an unusually delightful comedy. The music is very "catchy," and decidedly above par. The settings are charming.

THE season would not be complete without the charming Helen Hayes (above). Her talent, magnetism, and delightful youthfulness have won her an enthusiastic public, and new favors are certain to be hers as a result of her appealing presentation of her part in "The Wren," Booth Tarkington's new play, produced by George C. Tyler.

Photograph by National

THE revival of Franz Lehar's "The Merry Widow" is one of the events of the season, and Henry W. Savage is to be congratulated on his successful production. The fame of Lydia Lopokowa (shown above at the right) has made her presence in the cast one of the big reasons for the unusual success of the revival.

ABOVE, and to the left is shown Edna Hibbard, who is playing most appealingly the leading feminine rôle in "The Poppy God," a Chinese play in which the imaginative setting by the Russian, John Wenger, has been employed to the best advantage under the lavish hand of the Selwyns.

Photograph by the White Studio

Photograph by F. E. Geisler

APPEALINGLY lovely is Alma Fenton in "The Belle of New York." This elaborate and unusual Shuberts' production shows their artistic powers at their best and has made a sensational success. Miss Fenton is shown in the photograph above.

MARY RYAN (at the left below), is unquestionably one of the most gifted of the younger actresses. Under the management of Sam H. Harris she is appearing in his production of "Only 38," a comedy by the versatile A. E. Thomas, author of "The Rainbow," "Just Suppose," and several other popular successes.

THE Ziegfeld "Follies of 1921" have been deservedly more of a success than ever, due to lavish settings, remarkable dancing, clever comedy, and a beautiful chorus. One of the loveliest in the cast is Kathleen Ardelle, at the right below. Altho but a slip of a girl of eighteen she has made a sensation.

Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe and Alfred Cheney Johnston

TRILBY CLARKE, above, now dancing in the Greenwich Village Follies, has won fame in her native country, Australia, where she won the Golden Apple Beauty Prize and posed for the Peace Loan posters.

LAST season saw Isabel Leighton, above, in the successful production, "Deburau." This year she is appearing in the Selwyns' "The Puppet Master." Hers is a charm quite unique—talent and a piquant beauty.

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

AS AN actress Margaret Anglin (at the left) has won her way into the front ranks of artists. After a successful tour of the country in "The Woman of Bronze," she will return to New York to produce in association with the Messrs. Shubert, a series of revivals of favorite rôles.

"HONORS Are Even," produced by the Selwyns, has proved one of the outstanding successes of the season, and well deserves its popularity. In the cast is Boots Wooster shown in the photograph at the right.

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Keep That Wedding Day Complexion

The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity.

For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.

Cosmetic cleansing the secret

To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

Science has combined these two Oriental oils in the bland, balmy facial soap which bears their name. You need never be afraid of the effects of soap and water if the soap you use is Palmolive.

How it acts

The rich, profuse lather, massaged into the skin, penetrates the pores and removes every trace of the clogging accumulations which, when neglected, make the skin texture coarse and cause blackheads and blotches.

It softens the skin and keeps it flexible and smooth. It freshens and stimulates, encouraging firmness and attractive natural color.

Oily skins won't need cold creams or lotions after using Palmolive. If the skin is inclined to dryness, the time to apply cold cream is after this cosmetic cleansing.

And remember, powder and rouge are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin and removed carefully once a day.

Don't keep it only for your face

Complexion beauty should extend to the throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or the lack of it.

Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they will become soft, white and smooth. Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

Not too expensive

Although Palmolive is the finest, mildest facial soap that can be produced, the price is not too high to permit general use on the washstand for bathing.

This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

Thus, soap which would cost at least 25 cents a cake if made in small quantities, is offered for only 10 cents, a price all can afford. The old-time luxury of the few may now be enjoyed the world over.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c

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Alec and Al

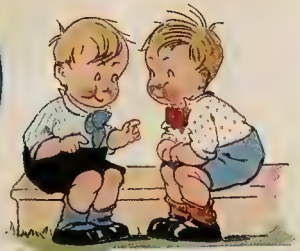
Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

This is the first instalment of a unique double-spread humorous serial in beautiful colors appearing exclusively in Pictorial Review each month. "Alec and Al" is the most

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY THE PICTORIAL

RUMPUS

Today's my birthday, I must watch out
For mischief when Alec and Al are about.



Says Alec to Al, "Let's give a surprize –
A party to make Rumpus open his eyes."

When he sees this gang, I'll bet that he
Will wiggle his tail and bark with glee.
He! He! He! He! You missed, my dear;
I think I'll get away from here.
You silly mouse, you needn't laugh,
She almost cut me clean in half.
Let's scare the cook, I'm certain that
She'll blame that sneaky, skinny cat.
Sshl quiet now, don't rouse the house;
Be silent as well, say – a mouse.
Oh! there's the old cat now asleep,
Be careful, please – just take a peep.
Hey! quit that biting, you let me alone;
What do you take me for – a bone?
This place will never look the same;
Whatever they do I'll get the blame.

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And the Nibbler Boys

Rimes by PERCY WAXMAN

TREES

...ouble-page elaborate feature of its kind published anywhere in America. ...excuse is You will also see regularly on these pages the adventures ...is the son of the cunningest mice a cat ever chased—the Nibbler Boys.

...BY THE HOLLEW COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

I'm glad I'm up here out of reach.
My! How those dreadful rowdies screech!
Scat! Out of here the lot ov yiz;
What koind ov place do ye think this is?
Says Alec to Al, "Bring on the roast,
They've gulped down all the milk and toast."
Here comes the cook straight down the hall;
We'll squeal and run and then she'll fall:
Now, when I whisper one, two, three,
We'll both squeak out Gee-Wee-Wee-Wee.
She's dropped the water on the cat.
Oh! golly, she'll be mad at that.
Get out, ye lazy sleepy-head,
Why don't ye earn your daily bread?
Oh! pretty puss, did you get wet?
We'll see that it isn't all you'll get:
"Gee, Alec! somethings biting me."
"By golly, Al, I feel a flea."
You're sticking soap right in my eye;
Fleas didn't bite me up that high.
I'd better hide right here, I think,
Or else they'll dip me in the sink.
Next month the fun is fast and jolly
Alec and Al do things to Polly.

Next month, as well, be sure and look At the Nibbler Boys annoying cook.

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THE KING AND QUEEN MIGHT EAT THEREOF
AND NOBLEMEN BESIDES

PLANNING THE OUTGO *To Fit* THE INCOME

A New Service to Promote Thrift the Banks Are Offering the American Family

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT *and* GLADYS BECKETT JONES

THIS planning ahead means a lot. For instance, look at my food—it's eight dollars lower than last month, and I have really lived better just because I planned ahead and also knew my limit." This remark was made recently to Miss Sarah J. MacLeod, director of the Home Service Department of the Society for Savings in the city of Cleveland.

People are slowly but surely coming to realize that planned spending of their income is necessary if they are to receive full value for every dollar, maintain certain standards of living, and save for the rainy day and old age. It is significant that the majority of elderly people, who are wholly or partially financially dependent, are so not because their income in the past was insufficient, but because they neglected to save systematically and invest wisely.

Granted that many of the difficulties of personal and family finance are due to lack of foresight and unplanned spending, where can the person of average income go for assistance in solving his or her problem?

To the Home Service Departments which are being established in various banks throughout the country. These are not money-making schemes for the banks. Those who are depositors and those who are not are served alike. You need not even tell your name if you do not want to. Those in charge of the service give constructive advice in planning budgets on the large or small income. The director is an expert in foods, nutrition, clothing, and household administration. She can show the family how to be well nourished on a smaller food allowance, or how to be as well dressed on a smaller clothing budget. Perhaps the automobile is proving too great a luxury and the family had better use the street-cars more frequently; wherever the leaks are she will find them.

To the time this new work was started many banks had distributed literature and tried working out budgets on a percentage basis with very indifferent results.

THE ONLY THING FOR US TO DO IS TO MAKE A BUDGET AND STICK TO IT

The first Home Service Department was established three years ago in the Society for Savings, in Cleveland. Under the leadership of its president, Myron T. Herrick, now Ambassador to France. It was decided that a real service could be rendered by placing some one in the bank whom people could consult about questions of personal and family finance. In speaking of the bureau, Mr. Herrick says, "This bureau exists to help educate this community in thrift; it is not the result to-day, to-morrow, or the next day about which we must think; it is the effect thirty years from now which we must consider." *To promote thrift*, then, is the aim of such a bureau

Drawings by W. B. King

The experiences of the workers in these new Home Service Departments show that it is as difficult to spend a large income wisely as a small one; that often a seemingly large income must be carefully managed if charities, church, and other public and social obligations are to be met. The incomes one worker budgeted in one week ranged from $450 to $26,000.

After the budget is given thorough consideration on the basis of the family needs, and a plan for future expenditures mapped out, the bureau will furnish blanks with suggestive item headings for the household budget and the personal expense account. These blanks are used as a record to aid in further consultations to show how wiser expenditures may be made.

Guesswork Won't Do

IF EVERY housewife would keep an accurate record of her household and each individual of his personal expenses, the work of the consultant in the bureau would be greatly facilitated. The housewife often thinks she knows how much the family is spending for food or clothing, or the man of the family how much his automobile is costing him, but when it comes to putting down the figures, they are not quite sure, and often find out that they "really don't know"; they "guessed" they were spending so much.

The first interview is only a starting-point; those consulting are invited to come back to the bureau as often as they desire for additional help and information. In speaking of the work of the Cleveland bureau Miss MacLeod says, "The major work of the bureau consists of interviews in the bank. People bring their problems of personal and family finance to the bureau; each case is treated individually; and, when desired, blanks for household or personal expenses are given. The important thing, however, is not the account-book we give; it is the advice and plan for the use of the income which is paramount. The account-book is simply a tool which will show how closely a plan is being followed. The account-books and budget-leaflets are valuable adjuncts to the bureau, but the opportunity of getting impersonal and unprejudiced advice is what people most need and desire."

It took the Cleveland venture to prove that budgeting the family income is an individual problem, and now several banks throughout the country are offering similar service, thus helping people to solve their financial problems free of charge. In Boston the Educational Bureau of the Association for the Promotion and Protection of Savings, under the direction of Miss S. Agnes Donham, has furnished several banks with trained representatives to aid people with their budgets.

The publishing of budget-leaflets is an important part of the work of the banks which give this service. The Cleveland bank has for distribution leaflets for single persons on incomes from $8 to $250 a month, budgets for newly-weds on incomes from $125 to $400 a month, and for families differing in number of members on incomes from $150 to $800 a month. Some of these are given on this page. They are based on Cleveland conditions, so may have to be varied slightly for use in other cities

People come to the banks with all sorts of experiences. Not long ago a woman went to one bank where such service is given and said she couldn't tell how much her family was spending, but she thought about $150 a month was the correct amount. She said she would really like to find out how to manage. A study of her expenditures was made, and she faced the situation that, during the last year, they had spent at least $5,000—averaging over $400 a month—and had absolutely nothing to show for it. At the end of the interview she said, candidly but gratefully, to the director, "You know I'd have been boiling mad if any of my friends or relatives had told me I was such a fool with money."

Another grateful patron said, "You remember I'd never saved a cent and I decided to start a bank-account and marry all at once and came to you to find out how. Well, we've lived decently. I've saved what you told me to, and you remember you told me to save some small coin in one of the small banks besides. Well, I brought that little bank in this morning, and when they opened it it had $45 in it. Can you beat that? And I never missed it!"

The following is the testimony of two other persons who have profited by the service which one bank has to offer.

"I've just got a nice fat cut of twenty per cent. in my salary, and if we hadn't started last November to keep a record of expenses we'd be absolutely at sea; but May the first we go on a real budget plan because of what the last six months have shown us."

"I suppose accounts jolt every one the way mine did me. When I saw seven dollars a week going for tobacco, it made an awful impression and I got busy and diverted half of it into other channels."

Saving by the Month

ALL the applicants at the bureau are not worrying about how to meet next month's bills; some of them already have the budget habit and regularly set aside a definite amount each month as savings, but they want to increase their savings.

Banks have the interest and confidence of the public; they encourage savings and stimulate trade, and they are the legitimate center from which various kinds of various incomes can receive disinterested help and put their homes on a good business basis.

It has been suggested that banks in several banks might co-operate and have an expert who would divide her services among them. It has been the unanimous opinion of all the people concerned with the Home Service Bureau that the bureaus should be in charge of a practical and well-trained home economics expert who is well informed on financial affairs.

The Home Service Bureau in the banks has been found to accomplish four things: First, it has aided people to save who have never saved before, and has greatly increased the savings of others through care in the spending of their incomes. Second, it has helped others to maintain a better standard of living on their incomes, and has brought about increased happiness and satisfaction in the home. Third, it has made many women feel that, by wise and careful spending, they were definitely increasing the purchasing power of their incomes. Fourth, it has aided people to live within their incomes and pay their bills.

This service is making it possible for many more people to live up to the Ten Commandments of Thrift which have been adopted by the American Bankers' Association and other organizations. These are:

Make a budget.
Keep an intelligent record of expenditures.
Have a bank account.
Carry life insurance.
Make a will.
Own your own home eventually.
Pay your bills promptly.
Invest in war-savings stamps and other government securities.
Spend less than you earn.
Share with others. Thrift without benevolence is a doubtful blessing.

BUDGETS FOR INDIVIDUALS

Income per Month	$85.00	$100.00	$125 00	$150.00	$200.00	$250.00
Savings	5.00	10.00	16.00	20 00	40.00	60.00
Room and Two Meals	37.00	45.00	52.00	60.00	70.00	75.00
Luncheons	10.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	18.00
Laundry	3.00	4.00	5.00	5.00	7.00	7.00
Clothing	20.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	45 00
Advancement	10.00	11.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	45.00

BUDGETS FOR NEWLY MARRIED COUPLES

Monthly Income	$125.00	$150.00	$200.00	$250.00	$300.00	$400.00
Savings	17.00	20.00	35 00	50.00	60.00	100.00
Food	35.00	40.00	45.00	45.00	50.00	55.00
Rent	30.00	38.00	50.00	60.00	75.00	100.00
Clothing	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	45.00	50.00
Operating	12.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	30.00	45 00
Advancement	11 00	12.00	25.00	35.00	40.00	50.00

BUDGETS FOR AN INCOME OF $150.00 A MONTH

Number In Family	2	3	4	5
Savings	$17.00	$15.00	$9.00	$5.00
Food	40.00	45.00	50 00	55.00
Shelter	38.00	38.00	38.00	38 00
Clothing	25.00	25.00	28.00	30.00
Operating	15.00	15.00	15.00	15.00
Advancement	15.00	12.00	10.00	7.00

BUDGETS FOR AN INCOME OF $250.00 A MONTH

Number In Family	2	3	4	5
Savings	$50 00	$40.00	$27.00	$25 00
Food	45 00	50.00	58.00	65.00
Shelter	60.00	60.00	60.00	60 00
Clothing	35.00	40.00	40.00	45.00
Operating	25.00	25 00	30 00	30 00
Advancement	35.00	35.00	35.00	25.00

The Book-Shelf

"Household Budget"

THIS book combines the budget plan with the account record. In general appearance it resembles many other account-books, but in detail there are many differences. Space is given for the yearly and monthly budget plan as well as for the actual account record. The arrangement is such that making a comparison between the actual and planned spending takes but little time.

The expenditures are classified under the six general headings: Savings, shelter, food, operating expense, clothing, and advancement. Each of these is very fully subdivided so that there is no excuse for a miscellaneous column, which is often the pitfall of the inexperienced. In addition there are several unlabeled columns to take care of expenditures, which are not common to every family.

No standard or ideal budgets are suggested, but a guide is made for each family to face its financial obligations; to make a plan which will meet its particular needs; and to keep account in such a form that they can be used as a basis for bettering future spending. (Society for Savings.)

OTHER books that will help with the family's financial problems are: "Successful Family Life on a Moderate Income," by Mary Hinman Abel (Lippincotts); "The Art of Spending" and "The Weekly Allowance Book" (American School of Home Economics), and "Spending the Family Income," by S. Agnes Donham (Little, Brown).

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NATALKA'S PORTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

him away. He was murmuring, "You are like a little flower, Natalka. You are like a little birch-tree, a little white birch growing in the field."

Katherina's own face was radiant. "*Ys tibya lubiue.*" He loves her! Yes, he loves her. She herself had never known such love. "Simyonka loves Natalka!" The words filled her with dizzy joy.

Then her face twisted with agony. But soon, very soon, he would look upon her with shame! At once! At her wedding! His father will ask Gavrelo, "What is your daughter's portion?" And Gavrelo will say, "Nothing!" And the whole village will laugh and jeer. And little Natalka will bend her head with shame. And later, again, when he brings her home and the villagers and relatives gather about him, and he has nothing of hers that he could tell them she brought, that he could show—

SHE rose. Carried away by this thought, she no longer saw nor heard them outside, and she went staggering into the living-room of the hut and fell upon her knees before the icon.

"Gracious Mother Maria!" Her clumsy little body crumpled to the hard-trodden earth.

"Blessed Mother Maria, can you hear me?" she pleaded in the crude way of Sabinka people. "Can you hear me? I have come to beg of you for Natalka. You know, Mother, I have never come to you for myself. But now I come for her. Mother," her voice rose brokenly, "you know how hard my life has been. Even when I was young we were so poor. Often I was hungry for just bread. In marriage —Gavrelo is a strange person." She fell silent a moment, her tears choking her.

"The children were all I had. And when little Zacharka died I felt as if my heart would break, Mother. He was so sweet to look at with his golden hair and blue eyes. He would have been fifteen this old now. Oh, Mother! He is hard; it has been hard to see other little lads in the village and not see Zacharka. And in the Spring, when the sky is blue, and the fields are covered with grass, I miss little Zacharka. I miss him when from my home in the village a little lad goes forth with his father's herd. The mothers wait for them all day, and in the evening they meet them at the gate. All day, all day, but it is a strange little lad that brings our cattle home." She lay still, sobbing brokenly.

"It has been hard, Mother Maria. Yet, have I complained? But now I beg pity for Natalka." Her hands clenched and she head pressed to the earth. "Pity, Mother, pity for Natalka!"

The trees were in full leaf. The meadows were dotted with the first flowers. The wheat in the great field stood a foot high. It was Saturday at dusk. The cattle had long passed, and the dust they had stirred was laid. Swarms of tiny insects danced in the open spaces of the road. Far out frogs croaked at regular intervals. The air was warm and sweet with the breath of the flowers and new grass. The village seemed quietly at rest. Yet there was a silent stir—preparation for the morrow, the first wedding in Sabinka this Spring.

The fence enclosing Gavrelo's hut was strung with branches of green foliage. High over the gate a wreath of orange-colored flowers hung to mark the bride's dwelling. Inside the yard was swept clean and sprinkled with fresh sand. Long low benches stood along the walls. On the door-step of the outhouse Natalka sat with her bridesmaids trimming her veil. Natalka herself was making the little rosettes of red or green ribbon, and the maids stitched them on all over the long strip of white muslin. The maids were talking and giggling, their heads bent over their work. Natalka was quiet and solemn.

In the deep interior of the outhouse Katherina was giving the last touches to the *babka*. She lifted and replaced and folded and finally fitted the cover and slipped in the bar. It was done! Her hands fell at her sides. Katherina had grown thinner, paler, more pinched. Since she prayed before the icon she had spent the time from day to day, from hour to hour, waiting. But nothing—nothing had happened to save Natalka. Since that hour at dusk, she, Katherina, had risen at morning and night kneeling before the icon. She had been to the cemetery many times, where her dead rested, and hung their moldy wooden crosses with new little aprons of many colors. She had watched Gavrelo from day to day—hoping for a sign of relenting, of softening. But none had come. Sullen, stolid, he went about as usual, working early and late in the fields and at the barns, only coming in to eat his three meals of black bread and cabbage soup, and to spend the few hours between the extreme dark and early dawn. Standing there, she could hear him now at the barns, still working—still working—while others were long at rest.

"Ach, Gavrelo!" she cried to him silently, "what is it all for? What are you doing it for, Gavrelo?" She lifted her coarse apron and wiped away stinging tears.

The shadow before the door had just fallen on the threshold. By clock time it would have been perhaps ten in the morning. A wagon lined with green leaves and buttercups, harnessed to four pair, stood at the gate in the road. The horses were snorting and beating the ground impatiently, and a sturdy youth sat holding the reins mightily. Within, the yard flashed with color—red, short, wide skirts, blue and green aprons, red bandannas, white shirts, patent-leather boots, sparkling black of beaver beads, shining brass buttons.

The guests sat primly on the benches along the walls, chanting solemnly. Katherina and Gavrelo sat among the elders of the village. Gavrelo looked browner in a well-bleached shirt, and he was the only man who wore birch sandals instead of boots. Katherina sat beside him, her head swathed in a white linen scarf decorated with little red crosses. Her head was bowed, her hands were folded in her lap, her face as white as her scarf. Simyonka, in patent-leather boots and white shirt, looked solemn. Natalka was tearful. Natalka looked like some strange wild-flower, a poppy perhaps, with all the red and green and her loose brown hair. Her scarf flashed with every possible color. Her skirt was red; her breast was covered with many strings of beads.

Suddenly the chanting stopped. A hush fell. Solemnly, between her two maids, the bride rose to ask a blessing of her parents before starting for church. She walked with studied and becoming dignity, her head bowed, her hands clasped in front of her. She reached her parents. And here she forgot her rôle. Overcome by emotion, she fell upon her mother clumsily, humanly, and a low cry, half song, half wail of the braid song, pierced the air:

"Boshi Moi—"

"My braids — my beautiful brown braids—"

Blindly and convulsed, Katherina rose and made the sign of the cross over her. Gavrelo did the same. Katherina watched, still watched and hoped for a sign of relenting. But his face looked more stubborn than ever. And Katherina suddenly knew that she must not expect him to relent. When had Gavrelo ever relented that he could be expected it? Fool that she was! It had always been just the contrary even when it was to his own disadvantage. His word given became law. Fool that she was to have expected Gavrelo to change his word!

Meanwhile Natalka, leading before each guest for a blessing, reached the gate. There was a burst of song. All pressed forward. The horses pranced, a whip cracked and a cloud of dust rose before the gate, and the bride was gone. Katherina and Gavrelo followed in a vehicle. Dazed and crushed, she was carried along. What could now happen? The beginning of Natalka's shame a mere few hours off.

NOISE and confusion filled the yard. There was a babble of voices, thick voices, incoherent, affectionate, querulous, crying of children, snatches of song, the strains of a fiddle rising a moment over the clamor, a rhythmic thomp, thomp of dancing feet.

It was late in the afternoon. The bridal pair had long returned from church. The yard was now divided into two parts. One-half was occupied by the dancers, and in the other half two long tables stood spread with food—roast pork, dishes heaped with sour pickles glistening in juice, salt herring, thick slices of black bread, tall green bottles of vodka, white and stinging.

The guests sat about the tables, while the children clamored at their elders' elbows. The feast was at its height. Among the men several of the guests sat ready by under the table. Of the women most were intoxicated. Some sat swaggling their heads. Others were awakened now and then to shrill merriment. Still others drunk little and sat chanting solemnly, having up dutifully the burden of the rites.

In the dancers' corner several couples whirled in a quadrille. In one of these Natalka flashed in and out. Natalka's face was still solemn and dignified. But a twinkle of mischief and coquettishness was in her eyes. Her husband was dancing in the same quadrille. Whenever they had to dance opposite each other her eyes teased him; her little red hand extended and withdrew half-way, and Simyonka was tantalized and radiant.

Further a circle of young folk surrounded the great-grandfather of the village, dancing a jig.

His hands on his hips, his white beard flowing, his head high, a smile on his lips, his aged limbs performed with wonderful agility. He toed to the right, he toed to the left, here he crossed, there he kneeled. And the fiddlers fiddled with all their might, and the women clapped, and the men cheered and stamped.

"Tsala-lala-lala."

At one table Katherina sat among her guests. Leaning to this one and that one, she urged:

"Another piece of pork? Some more *knaist?*" She herself neither ate nor drank. Her face was ashen white. Her eyes were fastened on Gavrelo, who sat at the side of Simyonka's father. At the other table Gavrelo, urged by Simyonka's father, had drunk deeply. This was the second time in his life he had drunk. His face was purple, he talked incoherently, and he sat gazing about him helplessly, as if he could not make out what had happened to him. Simyonka's father was leaning on the table to keep his balance; but being accustomed to vodka he had not quite lost his wits.

"You—you half a fine stock of cattle," he told Gavrelo, dealing him a complimentary blow on the back. "You half fine cowsh!"

Gavrelo threw his head back to drain a glassful, and drew it back with difficulty, then sat swaying.

"Fine cowsh," mumbled Simyonka's father. Gavrelo turned his head and eyed his new relative with a vacant stare. Then came the dreaded question. Katherina, watching from her table, sat as still as if cut from stone.

"What—what ish Natalka's portion, Gavrelo?" Many bleared eyes were turned on Gavrelo. This was the first time Gavrelo had given anything in his life. Some of the villagers actually sobered for a moment, and stared.

"Natalka's portion?" Simyonka's father insisted with drunken stubbornness.

SUDDENLY Katherina's face turned from its sahen pallor to a live red. Oh, yes! Yes! She would! Why not? She would do it, yes, she would! Or why would it have come into her head? Could it be that the Sacred Mother had not forgotten her? She sat a moment staring stupidly, then rose quickly, elbowed her way to her husband and stood at his side.

"Natka's portion?" Simyonka's father clamored with piggish persistence. His voice rose to a squeal. Katherina bent over Gavrelo and whispered.

"Say Parshuchuck."

"Parshuchuck," Gavrelo repeated, and looked at her as the he were trying to recognize her.

"Natalka's portion a pig!" the father-in-law called out to the guests.

"And Chulka," Katherina again whispered to her husband. Gavrelo stared at her dcoubtfully, but repeated "Chulka."

"And the large field of wheat," Katherina urged hoarsely.

"Wheat!" repeated Gavrelo. His head fell forward and his mouth dripped water.

"Three pishes!" Simyonka's father bawled out.

"Three pieces!" It was repeated around the yard.

"Simyonka! You lucky hound!" a young man shrieked. All were now staring, eyes bleared, at the three. Natalka came over to her mother. Her face looked white and scared.

"*Matushka?*" she exclaimed, "what have you done?" And Katherina suddenly realized that Natalka had known all along that her father would give her nothing.

"It is all right," Katherina said. "Go dance. Go. But tell Simyonka to come and fetch his father-in-law to a cool place. And Natalka—you better tell Simyonka to take the pig and the heifer to-night. The wheat you will get in the Fall."

"But, *Matushka—*"

"It is all right, Natalka. You know your father is a man of his word. Go dance."

A few minutes later Gavrelo lay stretched on a bench in the cool, dim outhouse. Natalka and Simyonka were congratulated on their generous portion. New quadrilles were formed, a new jig was being danced. Katherina went back and sat among her guests. And as she clapped her hands for the dancers she wondered, "and what about the morrow? Will he think he did it of his own accord, or will he remember?" But what matter? On the morrow? Just now Anulia Addom was screaming into her grandmother's deaf ear.

"Natalka received three things, *Babushka;* you hear me, three things!" And Katherina clapped.

"Tsala-lala-lala-lala."

"Ach, they were wise after all, those men," she thought; "they were wise who said that it is better to have a relative rich in a miser than one who is poor and generous. The miser sooner or later, in one way or another, you may overcome. It is poverty that is like unto death."

Rose Cohen, author of "Natalka's Portion" and a recent book, "Out of the Shadows," came here a young Russian peasant girl. She is now writing English literature. This is her first big short story.

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IS THE GIRL OF TO-DAY AS BAD AS SHE'S PAINTED?

"INDEED SHE IS!" DECLARES KATHLEEN NORRIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

heads and its abbreviated skirts, its cocktails and cigarets, its racy stories and racier trips, is waiting—what can we possibly offer as a counter-attraction?

We are too late. But our time came, and went, ten years ago, when the débutante of to-day was a stupid little girl of nine; when she was troubled over her arithmetic, when she longed for mother's society, and cried because she was not included on the Sunday motor-trip. How easily she could have been influenced then—how easily she could have been built into the structure of the family life, always to take her standards and her ideals from mother and dad!

THEY manage these things better in England, and in Europe. There is a social background there for the growing girl. She is only a part of a great, well-rooted structure; her parents' friends, her grandmother's friends, form a rampart about her. Her life is a part of their lives; she can not tear it away and live it as a separate thing. The men she knows at twenty she knew at three years; dinners are delightful meetings of persons of all ages; evening parties have dancing only as a sort of side-issue. Between dances somebody asks the boy how his Aunt Louise is, somebody else interests the girl in a general conversation.

It is one of our national weaknesses that we have no social background; we feel it now, when mother after mother complains that she "can't" not antagonize her daughter by too radical a restriction. Dare—! There is nothing a good English mother would dare if she saw the necessity. Behind her are a thousand years of devoted and self-sacrificing mothers, a thousand years of good homes, where childhood is loved and welcomed, and where truth and honor are built into little characters while bread and milk are built into their little bodies. The girl who would risk the loss of such a home knows well that she risks everything else in life too—friends, self-respect, and future. And that is the power of such an environment.

We had such homes once, in America. And we can have them again, even tho the spacious old Virginia and Massachusetts mansions, under their elms, are gone forever, and the old ways of spinning and baking, leisurely ambling behind the family boys, and weekly gatherings in the family pew, are gone forever, with them.

But they must be made for our young people before they can be made by them. And even without being too violent in our innovations we can take tremendous steps toward them, in time perhaps to help even this generation.

We can try to make home the one place in the world where our girls really love to be.

We can weed out of our own lives all the extravagances and superfluities that are keeping us from being real women, fit to guide real girls.

We can at least prohibit liquor, with its accompanying law-breaking, from our own homes, so that the eighteen-year-old may never retort to an admonition, "Well, *you* do it!"

We can study the changing conditions of American life, the domestic service problem, the rent problem, the dress problem, and perhaps find, in our superior wisdom and experience, various simpler and more economical ways of handling them.

We can learn ourselves, perhaps, to think less of money, of big motor-cars and expensive trips, of social position and empty dis-

play, and to think more of what is real; of the quiet holiness and happiness of married life, and of the exquisite miracle of babyhood. Over these two things, even in the plainest setting, there lies a glory that makes the most spectacular of yachting trips—the most sensational of fancy-dress balls, seem what it is, a mere hysterical attempt, on the part of stupid people, to convince themselves that they are having a glorious time.

What we can not do is to continue to sit back and do nothing except wring our hands. We are all descendants of pioneers; from one European country or another our forefathers had the courage to set forth into the unknown, hoping for better things than they could find at home, for their children, and these children's children. Ours is as great and as rich a nation, if not the richest and the greatest, in all the world; it is the youngest nation, the most cosmopolitan in its composition. We must still be pioneers, and as we have led the world in great movements, we must lead it in this. We must devise some system of so educating, and so employing, and so inspiring our national girlhood as to turn it naturally and simply from what is wasteful and debasing and dangerous. If their schooling has been defective, then it must be changed; if they are too idle, then we must find them avenues for self-expression.

BUT immodesty, intemperance, impurity of speech and dress, and coarseness and familiarity where the sacred things of life are concerned, bring them no happiness now, and jeopardize their chance of ever finding real happiness in the future. And we might better put out their eyes, and let them face life with merely a physical handicap than allow this sort of thing to go—as it must by its very nature go—from bad to worse.

Only—don't blame the girls. It was a hundred years ago that Wordsworth wrote:

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
To think that now our life is only dressed
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

IS THE GIRL OF TO-DAY AS BAD AS SHE'S PAINTED?

"I SHOULD SAY NOT!" RETORTS CORRA HARRIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

is extravagant, that she is a "dead-beat," using her wits and charms to get what she wants from dinners to dances. She smokes, she drinks, and she "vamps." Her manners are bad, her conversation bold, and she is never ashamed of herself nor anything else.

The chief reason why I am inclined to believe she is guilty of cheating, swindling, and disorderly conduct generally is that men are mortally afraid of the young girl. They distrust her as formerly young girls were warned not to trust men. They spend extravagantly to win her favor and suffer anguish because they do not know how many other young men are doing the same thing. If she seems to care for one of them, he is on guard at once. He dares not believe that she loves him. He fears she is "stringing" him.

IN THE old days there was about one coquette to a town of five thousand, not assigned, but developed. A sort of genius, she was, for winning lovers. Now nearly every young girl in a town of this size on up to cities of any size is a "vamp," or practising to become one.

I am not sure that a "vamp" is. I have asked a number of young men, and they invariably become heated, indignant, and incoherent. The dictionary gives this definition, "Something added to give an old thing a new appearance." I suppose the coquette is the old thing to which the powers and charms of the "vamp" have been added. It is a fearful combination.

But I call your attention to the strength of this young girl's character. I do not say what kind of character it is; I merely contend that it is an invincibly strong one. She has overruled the authority of her parents, she has remodeled society without regard for what is good for society, and now she is striding backward through its civilization with her nose in the air as indifferent to her reputation as the average young man has always been to his reputation. She has accomplished this scandalous emancipation without propaganda or "leagues" or petitions to Legislatures for her rights. She is the smartest thing this nation has ever produced and the least fearful of the consequences. She is the object of universal criticism.

Literally no one approves of her. But does she blench, blush, or repent? She does not. She appears to have reached the conclusion that modesty and innocence are unprofitable assets, and that the price paid in restrictions for a good reputation comes too high. This is astounding when you consider how many ages women have been the timid slaves of public opinion. The slightest breath of scandal was fatal. They spent their whole lives preserving their neatly bleached reputations. This was necessary because without a proper reputation neither girl nor woman was acceptable socially, and no self-respecting man would marry her. Now all that is changed. Men are not so particular. And society is very liberal. It must be, to exist at all with such material for its foundations.

This is the explanation of the young girl of to-day. She cheats in love as a man might cheat at cards because she has discovered the modern man. She is his comrade and his mate. She is not modest because he despises a prude. She drinks because she is a "good fellow" and because she likes to do what she gets publicity that way.—Publicity or death is one of the mottoes of American life—It is not peculiar to the young girl. Too much attention is paid to her. She should be stricken from the printed page, especially the society page, for a year. This would go far toward sobering her.

THE American parents abdicated long ago. They no longer control their sons or daughters. They only bring them up, produce them, you may say.

Recently a committee of physicians called on a committee of mothers in a certain city. They gave information and urged that these mothers look more carefully after the health and character of their daughters. The mothers were very dignified. They washed their hands of these girls. They said it was the times and modern ways, and that they were helpless. Indeed they are. Every time a man young the same gait your wayward daughter goes you may be her rival but not her mentor nor her confidante.

No special session of a Legislature has been called yet to consider the problem of the young girl, because Legislatures make laws; they can not make characters. But two weeks ago the Grand Jury of a certain suburban county met. Among other presentments in the report they made there was a paragraph which begins with this sentence. "We urge that parents know where their daughters are at all times." They might as well urge that parents know where their sons are at all times. This is where the trouble really began. Parents have failed to keep in touch with their sons. These young men have formed strange tastes in manners, morals, love, and marriage. They will not simply conform to the doubtful types they demand and marry them. They have less difficulty getting married than the generation of girls we have ever produced.

ALWAYS in every age and in every condition of society, the quality and character of women are determined by men. When they have demanded chastity, modesty, and dignity of women, women have been chaste, modest, delicately clean in mind and spirit. They have been truly and ineffably good. Now they make no such demands. They are more masculine, less moral. They marry less for power than they do good girls. The latter are too tame. They do not appeal to the jaded romanticism of modern men. Besides, there is always the divorce courts. They both know that; keep it like a card up their sleeves in the very altar where they swear their marriage vows. And after the divorce they both return to the game. Recently this comment was made upon a man whose wife had just divorced him, and who was immediately the avowed lover of a young girl. "Well, he did very well by his wife. She had no difficulty in getting alimony. He provided handsomely for her." This was the feather in his cap, gave him a sort of strut as a lover that recommended for his second courtship and marriage. On the other hand, the young divorcée is invariably more popular than the young girl. She has more partners in the dance, and quicker lovers. So long as men place the premiums they do upon the faults and perversities of the young girl, she is not likely to improve her manners or morals. I do not know what will become of her, but every thoughtful person must know that she is the victim, not the criminal. She may be more or less abandoned, but she was abandoned first. And I stick to it, she is intelligent, she is game, and she has a stronger character than her mother or her lovers. As for her father, he dares not show his diminished head.

Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

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Halitosis may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it's a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

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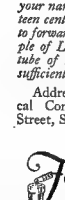

For Halitosis use Listerine

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Complexion Secrets

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but internal cleanliness can produce it? A clean system is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon cleanliness—internal cleanliness. Truly, the fastidious woman keeps clean inside. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

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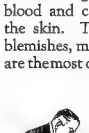

Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way and thus keep the system clean.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases have been the discovery that *Nujol* has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended.

It thus promotes internal cleanliness by preventing the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found *Nujol* to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion.

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MISTOL, *a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchuis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma. Made by the makers of Nujol.*

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SANCTITY BY STATUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"The Scriptures do hold forth a perfect rule for the direction and government of all men and all duties which they are to perform to God and men, as well in the government of families and commonwealth as in the church."

If they really believed it sinful to "read common prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jew's-harp," to cross the river, run, walk in one's garden, "travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, shave," or to kiss one's wife, husband, or child upon the Sabbath (as the Rev. Samuel Peters says was the case prior to 1650), or if they sincerely regarded as worthy of death any child over sixteen years of age who should curse his father or mother, or any son above that age who was "stubborn and rebellious" and would not "obey their voice and chastisement," and embodied their theories in their laws, perhaps those laws may for a time have been effective.

CERTAINLY no one in New England in those days feared capital punishment lest he should "have or worship any other god but the Lord God," for no one wanted any other god. Moreover, it is quite likely that then, even as now, these laws represented a creed rather than a code. It is more than possible that the early colonists kissed their wives on Sunday, and probably committed other and even more reprehensible offenses, without suffering severely for it. The mere fact that the law provided that a certain punishment might be inflicted for a certain offense does not by any means prove that such punishment was actually imposed; any more than it means that we New Yorkers beat our children and kitchenmaids because under our laws homicide is still excusable when "lawfully correcting a child or servant" (Sec. 1054 Penal Law).

Nowhere in the world during the last one hundred and fifty years has there been so much talk about liberty as in the United States, yet paradoxically enough nowhere in the world have so many laws been enacted by the majority to curtail the rights of the minority as in our own Legislatures. This, to be sure, is usually not because the majority wish to "put anything over" on the minority, but because it thinks it knows what is good for the minority a great deal better than the minority does itself. "Today," says one of the wisest members of our judiciary, "according to the notion of many, if not most, liberty is the right of part of the people to compel the other part to do what the first part thinks the latter ought to do for its own benefit."

As Buckle points out in his "Civilization": "The love of exercising power has been found to be so universal that no class of men who have possessed authority have been able to avoid abusing it. . . . All that is done [by the laws] is to afford the opportunity of progress; the progress itself must depend on other matters. . . ."

Not only is it the unanimous experience of mankind that legislation concerning matters affecting conscience and religion is not only ill-advised but unenforceable, but also that laws which seek unreasonably to regulate the details of personal conduct, especially those which have not the overwhelming support of public opinion, have generally been found impossible of enforcement. Honest laws which are ineffective because they set an impossible standard of human conduct, no less than hypocritical laws, which are not intended to be obeyed, equally bring the law into disrepute. The spectacle of a law openly defied is highly dangerous; the knowledge of a law universally violated poisons the whole moral atmosphere of a community. To-day it is an accepted doctrine that just as we have the right to worship any god we please in any way we please so long as it does not interfere with other people, so we have the same general right to lead our own private lives without interference on the part of others, whether these be officious individuals or official lawmakers whose interference takes the form of legislation.

WHETHER or not these much-ridiculed "blue laws," promulgated in a society where eternal damnation was an ever-present expectation, were genuine or apocryphal, honored in the breach or the observance, they belonged to a community founded upon the English theory that the church was part of the state—and that religion was a proper subject for governmental control and supervision. When the colonies separated from Great Britain their theory was one of those expressly rejected by the framers of the Constitution. That is the psychological reason why the so-called "Sabbatarian movement" has aroused in this country so much sincere opposition—the belief that its animating purpose is somehow religious rather than what its spokesmen claim for it—merely an improvement in social economics.

There is a clear opportunity for a well-grounded difference of opinion as to the advisability of many of the proposed new Sunday laws. Certainly everybody is entitled to his day of rest, and statutes introduced with the object of securing it for those who otherwise would not have one, start with the presumption in their favor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

Winter winds robbed of their sting!

NO matter how sharp the winter winds, how biting the frosty air, "Vaseline" Camphor Ice will keep your skin and lips from chapping.

It is indispensable for children and for grown-ups too when their play or work takes them out into the cold.

Apply it after any exposure to wind or air and keep your skin soft and smooth.

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CAMPHOR ICE

In metal boxes and tubes of all druggists. Get the Genuine.

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Your Baby

Should be a healthy happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable hygienic clothing.

NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS

Are the softest, smoothest and least irritating flannels made and are sold at most. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard on selvage except silk.

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For Better Biscuit Bake at 400° by a
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25 minutes by the clock
If not at 400° on the second $2.50 and 25c postage direct. 200 time and temperature tested recipes free.
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There's a Size or Style Temperature Instrument for Every Purpose

CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT BRING HAPPINESS

Rock-a-Bye Specialties make ideal Christmas presents. They are simply irresistible to babies and mothers instantly. See the display at your dealer of Rock-a-Bye swings, walkers, auto-seats and jumpers and give one to your baby friend this Christmas.

Perfection Manufacturing Co., 3761 W. Ludington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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SANCTITY BY STATUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

The actor has so far kept his Sabbath, if not holy, at any rate personal. But that is because he has insisted upon it himself. Whether the same reason exists in the case of the ball-player, drug clerk, motion-picture operator, bath-house attendant, etc., as the Lord's Day Alliance insists, is another question, particularly if those involved do not want it.

The Rev. Harry L. Bowlby is quoted as saying that the Alliance is not in favor of "blue laws," that it is not against recreation, not trying "to take the sun out of Sunday," and that its only object is to make Sunday a real day of rest. To do this, he concedes, the organization holds that all motors should be placed at the service of those who wish to go to church and could not otherwise do so, favors the abolition of the Sunday newspaper and all forms of Sunday amusement which in any way involves human labor no matter how many people are thereby deprived of recreation or how much human labor is involved. Its program is admittedly extreme, but it would not excite nearly so much antagonism were it not for the fact that while the Alliance protests that its object is social, the public declarations of its agents tend to show that the driving force behind it is, to a large extent, the promulgation of a religious doctrine. The Alliance alleges that the "commercial interests" have conspired to do away with the old Sunday laws, that the country has been "robbed of its holy day," and that (altho Christ said that the "Sabbath was made for man") "one day in seven belongs to God."

"It is true," Dr. Bowlby says, "that conditions have changed to such a degree as to make our old-time Sunday seem to some impossible. It has slipped out of our lives, and it can not be brought back by a Federal amendment. But these new conditions did not annul the law of God. . . . America is paying the penalty to-day for the loss of the American Sabbath, regardless of how or why we came to lose it."

THE Sunday movement has attained a considerable following by reason of the sound economic reasons in favor of its more moderate proposals, but the moment it urges a purely religious argument it necessarily weakens its position.

The old Puritan Sabbath, in which Rover could be reproved for barking "because it was Sunday," was not legislated out of existence by the "commercial interests," but died a natural death because, wisely or unwisely, rightly or wrongly, the American people as a whole wanted freedom to worship or not to worship as the case might be. It is to-day almost as incredible to imagine the recrudescence of the old New England Sabbath, that offspring of religious persecution and Puritan law, as a statute which should require everybody to attend some particular church. Each proposed Sunday law must stand on its own feet and not upon religious dogma, however much the latter may individually appeal to us.

For historically the idea that our Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath are one and the same thing, or that there attaches a peculiar sanctity to the day itself through some abstract idea of right or from Scriptural and early ecclesiastical teaching, is without foundation. So far from being an integral part of the Christian faith, the idea of ultra-strict Sunday observance is barely three hundred years old.

In early times all the days of the week were esteemed alike, and Sunday was merely a "holy day" or "holiday" for rest and recreation. Calvin himself played bowls on Sunday at Geneva. The actual basis of the austere Sabbath lies in the fact that as religious services were celebrated on Sunday, noise, games, markets, fairs, or competing entertainments tended to interrupt the ceremonies and deplete the attendance. Thus gradually laws were passed to prevent the uproar of crowds assembled for amusement and the outcry of hawkers during church time, but not because there was anything intrinsically improper or offensive in the acts themselves as being done on Sunday.

IN OLD times Parliament sat on Sunday, and it passed acts on that day in the years 1278 and 1305. As late as 1676 contracts and bargains made on Sunday were of the same binding force as if made on any other day. In 1448 an act was passed prohibiting the larger fairs and markets on Sundays and the "solemn feasts of the year," but it was not because buying and selling on Sunday was regarded as *wrong*. It was because Sunday was a feast-day set apart for religious ceremonies, which the doing of other things might interfere with. To-day one of the chief arguments used against Sunday baseball and Sunday movies is that they tend to keep people away from church, but a similar argument, it would seem, might lead to a statute requiring people to remain indoors when not at divine worship.

Sabbatarianism, as we use the term, was unknown prior to 1595, when it was conceived by the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Bound of Norton, Suffolk, England, and promulgated in a book entitled "Sabbatium Veteris et Novi Testamenti; or, The True Doctrine of the Sabbath." Until this publication the idea of giving Sunday the name and character of the Jewish Sabbath had not occurred to anybody. His theory was that altho Sunday was not divinely appointed as the Sabbath, the obligation to observe a Sabbath was divinely ordained, and as the Christian world had selected Sunday as a holy day it must be observed like the Jewish Sabbath.

The movement spread until by 1618 Sunday had become such a day of gloom that James I. issued his famous "Book of Sports" to cheer up his depressed subjects. It declared that dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May games, and morris-dances were lawful, and honest mirth not to be prohibited after evening service. Charles I. in 1633 renewed the edict of 1618 and endeavored to stay the Sabbatarian movement, but in vain, and from that time on the English became stricter and stricter in Sunday observance. The colonies naturally took their cue from the old country.

In 1676 came the most famous of all Sunday statutes, the "Lord's Day Act" of 29 Carolus II., 7, forbidding all work and business on Sunday, "works of necessity and charity excepted." This became the basis of all Sunday legislation in the United States. It was the original "blue law," and stood practically unrevised until it had long ceased to have any effect in this country.

YET, in an era of the widest religious latitude and general broad-mindedness, it is still a crime in New York State to "play" on Sunday, whatever that may mean.

These archaic statutes are constantly raising all kinds of "heck" with the most solemn of judges. Sunday laws—most of them deader than Sardanapalus—exist in every State, and we have contradictory judicial opinions in some jurisdictions to the effect that one who is technically in violation of a Sunday law can recover no recovery for the negligent act of another, and in others that where two persons are jointly engaged in violating the Sunday law and one is injured by the other the defendant can not set up the contributory negligence of the plaintiff as a defense.

It will probably take another half century to get rid of the contradictions, paradoxes, and absurdities still surviving in the law for which Charles II.'s "Lord's Day Act" is responsible.

Since the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment there has been a marked revival of interest in what is known as "sumptuary" legislation, that is, the passage of laws designed to regulate luxury, particularly what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. This has been centered chiefly on the antitobacco crusade and the movement to attempt to regulate the style of women's apparel. Prior to the success of prohibition there had been some recession in antitobacco legislation, many of the States which had passed anticigaret laws having, after a year or two of vacillation, repealed them. While anti-snuff statutes may perhaps be sneezed at, laws prohibiting the sale of cigarets to minors are general and have public opinion behind them. That such laws are highly desirable no one can question.

THE attack upon the fashions of to-day in women's dress is not confined neither to legislatures nor to the United States.

In London the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, a Jesuit Father who for twenty years has exercised great influence by his preaching, has eloquently denounced present styles, declaring that "in all probability the ladies dressed for dinner, now they undress for it."

In Brazil the Catholic clergy have inaugurated a campaign for dress reform. At least one bishop has issued a pastoral letter advising priests to deny communion to women unsuitably attired, while Mgr. Maximiano Leite, the vicar-general, has stated that without any doubt there is "an evident excess of nudity in present-day feminine garments profoundly dangerous to morals."

In Zion, Illinois, a sign outside the Zion tabernacle warns women against wearing dresses without collars, skirts more than three inches above the ankles, openwork stockings, X-ray sleeves or transparent blouses, while two censors armed with a dozen woolen shawls are said to be employed to detect offenders, cover their immodesty, and turn them over to the police.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the theory that the present so-called immodesty in dress is not particularly significant for the obvious reason that it is at worst merely a fashion, followed in its extreme phases only by the lighter-minded, and not indicative of any deep-rooted tendency, conviction, or belief on the part of the wearers. When the ladies who are at present sporting Norfolk jackets and "ground-grippers" take to the styles exhibited in "Delysia" in "Aloma" the matter will call for more serious consideration and perhaps for legislative attention.

Even in Shanghai, China, the City Magistrate and Chief of Police has issued an edict as follows:

"Women's wearing-apparel is too short, permitting the exposure of arms and ankles. Some of the clothing is in imitation of foreign styles, making the wearer neither foreign nor Chinese. The wearers are devoid of shame and frequent public streets without embarrassment. In the future all such cases will be arrested and fined."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

for your Complexion's sake this winter

let me suggest that you try Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Of course there are lots of good creams but for some reason Hinds Cream seems to keep the skin so naturally soft all the time that it won't roughen or chap in the least. Then it is so cleansing and refining, so invigorating and freshening, that you feel sure of yourself on the street or indoors at evening affairs. *Everybody* in our house uses Hinds Cream. You can buy it everywhere. Ask Mr. Hinds to send you a little sample for 2c. or a *trial* bottle for 10c.

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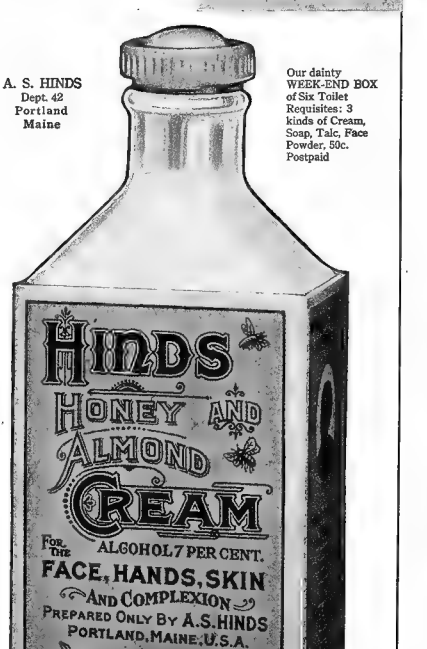

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It will pay you to send for a free Rumford cook book and get its hints and recipes for making all kinds of hot breads, cake, etc. It may not make epicures of your family, but it will at least show them what good, digestible, delectable food is, so that eating will be worth while.

Rumford Baking Powder is really a wonderful aid in producing delicious wholesome food of the nourishing kind.

Many helpful suggestions are contained in our new book, "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cookery"—sent free.

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SANCTITY BY STATUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

Since the Declaration of Independence there has been little attempt to regulate private apparel by law in this country, but recently there have been a number of statutes proposed—in Massachusetts, Illinois, Utah, Nebraska, Kentucky, and other States—limiting the height of heels to from 1 to 1½ inch under penalty of fine and imprisonment—which may possibly be an echo of the ancient trouble over "shoe-points." Whether that be so or not the proposers are wise enough to base their claims, not upon the ground of morals, but of health, alleging that high heels cause backache and flat chests, and deform the feet, knees, and back. It is a favorable sign that they do not allege high heels to be lures to sin invented by a personal devil and patented in hell. Even at that we can not expect to legislate our citizens into perfect orthopedic health and, anyhow, Prof. d'Arsonval of Paris says that high heels are a good thing and prevent lung-trouble.

It is a curious phenomenon that a nation which should have graduated so successfully from the age of buncombe, which has ripped the façade off the whited sepulcher of business and politics, should continue to delude itself into thinking that sanctity is a matter of statute.

There never was a period in our history when public assemblies passed so many resolutions as the present. If anything goes wrong—no matter what—instantly half a dozen solemn bodies resolve that it shall be righted. They may even appoint a committee "of distinguished names"—well described—to see to it. But that is usually the end of the matter. The enthusiasm of the moment is just sufficient to produce the resolution, which is still-born. Spasms of virtue—actual or fictitious—seize even the most abandoned legislators, who periodically seek by statute to enforce the Golden Rule, the Decalog, and to bring about the millennium, without result save to add to the gaiety of the nation and to publish our hypocrisies to a carping world.

Paternalism has been fairly weighed in the balance and found wanting. For those who believe that the state ought to undertake the general task of social regeneration the Greek experiment—which had all the advantage of a partnership with an accepted national religion yet nevertheless failed—is worth looking into.

We can not make ourselves good or bad, sick or well, religious or irreligious, high- or low-minded, by legislation. Our laws should reflect our spiritual progress, not seek to advertise an assumed virtue. Neither can we satisfy our individual instinct for freedom of action, upon which our progress depends, by dictating to our fellow citizens how they shall dress, when they shall go to bed, how they shall amuse themselves, and concerning the other details of their private lives. It is still true that "he who is governed least is governed best."

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"Then you don't think it's so, about the school-teacher fixin' Sol's shoulder?"

"Yes, I know it's so," replied the doctor.

"Then what makes you say it ain't a wonder?"

"Because it's a thing anybody could do," replied the doctor.

"Charm a smashed shoulder well?"

"No," replied the doctor, "rotate a dislocated joint into place. When Sol Shreve caught his ax in the grape-vine he twisted the ball on the big bone of his arm out of the socket of the shoulder, and when the school-teacher took hold of his arm and rotated it around in the right way it went back into place."

The miller crossed her hands over her apron. She took hold of the palm of her left with the fingers of her right. She gave her head a little jerk. Her eyebrows contracted.

"I don't know about that," she said.

She remained for a moment looking down at the mill porch, then she looked up.

"Doctor," she said, "did you ever hear of anybody that was dead bein' brought back to life?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have heard of it ever since I could remember."

"Then it has happened?"

"No," said the doctor. "It never has happened. When you're dead, you're dead."

THE doctor took a watch out of his pocket. It was a heavy old silver watch, tied to his waistcoat buttonhole with a buckskin string. He opened it, examined it for a moment, then snapped the lid, and thrust it back into his pocket. When he looked around the miller was standing in the road-side beside the horse.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm goin' to tell you somethin' that I never told anybody."

"What about?" said the doctor.

"About what I've just said," replied the woman.

The doctor reflected for an instant, then he remembered. He shifted his position in the saddle. His voice showed annoyance. "What—that old bull story have you got ahold of now?" he said.

"It's no cock-an'-bull story," replied the miller. "It's the God's truth."

The doctor made a deprecating gesture with his arm.

"Now, look here, Sal," he said, "I haven't time to listen to all the tales you've heard."

"It ain't anything I've heard," replied the miller.

"What is it then?"

"It's something I saw."

"Did you see it yourself?"

"Yes, I did."

"Now, Sal," said the doctor, "don't begin to tell me something you thought you saw."

"I'm not agoin' to tell you somethin' that I thought I saw. I'm agoin' to tell you somethin' that I did see."

"All right," said the doctor, "go on and tell it. What did you see?"

The woman drew a little closer.

"Well," she said, "on Saturday the school-teacher come down here to help me, an' he brought Mary Jane's little boy with him. He's a wild little fellow, that boy. The school-teacher left him with me while he went down under the mill to fix one of the wheel-paddles. He is handy with tools." She digressed. "I'd given him some fine shirts and I had a big piece of linen that I was goin' to make in, but he said, 'Keep it until I shall need it.' You see, he wanted to fix up the mill for me. Well, Martha was gone, an' there was nobody here but me to 'tend things. An' I got to movin' around and forgot the little boy. When I went to look for him—I hope I may die!—if he wasn't playin' drowned at the bottom of the mill-race. Lord—A'mighty! I was crazy. I jumped in an' got him out, an' begun to holler for the school-teacher to come. But he was dead. I knowed he was dead. His little lips was blue, an' his poor little hands was cold."

The tears came into the woman's eyes at the memory.

"Lordy, Lordy!" she said, "I knowed he was all that Mary Jane had in the world. I knowed her soul was wrapped up in him. I knowed it would kill her."

The woman stopped and wiped her eyes with her apron.

"WELL, the school-teacher come a-runnin' and took him out of my arms, an' carried him into the house. An' I just stood there in the road like I was dazed. But after a while I sort o' come to myself, an' I tiptoed up on the porch, an' I looked in at the door. An' the little boy was layin' on the bed, an' the school-teacher was abendin' over him. Then I thought of Mary Jane again. An' Lord—A'mighty! I thought I'd die. I went down off the porch. An' I reckon I was crazy, because I started out, an' I run just as hard as I could right up the road. I reckon I run for half a mile. Then I thought I heard the school-teacher callin' me. An' I come back with my apron over my head acryin'. An' when I got right here in the road, I did hear him, an' he said, 'Don't be distressed, for the child's all right.' An' I took my apron off my head, an' I looked in at the door, an' there set the school-teacher by the stove with the little boy wrapped in a blanket—an' he was *alive!*"

The woman stopped, lifted her shoulders, and took in a deep breath, like one who had concluded a violent exertion. She wiped her face with her apron.

"Well, he told me to make haste an' dry out the little boy's clothes—he had nice, little, white clothes—Mary Jane's awful particular about him—an' I did, an' I ironed them so they'd be just like they was before he fell in. Then we put the clothes on him. An' the school-teacher took him home. An' he was just as well as he was before he was drowned. An' the school-teacher don't tell anybody. I suppose he didn't want Mary Jane to find it out. It would only distress her for nothing."

The woman folded her arms across her bosom, and looked up at the doctor.

"Now, that's what I did see," she said.

The doctor sat back in his saddle. He dropped his arm by his side. He addressed the woman, speaking with a perceptible care in the selection of each word.

"So you thought he raised the dead, did you?"

"Didn't I see him do it?" replied the woman.

"Well," said the doctor, "if you're that big a fool, there's no use to talk to you."

He turned around in the saddle, gathered up the reins, and kicked the horse with his heel. He passed out of sight in the direction of Jerry Black's house. The miller remained standing in the road.

JERRY BLACK'S house was beyond Hickory Mountain, in the direction of the far-off lumber-mills. It was afternoon before the doctor returned. He rode hard in anger. He had gone on to Black's house, determined to make the old man pay for his visit. But the mountaineer, now that his eyes was healed, refused. The doctor stormed and threatened, but the mountaineer was obdurate. The school-teacher had cured him. He owed nothing. He would pay nothing.

The doctor was compelled to return empty-handed, and he rode hard. A deep resentment against the man who thus interfered with his practise moved within him. When he came to Hickory Mountain, instead of following the road around by the mill, he took the one leading across through the lands of Nicholas Parks. It was mid-afternoon when he stopped in the road before the school-teacher's house. He called. A woman came to the door; her heavy hair the color of wheat-straw. The doctor made an exclamation of profound astonishment.

"Valler Mag!" he said. "Now, what's that Nancy doin' here?"

She was a notorious woman, driven out of the distant lumber-mills.

When the woman saw that the person in the road was the doctor, she went back into the house and presently came out with a brown earthen crock. She walked down the path from the door bearing the crock in her hand. When she came out into the road she held the crock up to the doctor.

"The school-teacher told me to give you this money, when you come," she said.

There was a handful of silver coins in the crock.

AGAIN the doctor was astonished.

"When I come!" he echoed. "How did he know that I was coming?"

"I don't know how he knew it," replied the woman.

"What did he tell you to give it to me for?"

"He didn't tell me."

The doctor looked at the pieces of silver. "I suppose this is money that the people have paid him. How much did old Black pay him?"

"He never paid him anything," replied the woman. "Nobody ever paid him anything."

"Who give him this money then?"

"Nobody. He give it to him," said the woman. "It was in that crock on the shelf when old Nicholas Parks died. It ain't been touched."

The doctor looked at the dust covering the handful of silver.

"If nobody gave him, an' he hasn't used any of this, where does he get money to buy things with?"

"He don't buy anything."

"What does he live on then?"

"Well," said the woman, "when Nicholas died, there was flour in the barrel. It ain't run out. It looks like it would never run out. Now, will you take the money, so I can get some feed for the horse?"

Again the doctor was astonished.

"How do you know that the horse hasn't been fed?"

"I don't know it," replied the woman.

"Then what do you want to feed him for?"

"I want to feed him," replied the woman, "because the school-teacher told me to."

"Told you to feed my horse?"

"Yes, he told me to give you this money and to feed your horse. Are you goin' to take the money?"

"No," said the doctor. "I'm not goin' to take it. I want to see the school-teacher himself. Where is he?"

"He's down at Mary Jane's house."

"Is she the one that's got the woods-colt?"

"She's the one that's got the little boy," replied the woman.

"Huh!" said the doctor. "What's he doin' there?"

"He's huskin' her corn."

"So he spends his time helpin' the women who have no men-folks about, too, does he?"

The woman looked up at the doctor, her face undisturbed by the taunt.

"Yes," she said. "He spends his time helpin' those who have nobody else to help them."

The doctor did not reply. He gathered his bridle up in his hand. The woman moved around in front of the doctor.

"Ain't you goin' to let me feed the horse?"

"The horse can stand it just as well as I can," said the doctor.

"But you can help it," replied the woman, "an' the horse can't help it."

"It won't hurt him to wait till I eat."

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THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Would it hurt you to wait till he eats?"

"It wouldn't do me much good, if anybody was to see me waitin' here," said the doctor.

A flush of color sprang into the woman's face.

"I only wanted to feed him," she said, "because the school-teacher told me to."

"Get out of my way," said the doctor. "This school-teacher has interfered with my business just about as much as I'm going to put up with."

He clucked to his horse, and rode around the woman. When he had gone forward a few paces, he made a gesture with his arm.

"Is there a path over the mountain this way?" he called without turning in his saddle.

"Yes," replied the woman, "it runs down past the house."

She remained standing by the gate with the crock in her hand.

The doctor entered the forest.

The colors lying far down the mountain in the sun were like those of an Oriental carpet. Soft shades of green, of yellow, of crimson, blended into a harmony of low, unobtrusive tones that the sun warmed and illumined. Near at hand, along the path, where the doctor rode, the sunrise stood a dull red, the chestnut bushes yellow, the wild-cherry leaves turning on their edges, the oaks crimson like a flame, the waterbeeches green, the hickory leaves curling on their twigs like shavings of gold.

The serene beauty left the doctor in the sun, incomparably painted, but he did not see it. He rode looking down at the pommel of his saddle. Now and then, when the horse stumbled, he brought it up with a wrench of the bit. The horse was tired. It went forward with its head down. Dust lay around its eye-pits. There were gray bands of dried sweat running parallel with the leather of the head-stall and beyond the borders of the saddle-blanket.

At the turn of the path a dog appeared, his yellow hair rising on his back. As the doctor came on, the dog slowly retreated growling, holding his place in the road until the horse was almost upon him, then springing back, his teeth flashing, his eyes on the doctor. The dog did not bark; he made no considerable sound; he refused to attack the horse, but he continued always to menace the approach of the doctor. They passed the spring and came out before the house and the little corn-field. Then the dog began to bark, and a tiny voice arose.

"Ge—out, Nim!" it said.

THIS patch of clearing, lying within the many-colored garden of the forest, seemed illumined with a warmer sunlight. The effect doubtless arose from the carpet of coarse brown fox-grass grown up over the corn-field, into which the sun seemed to enter and remain. Two or three small maple-trees, abundantly leaved, stood about, flaming scarlet.

Under one of these trees the school-teacher was at work, a corn-shock, unbound, lying on the ground before him. He was on his knees, bareheaded, without a coat, ripping the husk from the ear with a wooden "peg" bound to his middle finger, snapping it at the socket and tossing it out on a heap before him. The ears coming from the school-teacher's hands were long, full-grained, and of a deep yellow. The two children, Martha and David, were gathering the corn into a split-basket and carrying it to a crib made of rails and roofed with clapboards. Near the school-teacher, sitting on his coat spread out on the ground, was the tiny boy who had called to the dog.

He was shelling a red ear of corn into the school-teacher's hat.

A brush fence enclosed the corn-field. The doctor pulled up in the path beside the fence. The school-teacher rose. He stood bareheaded in the sun under the canopy of flaming leaves. He looked past the doctor to the horse, standing with his legs out, its head down.

"I understand you're practisin' medicine," said the doctor.

"Your horse is tired," replied the school-teacher.

"There's a law against practisin' medicine without a license," said the doctor.

"Your horse is hungry," continued the school-teacher.

The doctor, riding on, replied with an oath.

"You're going to get into trouble," he said.

EARLY on Monday morning an old man driving a gray mare in a two-wheeled cart came slowly up the road to the schoolhouse. A lank colt followed the mare. The cart was very old; no vestige of paint remained on it, one of the shafts was wrapped with wire; the bottom of the cart, made of small slats, was loose. The man was heavy and the cart creaked. He drove slowly, his big body filling the seat, on which for comfort he had placed a folded bed-quilt.

He stopped in the road below the schoolhouse and got slowly out of the creaking cart. One of his legs was swollen with scrofula, and stiff to the knee. He moved it with difficulty. He left the mare standing in the road, the colt beside her, and came through the grove to the schoolhouse door. The stiff leg gave his heavy body an awkward swing. He supported himself with a stout stick.

When he came finally to the schoolhouse, he sat down on the step before the door. He had evidently moved faster than he was accustomed to do, and he remained for a moment breathing heavily, his big bulk covering the step. Then he got a memorandum-book and a pencil out of his pocket. The memorandum-book was one of those cheap advertisements of a patent medicine which are given away at the country store. It contained a few pages blank on one side and printed with virtues of the medicine on the other. The pencil was a little more pretentious than the ordinary one. It consisted of a tin case containing a long, thin core of purple lead, the end of which could be made to protrude for writing by pressing the thumb on the opposite end of the case.

The old man turned the leaves of the memorandum-book, wetting his forefinger in his mouth, until he found a blank page. Then he laid the book on his knee, pressed the case of the pencil, touched the tip of the lead to his tongue, and laboriously wrote.

"This schoolhouse is closed, by order of P. Hamrick, Trustee."

He tore the leaf out, rose, and pinned it to the door.

It was some distance through the grove of ancient trees to the road, and he started to return. In spite of his limp and his stiff leg he endeavored to hurry. He thrust his stout stick out before him on the path, and swung forward, his weight forcing the point of the stick into the earth. In order that he might not fall, and to find each time a safe place for the stick, he moved with his eyes on the ground. Presently the end of the stick slipped on a pebble, and he lurched forward. He saved himself from falling by

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grasping the crook of the stick with both hands, tottered a moment, then he regained his balance and looked up.

The school-teacher stood before him. The old man remained holding to the stick, breathing with difficulty. The school-teacher was some distance away, motionless in the path. He had evidently seen the man coming from the schoolhouse door, and had stopped there in the path to observe him.

The school-teacher spoke.

"Have you been to the schoolhouse?" he said.

"Yes," replied the man, "I've—I've been out to the schoolhouse."

"To see me?" said the school-teacher.

"Well, no," replied the man, "not exactly to see you."

"To see the school?"

"Well, no, not exactly to see the school," then he added, "I'm the trustee. I've been looking over the schoolhouse. I think I'll be goin' on."

"Why do you hurry?" said the school-teacher.

"I must be gettin' home," said the old man.

He reached forward with his stick, but again the point of it slipped and he nearly fell.

The school-teacher looked past the man toward the schoolhouse.

"What is that on the door?" he said.

The old man turned around. The leaf from the memorandum-book, fastened with the pin, fluttered on the door, as tho it were a living thing struggling to free itself.

"That's a piece of paper," said the old man.

"Who put it there?"

"I did."

"What for?"

"It's a kind of a notice."

"A notice to me?"

"A notice about the schoolhouse."

"Is there anything wrong with the schoolhouse?"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't think it's just exactly safe."

"Not safe for the children?"

"Well, no, it mightn't be safe for the children."

"What is wrong with the schoolhouse?" said the school-teacher.

THE old man began to talk. "Well," he said, "it's got a good roof. Old Dis put that roof on. Every one of the clapboards is pianed with a drawin'-knife. An' the weather-boardin' is good. It was seasoned weather-boardin'. But the floor might be bad."

"I have mended the floor," replied the school-teacher.

"It ain't so much the floor," continued the old man. "It's the sills. The sills might be rotten."

"I have examined the sills," replied the school-teacher. "The sills are sound."

"Well," said the old man, "Fallin' weather's comin' on. I think the school had better stop anyway."

He turned a little and put his stick out on the path into the leaves, as tho he would go down the hill a shorter way to the road.

The school-teacher read his intent in the moving of the cane.

"You would better stay in the path," he said; "if you get out of the path you will fall."

The old man turned back into the path before the school-teacher.

There was come now a certain dogged expression into his face.

"If you want to know," he said, "there's been some complaint about you."

"Who has complained of me?" said the school-teacher.

"Good men have complained."

"What good men?"

"Why, men as good as the minister. Why, men as good as the doctor."

Then he looked out sharp at the school-teacher.

"Ain't that hussy, Valler Mag, up there with you at Nicholas Parks's house?"

The school-teacher regarded the old man steadfastly before him.

"Do you think this woman ought to be sent away?"

"Yes, I do," replied the old man.

"Then some one ought to tell her to go."

"Yes, they ought."

"It's a difficult thing to do," said the school-teacher.

"To find some one to tell her?"

"Yes," said the school-teacher, "that is it, to find some one to tell her."

"If that's all," said the old man, "I'm goin' home by Nicholas Parks's house; that's my shortest way. I'll stop an' tell her myself."

"But have you thought how difficult it will be to tell her?" inquired the school-teacher.

"What's the trouble about tellin' her?"

"Well," replied the school-teacher, his eyes resting on the old man's swollen, scrofulitic leg, "the trouble is that the one who goes to tell her ought to be better than she is. He ought, himself, to have lived a clean life—perhaps you have; perhaps you can tell her."

The old man thought that the school-teacher saw something lying on the ground, for he stooped over and his finger moved in the dust of the path. And while he remained thus, the old man hurried along to the road. The mare stood facing in the direction of the way over the mountain by Nicholas Parks's house. The old man took her by the bridle and turned her around in the road. Then he climbed slowly into the creaking cart. He looked back when he got his big butt on the folded bed-quilt. The school-teacher was standing upright where he had passed him in the path. The old man put his hand on the corner of the seat and turned heavily about.

"There's another thing," he said: "I'd like to know why you're always carryin' that bastard brat around with you."

Then he drove away, but not on the road that crossed the mountain by Nicholas Parks's house.

ALL day long the little boy was with the A school-teacher. The child and the dog watched for the man to come out of the forest in the morning. When the dog barked, the little boy would say,

"Nim see teacher."

The woman, standing before the door, watched for the three of them to come out of the forest in the evening. She listened for the laughter, the voices, the barking of the dog. The sense of perfect understanding among the three of them was to her a perpetual wonder. The child had only a few words, the dog had none. How could the man know so well what they meant? It was a wonder that she turned about, and at last, out of the depths of her own feelings, she got an answer that she held to.

"If you love a thing enough it's agoin' to understand you."

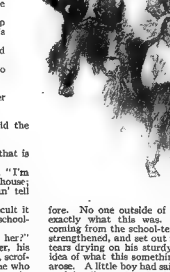
The relation of the school-teacher to this tiniest child was also that to every other one. The sense of it spread throughout the school. This school became a family. What the cheerless home withheld, it gave. No child could have told one what that was. The teacher understood him, would have been the answer. The school-teacher required no bull-up explanations, he required no justification of one's act by the unfamiliar standards of another, he required no trick, no artifice, no pretending, to get on with.

To the question, "What is he like?" a little boy had answered, "Why, just like me."

For some time there had been a secret in the school. The school-teacher had talked with every child apart. The talk had been confidential. The school-teacher had spoken with each one, even the tiniest, as with an equal. He had spoken with him from day to day as the occasion arose. It was the way of this secret to make the child talk whom he talked for a time unhappy. But as the school-teacher continued each day to strengthen him, to show him how much he depended on him, and to blow on the embers of his courage, he came at length to carry the secret with equanimity.

On Thursday evening the secret became the common property of all. The school-teacher was going away! There would be no more school.

On this afternoon the school-teacher had again talked with each child apart, told him that the time of which he had spoken was now come, and called upon him for the evidence of his courage. But in spite of all, when the hour arrived, the school broke down. It left the little benches and gathered around the school-teacher. For a moment the school-teacher hesitated, before the group of wet faces, then, one by one, he took each child up in his arms, carried him to the window, and told him something. Something which he had not told him before. No one outside of the school knew exactly what this was. But each child coming from the school-teacher's arms was strengthened, and set out for his home, the tears drying on his sturdy little face. An idea of what this something was afterward arose. A little boy had said, "Everybody's agoin' to live at the school-teacher's house." But he was in the extremity of illness when he said it, and they thought he spoke in delirium.



It was mid-afternoon when the school-teacher left the schoolhouse He was accompanied by the two children, Martha and David. The dog Jim went before him, and he carried the tiny boy on his shoulder. They went along the road to the river, crossed on the stones, and ascended the mountain. The little boy fell asleep, his arms around the school-teacher's neck. The two children walked beside the man. For the most part they were silent. Finally they came to the little clearing. The children stopped in the road, and the man went up onto the cabin porch, the little sleeping boy in his arms. The woman at work in the kitchen, hearing the footsteps, came out to the door. When she saw who it was she was surprised.

"School's out early to-day," she said.

"Yes," replied the school-teacher.

"What's the matter?"

"It's the last day of the school."

"Won't there be any more school?"

"No."

The woman's lips trembled. "Then, then—" she said, and she began to cry.

"Mary," said the school-teacher, "have you forgotten what I told you?"

The woman sobbed, "But it's come so soon."

Then she looked at the little boy sleeping in the school-teacher's arms, and the tears streamed down her face.

"Now, what'll I do?" she said. "Now, what'll I do? He'll set there by the door, him an' Jim, an' he'll look for you every morning an' whenever Jim barks he'll say, 'Nim see teacher,' but he won't never see you."

"Yes," replied the school-teacher, "he will see me again."

"Then you won't be so awful far away."

"I shall never be very far away from him."

Then he put the sleeping child into the woman's arms.

"Don't wake him," he said, "and don't cry. Remember, Mary, that if he should go with me, then he could not stay with you."

HE WENT down the road, and with the two children beside him, passed on along the path. They went by the spring, with its keg sunk in the bank, and up to the mountain to Nicholas Parks's house. There, in the road, they found the woman with the yellow hair, feeding the chickens, a measure of corn in her apron.

"You're back early," she said.

"It's the last day of the school," replied the school-teacher.

The woman's whole body was convulsed. The corn spilled out of her apron. Then she fled along the road, and up the path to the house. At the door she stopped, turned about, and then huddled down by the steps, her apron over her head.

The school-teacher bade the children await him, then he went up the path. He passed by the woman and entered the house. Within the house, he went over to the table by the wall, on which lay a little, worn, broken toy, that had once been a wooden horse, a top whittled out of a spool, a brass ring with its cotton ribbon, a bamboo cane, and little bunches of wild flowers. These he took up, one by one, and put into the bosom of his coat. Then he came out and closed the door. As he passed, the woman put out her hand and touched him. And he stopped. For a moment he stood looking down at the woman sobbing at his feet, the apron over her head. Then he spoke.

"Mary," he said, "is this how you will keep your promise to me?"

Then he went down the path, and, accompanied by the two children, followed the road along the ridge to the little path descending the mountain toward the mill. As the school-teacher walked he endeavored to strengthen and encourage the two children. He bade them remember what he had said, and not to cry. They managed not to cry when he left them at the point where the path met the road below.

But when he was gone out of their sight and hearing, in the direction of the schoolhouse, they held to each other and wept.

They stood for a long time there in tears, holding to one another. Then they heard sounds approaching and hid themselves. Two men rode past in the direction of the schoolhouse. One of them carried a rifle across the saddle before him. A great fear fell on the two children and they followed at a distance. They saw the two men dismount before the schoolhouse, knock on the door and enter. After a while they came out with the school-teacher.

They got on their horses and, with the school-teacher riding between them, set out along the road in the direction of the town

THE several influences moving against the school-teacher, having formed a confluence, at last determined to act. On Wednesday night, in the church at the county-seat, two persons attended the minister's mid-weekly meeting who were not members of the congregation. These two persons, the sheriff and the doctor, sat on the last bench nearest the door. When the service was concluded and the congregation withdrew, these two persons remained with the minister. The three of them moved up to the table before the altar, where there

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THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

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was a small oil-lamp. They remained for a long time in conference around this table.

It seemed that their minister's efforts to get rid of the school-teacher by prevailing on the trustee to close the schoolhouse had not succeeded. The school went on in spite of the notice. And now some more effective measures must be found. The sheriff, when the minister informed him of the occupancy of Nicholas Parks's estate by this stranger, had caused a proceeding to be instituted in the circuit court, and had obtained an order restraining any one from entering on the lands of Nicholas Parks until the right of the State thereto could be determined. This order had been posted on the door of Nicholas Parks's house. But this order, like the one on the door of the schoolhouse, the stranger had not regarded. It was evident that a firmer step must be taken.

Two plans were available. As the school-teacher had continued to remain on Nicholas Parks's lands after the restraining order had been posted on the door, the sheriff could apply to the circuit judge for a *rule* and cause him to be brought before the court and imprisoned for contempt. The second plan was for the doctor to go before a justice of the peace and take out a warrant against the school-teacher, charging him with practising medicine without a license.

These two plans were now under discussion in the empty, dimly lighted church. The little hand oil-lamps had been put out except one on a wooden bracket by the door and the one smoking on the table before the altar. The silence, the empty church, or something in the atmosphere of the place, caused the men to draw together and to discuss the matter in undertones.

The minister sat with his back to the altar. On the bench beside him was his hat containing the money which he had collected from the congregation at the close of the service. On either side were the doctor and the sheriff, the latter's big hump now prominent as he leaned over the table. The minister led the discussion, and they remained for some time thus in conference, the minister's defective eye lasting, the doctor's arm on the table, and the sheriff's back throwing its humped shadow against the wall.

Finally it was determined that the sheriff should go before the court on Thursday and obtain the *rule* upon which the school-teacher could be arrested and brought down out of the mountain. At the same time the doctor should take out his warrant before the justice of the peace, so it might be available in case the circuit judge should not commit the school-teacher upon the proceeding for contempt.

THE plan having been settled upon, it became necessary to consider how the arrest should be made. The sheriff could send his deputy, who served legal papers in the county, but the deputy had never seen the school-teacher and did not know him. And besides this, if the school-teacher resisted, and those about him should come to his support, there might be considerable trouble to take him. One man conducting a prisoner through the mountains in the night might easily be compelled to release him. Moreover, the deputy, knowing the danger of making an arrest in the mountain districts, could not be got to go up alone.

A discussion of who should be found to assist the deputy then arose. No one could be thought of except Jonas Black, a worthless hanger-on about the village. This man was the son of Jerry Black, whose eye the school-teacher had cured. He had been the sheriff's driver on the occasion of that official's interview with the school-teacher. He was familiar with the mountains, and it was thought less likely to be resisted, since he was one of the mountain people. He knew the school-teacher. It was said that for a time he had hung about him, hoping to be employed to go from house to house and collect the school-teacher's salary, until he discovered to his astonishment that this stranger was charging nothing for his service.

The sheriff rose and went out into the village to seek this man while the others awaited his return. The sheriff was not gone very long. He presently entered the church with another. This man had a curious deep-red birthmark covering the entire side of his face. He came up the church aisle behind the sheriff, stepping softly and glancing furtively about him. He slipped into a seat before the table facing the altar, and remained there, shifting his hat in his fingers.

The sheriff took his place at the table.

"I found Jonas," he said.

The minister looked across the table at the man.

"Will you go?" he inquired.

"Yes, I'll go," replied the man, "if I git paid enough for it."

"How much do you want?" said the minister.

"Well," replied the man, "it ought to be worth about five dollars."

The three men at the table protested. The sum was excessive. The sheriff would provide a horse. The journey would not take longer than one night. Besides there was no way by which the fees of a deputy for such service could be made to aggregate that sum. The man persisted, and while the sheriff considered how the sum allowed under the law could be augmented, the minister bargained. The man finally reduced his demand to three dollars. And the sheriff, seeing now a plan by which an additional charge could be officially added, said,

"There are a couple of bad characters in the jail, held to the grand jury for breaking into a store. They may try to give me some trouble. Now, if you would watch the jail for a few nights, I might manage to get that fee for you."

"Well," replied the man, "I'd sorter keep an eye on the jail for a night or two. I wouldn't mind doin' that. But I won't wait for my money. I won't take it in costs."

"How soon will you want it?" inquired the sheriff.

"Right now," said the man.

"I couldn't give it to you to-night," replied the sheriff.

The man got up.

"Then I won't go," he said.

An idea occurred to the minister. He turned around, picked up his hat, containing the recent collection, and placed it on the table. He whispered a moment to the others, then he spoke to the man.

"I'll pay you the money," he said.

He began to count it out on the table. The money from the collection was in small silver coins, and he selected the largest of them. He leaned over the table, his fingers in the hat, his defective eye close to the lamp.

And the man standing before the altar, the half of his face in the shadow, the half discolored by the crimson birthmark dimly in the light, received the money. Two dollars and sixty cents in ten-cent pieces, three five-cent pieces, and one twenty-five-cent piece.

THEY took the school-teacher into the court-house early in the morning.

The county-seat of this mountain county was nothing more than a village, lying in the foot-hills. The court-house stood in a grove of oak-trees, in the middle of the village. It was a two-story structure. On the ground floor was the jail in the custody of the sheriff. The second floor was the court-house. This second story was entered exclusively from without. Broad stone steps led up to a portico, on which stood round plaster-covered pillars supporting the projecting roof. On either side, entering between these pillars, were the offices of the county and circuit clerks. Beyond was the court-room filled with benches. A portion of this room at the farther end was separated from the benches by a railing. Within it were chairs and two tables for attorneys, a desk for the clerk, and a raised platform, ascended by steps on either side, for the judge.

It was the custom of the judges traveling on these mountain circuits to open court as early as eight o'clock in the morning, and before that, if they were come into the court-room, to hear informally motions and the like.

When they brought the school-teacher into the court-house, the sheriff, the doctor, the minister, the old trustee, who had ridden down out of the mountains in his cart, were already there.

The deputy and Jonas led the school-teacher inside the railing. Then they sat down. The school-teacher remained standing.

The hearing before the circuit judge followed the informal custom of these mountain circuits. The school-teacher made no defense. He stood before the bench. The early sunlight of the morning entering through the high windows fell on his face, on his soft brown hair, on his deep gray-blue eyes, on his clothing covered with the dust of the road.

The judge heard the oral evidence in open court. He inquired into the service of the restraining order, and the prisoner's subsequent disregard of it. But he was not convinced. The prisoner's conduct seemed inconsistent with an intent to resist the State's title to these lands. Moreover, the silence, the calm demeanor, the strange personality of the prisoner, profoundly impressed him. He felt that some ulterior motive lay behind the cover of this accusation. He turned to the sheriff and inquired if there was a man in the court-room who knew anything about the prisoner.

The sheriff indicated the others near him.

"Yes, Your Honor," he replied, "the minister, the school-trustee of that district, and the doctor here, all know about him. He seems to have made himself generally troublesome to the community. I believe the justice of the peace has issued a warrant against him for practising medicine without a license."

WHEN the circuit judge heard of this action of the justice, he ordered the school-teacher to be taken before that official. He said that if the justice of the peace had issued a warrant antedating the *rule*, he would yield to him the custody of the prisoner.

They took the school-teacher out of the court-house and across the village street to the office of the justice of the peace. The justice was greatly pleased when the deputy and Jonas came in with the prisoner. A good many stories had drifted down from the mountains to him concerning the miraculous cures which this man had effected, and he was anxious to see him. He removed his spectacles, put them carefully

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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A Varied Array of Frocks and Sweaters Both Knitted and Crocheted

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 248, 20 cents (1/). The two-piece garment was made of fuchsia Shetland floss. Neckline, lower edge of blouse, and skirt were crocheted and made a pretty finish to this little costume. The dress was originally made in a six-year-old size, but directions are given for eight and ten years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 236, 20 cents (1/-). This knitted dress for a four-year-old child is made of white and orchid Shetland floss. It is striped in the color, and the round neck and kimono sleeves are finished in color. The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 237, 20 cents (1/-). This dress is trimmed with loops of the wool, giving the effect of fringe.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 249, 20 cents (1/-). This dress may be made in six-, eight-, or ten-year size. Two shades of Shetland floss are used, the lighter shade forming trimming-bands and belt.

Nos. 236 and 237—Novelties in Knitted Dresses for Little Maids

No. 248—Girls' Two-piece Knitted Dress

No. 249—Knitted Dress for Girls

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 238, 20 cents (1/-). This dress is very good-looking made of silk in two shades, the lighter shade outlining the collar, vest, sleeves and skirt, and being used for the belt and the filet design around the bottom of the skirt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 239, 20 cents (1/-). Rose and gold silk were used in the original model, the gold outlining the round neck, the kimono sleeves, and square scalloped hem line, and being used in the design on the skirt and the belt.

No. 238
Girls' Filet Crochet Dress

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 245, 20 cents (1/). This simple slip-on sweater of Iceland wool has the becoming round neck-line. The narrow belt loops in front.

No. 239
Filet Crochet Dress for Little Girls

No. 250—Knitted Coat Sweater for Golfing

No. 234
Something New in Knitted Middy Suits

No. 245—A Tie belt Gives Smartness to This Knitted Slip-on Sweater

No. 235
A Cunning Knitted Dress of Shetland Floss

No. 251—Knitted Slip-on Sweater in Indian Style

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 234, 20 cents (1/-). This girls' knitted middy suit is made of white Shetland floss, trimmed with narrow bands of blue wool on the collar, cuffs, and hem-line of blouse and skirt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 250, 20 cents (1/-). This practical coat sweater, in sizes 38 and 40, is made of Shetland wool. Finely knitted bands finish the fronts and trim the patch pockets.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 235, 20 cents (1/-). Shetland floss in rose and white is used for this child's dress. The white makes the triangular motif border around the neck, sleeves, and hem-line.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 251, 20 cents (1/-). Red, blue, brown, and buff Iceland wool combine to make an unusual and attractive model. It has the popular high rounded neck, worn with round collars.

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It is based on modern research, endorsed by modern authorities. Leading dentists now advise it almost the world over.

Without it, teeth are almost always coated more or less by film, and that coat is dingy. With it, millions of teeth are given beauty which is priceless to a woman.

Film clouds the teeth

Film when fresh is a viscous coat. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Later it becomes dingy, sometimes greatly stained. Film is the basis of tartar.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Thin coats of film may cloud the whitest surface. Then that dim coat seems to be the natural tooth color.

Film is the great tooth enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Very few escape them. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

A difficult problem

Film has been a difficult problem. The tooth brush used in old ways does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Now it is evident that these new methods mean a new dental era.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. And these two methods are embodied in it. The name of the tooth paste is Pepsodent. It enables everyone to daily combat film-coats wherever they appear.

Other new effects

Modern science has also learned how to combat starch deposits. They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, and often ferment and form acids.

It has learned how to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

These new discoveries are embodied in Pepsodent. Thus every use brings these desired effects. It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits before they cause attacks.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Pepsodent gives these natural agents multiplied effect. It does this twice a day. Starch and acids are thus constantly combated.

Now in world-wide use

Authorities the world over now advocate these methods. Dentists everywhere advise them. As a result, careful people of some 40 races are now using Pepsodent.

To millions it is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. You see the results in glistening teeth wherever you look today. To countless children it brings new protection which will have life-long effects.

That is the product we urge you to try. Make this ten-day test. Then decide your future course by what you see and feel.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

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THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

into a tin case, set his feet on the rounds of a chair, and, after he had thus made himself comfortable, he requested the school-teacher to explain to him in detail exactly how he had accomplished the marvels of which he had heard.

The school-teacher did not reply. He remained standing as he had stood before the circuit judge. His head lifted. The features of his face unmoving. His deep gray-blue eyes filled with a tranquil, melancholy light.

When the justice of the peace saw that his curiosity was not likely to be gratified, he at once sent the prisoner back to the circuit judge. He took this act of the judge to be a delicate courtesy, a tender regard for the jurisdictional rights of an inferior tribunal, and he was not to be disturbed. In several instances the circuit judge had recently curtailed his jurisdiction, and he had been smarting under it. This act was a friendly overture, and he hastened to evidence his appreciation of it.

He returned the prisoner, saying that as his warrant had not been served, his jurisdiction had not attached, and the prisoner was excused yet in the custody of the circuit court. Moreover, that he would hold his warrant in abeyance until the circuit court had disposed of the cases.

When the school-teacher came again before the circuit judge, that official no longer hesitated to indicate his opinion. He said that the prisoner did not seem disposed to contest the State's title to these lands, that he appeared to have taken up his residence in Nicholas Parks's house anterior to the date of the order, and upon some verbal direction of the deceased; that while there was here perhaps a technical contempt, he was not certain that it was intended, and consequently that he was disposed to dismiss the prisoner.

The minister, the sheriff, the doctor, the old school-trustee, under this informal procedure, came forward to the bar directly. They said that the school-teacher was a person dangerous to the community; that he had set himself against the authority of the State in disregarding the order of the court; that he had set himself against the authority of the county by disregarding the notice placed on the schoolhouse door; that he had openly violated the law in practising medicine without a license; that he harbored immoral persons, and encouraged the children in acts of irreverence.

The judge endeavored to compromise with this opposition. He said that he would reprimand the prisoner, suspend sentence, and release him on his own recognizance.

The general protest now took on a definite form. The minister spoke for the others. He was little accustomed to the diplomacy of the advocate, and he thinly disguised the threat that was the tenor of his speech. He said that one in the position of a circuit judge ought to sustain the better elements of the community in their efforts to get rid of an undesirable person; that the will of the people was not lightly to be disregarded; that the object of making offices elective was that one who refused to consider what the people desired might be replaced by another; and the like.

The judge came up presently for reelection. It was notice to him that the powerful elements which these protesting persons represented would hold him to account. The strength of his political party lay in these mountain counties. He required the support of these elements. And he especially feared a sectarian sentiment against him. He knew the danger of such a sentiment, and how little, once on its way, explanations would avail. This covert threat angered the judge, but he feared to resist it. He dipped his pen into the ink-pot before him, and wrote an order committing the prisoner to the county jail. Then he handed it down to the sheriff.

The persons standing about the sheriff drew near to him and read the order. The minister and the school-trustee objected to something in the body of the writing, and the sheriff went with them to the judge.

They pointed out that the order directed the commitment of the "school-teacher of Hickory Mountain District," that this term was incorrect, that the prisoner had not been employed by the trustees, that he was not the school-teacher of Hickory Mountain District, and that the order ought not to describe him.

But the judge, smarting under the lash that had been laid on him, was in no mood to receive a further lesson. He refused to change what he had written.

The several persons who had forced the judge to commit the school-teacher to the county jail, having gone down from the court-house, remained about the day in conference. It was evident that the circuit judge had acted against his own inclination, and he could not be depended upon to hold the prisoner in custody. Some other method for ridding the community of this undesirable person must be found. Finally, after long reflection, they hit upon a plan.

Night descended.

In the village saloon, beyond the grove of oak-trees behind the court-house, the man who had received the money from the minister sat playing at cards. A rifle stood in the corner behind him. From time to time he arose, took up the rifle, and went to the door, keeping down, by collusion, an agreement which the sheriff had forgotten.

The night advanced.

At twelve o'clock the sheriff went down into the jail. He carefully unfastened the door opening into the grove of oak-trees. Then he came along the corridor to the one iron cage that the jail contained. The door to this cage he likewise carefully unlocked. On a bed-tick filled with straw two men were apparently asleep beside this door. On a bench against the wall behind them sat the school-teacher. His hat with its little crimson feather lay beside him. He sat unmoving, looking at something in his hand. When he observed the sheriff he put the thing which he held in his hand back into the bosom of his coat. It was the broken toy horse which the little boy had given him. The sheriff beckoned with his finger.

The school-teacher lifted his head and looked at the man, but he did not move from his place against the wall.

The sheriff stepped delicately past the men, whom he believed to be asleep, and approached the school-teacher.

"The door's open," he said, "you can get out of the county before it's daylight."

The school-teacher did not reply, and the sheriff went noiselessly out. Presently the two men got up from their pretended sleep and slipped out of the cage. The school-teacher rose and spoke to them. But they crept down the corridor. He followed. He came upon them as they opened the door leading out of the jail into the grove, stepped between them in the door, and thrust them back. The act saved the men's lives, but it cost the school-teacher his own.

There was the flash of a rifle from the saloon beyond the oak-trees, and the school-teacher fell forward, his arms outstretched.

In the evening some women and children from the mountains came to the circuit judge and asked him for the body of the school-teacher. He gave it to them, and at night they took it away.

An ox led by a little boy bore the body, and women walking beside it supported it with their hands.

They traveled back into the mountains. And at daybreak they laid the body in a grave which they had made between the two great hickories on the ridge beyond Nicholas Parks's house. They lined the grave with bright-colored leaves, and wrapped the body in that piece of linen which the school-teacher had stole the miller keep for him until he should need it. The hands of women and children filled the grave with earth, then they went away down the mountain, toward the mill, leaving a woman crouched beside the grave, her apron covering her yellow hair, her body rocking.

It was morning.

They went down the mountain, the boy and the ox, the little girl, the two remaining women—one of them carrying a tiny sleeping boy wrapped in a shawl, a dog beside her.

On the bench of the mountain below, where a tree, uprooted by the wind, lay with its broken trunk pointed toward the ridge, they stopped and looked back. As they looked the sun arose, a disk of gold between the two great hickories. With a wild barking the dog leaped onto the fallen trunk, ran out to the projecting end of it, and stood there looking toward the sun.

The tiny boy moved in his mother's arms. "Nim see teacher," he said.

THE END

THE NEW RÔLE OF OLD KING COAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

coal, for the proportions of gas and artificial anthracite made can be varied, and it necessary all the fuel could be changed into gas and no solid fuel produced at all.

And it is far cheaper to transport gas than to transport coal. A pipe-line costs less than a railroad—to pipe gas is cheaper than to run trains. But to turn bituminous coal into gas in city gas-plants is no solution of that part of the fuel problem which depends on transportation, for the coal from which to make the gas can only be got from the mines to the cities in railroad-cars.

But why should the coal be carried to the cities? Why should there be any double load of transportation and storage and expense? Why not make the gas and artificial anthracite near the mouth of the mine and avoid all that hauling of coal back and forth? This would eliminate absolutely that part of the fuel shortage that is due to congested transportation.

When we use gas and artificial anthracite our fuel-supply will not have to come from Pennsylvania. As far west as Nebraska, as far south as Texas, as far north as the middle of Iowa, and on to the edge of the anthracite beds, the bituminous fields run. Colorado and Utah have a smaller field of their own. In addition, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Washington, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas have great fields of lignite, a low-grade coal from which gas can be made. So that except in the Southwest there are very few regions more than two hundred miles from a possible gas-supply. We are certainly beginning to come at the cure of coal shortages when we piece out the small supply of anthracite with the large supply of bituminous and lignite, make one ton do the work of two, and reduce the burden on the railroads by getting our fuel through a pipe.

And more things than solid fuel and gas are produced when coal is resolved into its elements. Besides these, we get from a ton of bituminous coal 22 pounds of ammonium sulfate, a valuable fertilizer; 2½ gallons of benzol, a good substitute for gasoline as a motor-fuel; and 6 gallons of tar, useful as road-dressing. These are the first results of taking bituminous coal apart. But each one of these may be divided again and yet again into the things it is made of.

I have before me a chart published by the Government showing the products derived from bituminous coal—there are 178 of them. A fair sample of the products from anthracite coal would be largely a blank. Nature wasted them when she turned the bituminous coal into anthracite, just as we waste them when we burn it raw. These 178 products range through explosives, dyes, perfumes, food-preservatives, fertilizers, paints, lubricants, materials for crucibles and insulation, waterproofing, road-dressing, and photography. By extracting them we actually improve the quality of the fuel we use.

It is then not a raw coal that we commit the ruinous sin of waste which the scientists object to—a waste which every year amounts to over ten dollars apiece for each inhabitant of the United States. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Pogue of the Smithsonian Institution say:

> It is not beyond the bounds of reason to foresee a condition whereby a householder, in place of his ton of anthracite, which he now welcomes for eleven dollars, will receive a ton of smokeless coal without stint, a month's supply of cooking-gas, forty miles of motor-fuel, enough fertilizer to start a small garden, and tar sufficient to allay the dust in front of his house—all for far less money than he pays for inferior coal. This may seem a fanciful picture, but coal has precisely this possibility within itself.

But to use gas produced at the mines for light and heat is not the whole solution of the coal shortage problem. For as gas can be cheaper and far more convenient than coal, so electricity can be cheaper and far more convenient than gas.

At present electricity is usually made by burning raw coal under steam-boilers to raise steam to turn electric dynamos—a roundabout and costly process, altho once the best we knew, and which requires twice the amount of coal to produce the same amount of power that would be needed if the coal were first turned into gas and then burned in the internal-combustion engine. For the internal-combustion engine, which most of us know best in the form that runs the automobile, is almost the greatest help we can have against fuel shortages. We think of it as burning unlimited quants of costly gasoline, but in a stationary engine gas is a more satisfactory fuel than gasoline. Electricity generated by the internal-combustion engine near the mine mouth can be sent for at least 300 miles without taking up room in freight-cars or requiring pipe-lines.

And electricity is, so far, the very last word in domestic convenience; it requires the minimum of human effort in proportion to the result.

It is by these two things—by breaking up bituminous coal into all these valuable things and selling them, and by manufacturing electricity near the mines—that the greatest reduction in the cost of our heat and light can be made. One engineer insists that by putting all the by-products on the market at their present price he can deliver in New York electricity produced at the mine mouth in Pennsylvania at no cost to the consumer whatever; another says that if the electricity is sold at its present price, the gas can be delivered free except for the cost of piping; a third is in favor of making fertilizer the free product, so that the farmers will be encouraged to raise larger crops

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Sealdsweet Grapefruit

Sealdsweet Grapefruit and Orange Omelet

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Sealdsweet Orange Sweet Salad

Tune the meal
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The day goes better when it is begun with a *Sealdsweet* grapefruit for breakfast. Appetite is aided and digestion is assisted by the liberal use of these Florida health fruits at luncheon and with dinner. They afford the ideal base for salads, and may be served in a wide variety of other tempting ways.

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The high value of grapefruit in calories, or fuel units of food, has been amply demonstrated by medical and scientific research. Now science has found them to be equally or more valuable in vitamines, the food elements essential to the perpetuation of life; vitamines make other food constituents available to the system.

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These Florida fruits are rich in food and health values. They are extremely juicy—and it is the juice of the orange that contains the calories and vitamines. Differing widely as to outward appearance (the color ranging from bright and golden to dull russet), all *Sealdsweet* oranges are filled to bursting with the most delicious, full-flavored and sweet juice.

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for breakfast:
Sunsweet Prune Coffee Cake

Two eggs well beaten; 1 cup sugar; ½ cup milk; 2 cups sifted flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; ⅓ cup melted shortening; 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat eggs, add sugar, sift flour and baking powder; add to mixture gradually with milk, beat until smooth, then add melted shortening and extract. Pour into two greased layer cake pans, cover entire top with uncooked pitted Sunsweet Prunes; sprinkle with chopped walnuts and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve this coffee cake hot or cold.

for lunch: **Sunsweet Prune and Cottage Cheese Salad**

Remove stones from cooked, cold Sunsweet Prunes, allowing 4 prunes and 2 tablespoonfuls of cottage cheese for each service. Season cheese with paprika; fill center of prunes with cheese, serve on crisp lettuce leaves and place a spoonful of thick mayonnaise dressing on top of cheese filling.

for dinner: **Sunsweet Prune Charlotte**

Cooked Sunsweet Prunes, pitted and rubbed through a coarse sieve, having one cup of prune pulp. Add ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 unbeaten white of egg; ⅓ cup of sugar. Beat with a whip egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fill individual dishes two-thirds full and pile sweetened whipped cream on top. Garnish with a cherry.

EVERY time you make one of these tasteful dishes from Sunsweet Prunes you have *health* in the making. For no other fruit-food is at once so good to the palate and so helpful to the body.

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If you want to see how varied and flavor-full prune dishes *can* be, send for the new Sunsweet Recipe Packet. Edited and tested by our own Domestic Science Director, these recipes are full of flavor-and-economy surprises. And it's free! California Prune & Apricot Growers Inc., 189 Market St., San Jose, Cal. 10,800 growers.

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California's Nature-Flavored
Prunes

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Suits and Blouses Take Rank with the Popular Dress and Coat

9557—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch wool jersey. This is the type of blouse for utility wear with separate skirts. The only note of trimming consists of rows of outline stitching in heavy floss or chenille.

9497—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The blouse is slashed and closed at center-back and the round collar, turn-back cuffs, and pockets are blanket-stitched.

9445—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe. The blouse closes at the back and the girdle which forms part of the blouse is beaded in design 12614. This consists of very attractive motifs worked in beads, or if preferred they may be embroidered in chenille, wool, or silk floss.

9796—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—½ yard 40-inch white Canton crêpe for collar, vestee, and trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse is slashed and closed at center-back and the sleeves are sewed to the armholes of the underbody. Tiny square motifs in design 12623 are embroidered in brown silk on the blouse outlining the U-shaped opening. The embroidery may be in raised satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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The Victorian Basque and Bracelet Sleeves Are New and Smart

9779—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9789—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—4 yards ribbon for trimming. The tendency toward loose blouse effects is effectively shown in this model which is gathered at the neck and shows the new wide sleeves. The side panels of the skirt are box-plaited and descend below the skirt in deep points giving the fashionable uneven hem-line. The sleeves and panels are beaded in design 12547 and tiny glass beads or bugles may be selected to work out the design. The motifs are in floral style.

9813—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1¾ yard 40-inch printed Georgette for sleeves—1 yard 36-inch lining. This is a good-looking dress with long-waisted blouse and skirt with side panels below its hem.

Dress 9780
Beading 12574

Dress 9783

9780—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe. An attractive decorative note is the beading in design 12574 that trims the top of the skirt and sleeves, and outlines the oval neck. The design consists of straight lines of beading alternating with motifs. The skirt is slashed to show the contrasting underskirt.

9788—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch coin dot silk for sleeves and trimming—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette for vestee.

9802—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch duvetyn—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting Georgette crêpe for inserted sections in the sleeves. As the season progresses the vogue for these straight-line slip-on dresses increases. The only decorative notes are the inserted sections of Georgette in the slashed sleeves and the embroidery border on the skirt. sleeves, and neck in design 12559 carried out in beads or with silk floss.

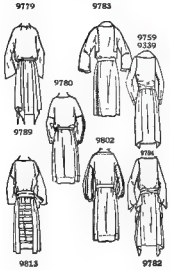
Blouse 9779
Skirt 9789
Beading 12547

Basque 9759
Skirt 9339

Dress 9613

Dress 9802
Embroidery 12559

Blouse 9784
Skirt 9782



9759—Ladies' Basque. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 9339—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch taffeta—4 yards picot edge ribbon for trimming—¾ yard 18-inch vesting—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The fashion of the snugly-fitted basque and the full skirt with tunic dropping below the hem-line forms a most attractive afternoon frock. A long collar rolls back from the lace-trimmed vestee of white Georgette, and an added decorative touch consists of shirred picoted ribbon that gives the effect of puffing on collar and tunic. The bottom of the basque is faced.

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Evening Gowns Feature Long Venetian Waist and Uneven Hem-Line

9809—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch metal brocade. The mode favors these simple straight-line frocks for evening wear fashioned of metal brocade so beautiful in themselves that they call for no trimming whatever. The only decorative note on this frock is the handsome beaded girdle. The dress is sleeveless but it is extended over the shoulders to cover the top of the arms.

9555—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9797—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch brocade. The combination of this charming blouse and skirt forms a stunning evening and dinner gown. The blouse closes in front under a tablier which is crushed in at the waist-line and there is a similar panel at the back, tho the back one blouses over the girdle. The skirt is slightly draped with side panel dropping below the hem giving the modish uneven line.

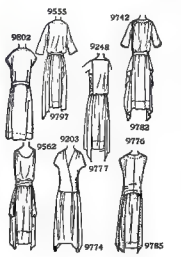
9248—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9777—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅞ yard 18-inch silver lace for bodice—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for panels —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The new features of this striking evening gown are the long-waisted sleeveless bodice with large armholes, and the side panels which descend below the hem of the skirt.

9776—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9785—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe. Beading in design 12655 forms a wall of Troy border on the bottom of the long-waisted sleeveless blouse and straight lines of beading outline the slightly low neck and the armholes of the blouse. They also outline the sides and lower edges of the skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

9562—Ladies' One-piece Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor for dress and girdle—3½ yards 9-inch silver lace for looped panels at the sides—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This charming evening gown has panels of silver lace that descend in points below the skirt.

9203—Ladies' Long-waisted Evening Bodice. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9774—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—7⅛ yard 36-inch lining. The trimming consists of straight lines of beading terminating in diamond-shaped motifs in design 12468, to be worked in crystal, or opalescent beads.



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The New Winter Frocks Borrow Inspiration from Many Periods

9787—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch plain Georgette—¾ yard 36-inch satin for binding and girdle—1 yard picot trimming. Flowing sleeves and the Florentine neck-line are smart new features of this good-looking afternoon frock, the blouse of which is slashed at left side-front and is held together at the neck-line with link buttons. The skirt, too, may be slashed at the left side-front in which case a separate underskirt should be worn.

9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—1⅜ yard pendent trimming. The uneven hemline so much in vogue is achieved in this frock by panels that drop below the skirt and are trimmed with ball fringe.

9800—Ladies' Suspender Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey for dress—2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. There is quite a vogue for these simple jumper frocks of wool Jersey or serge worn with a separate blouse of white voile, wash silk, or crêpe de Chine. The blouse is closed in front under a box-plait and has a Peter Pan collar.

9719—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9788—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Heavy silk embroidery in circular and oval motifs trims the dress in design 12607. It forms a deep border extending from the tunic up on to the blouse. Instead of silk floss, wool, chenille or beads may be used. Embroidery also trims the sleeves.

9784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9788—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves. Embroidery in design 12574 is applied to the wide bracelet sleeves. It takes the form of floral motifs and straight lines, to be worked out in running stitch and French knots or in small beads and bugles. The blouse itself closes at center-front and the overblouse closes on the left shoulder. In this attractive gown a wide panel is applied across the back of the one-piece gathered skirt and the side edges of the panel fall in jabot-like drapery descending in points below the skirt to give the fashionable uneven hem-line. The drapery may be faced with contrasting material or picoted.

9792—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch piquetine—1½ yard 36-inch white silk crêpe for collar and cuffs. Like many of the new street frocks, this is simple and straight of line and slips on over the head. It is slashed at the center-front from the neck to the bust-line and the waist-line is held in loosely with a tie belt. From the shoulder to the slashed pockets straight rows of stitching may be applied to the dress worked in chenille, or heavy silk floss. The dress is gathered at the neck, front and back, and is finished with one of the new bateau collars. Elastic may be inserted through a casing at the waist-line.

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Long Lines Make These Styles Becoming to the Mature Figure

9590—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for the blouse—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The back extends over the shoulders in yoke effect. The border in design 12623 that trims the collar so effectively may be worked in small beads, or in silk floss in satin stitch.

9815—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered into narrow bands. The embroidery in design 12319 is a narrow border, which may be carried out in narrow soutache braid, or embroidered in silk floss.

9744—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine—17 yards braid—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. The long lines of this style adapt it especially to the stout figure. The front of the waist, rolled with the collar, is attractive.

9808—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch satin—11 yards braid to trim. The yoke effect and gathered fronts are attractive. The neck-line is most unusual. The trimming panels at the sides extend below the lower edge of the dress. The long sleeves are gathered into narrow cuffs. The straight lines of this style are suited to the more mature figure and becoming fulness is allowed in the design.

9513—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The long tuxedo collar, turn-back cuffs, and crushed girdle are trimmed with embroidery, worked in small beads, in design 12574.

9708—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch plain indestructible voile—⅞ yard 40-inch brocaded indestructible voile—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Bugle beads may be used for working the motifs in design 12601, or this embroidery could be carried out in silk floss in darning stitch.

9258—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The fronts rolled to form revers are gathered to the collar. The blouse is embroidered in design 12572. This may be developed most effectively in colored beads.

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What Late Fashions Offer in Smart Separate Blouses and Skirts

9623—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires, if cut on a bias fold of the material, 1⅞ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe. A new feature of this blouse is the pointed peplum formed by separate petal-like sections and these are embroidered in design 12623, a half-inch border to be developed in wool or silk floss. Outline, raised satin, or running stitch would be effective.

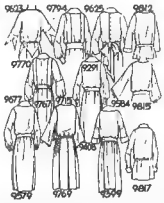
9794—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch tan Georgette for blouse—⅝ yard 36-inch brown satin for suspenders and girdle. A smart type of new tailored blouse, and if desired the blouse may be entirely of one material.

9767—Ladies' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. No. 9770—Ladies' Gathered Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. The costume in medium size requires 1¾ yard 40-inch net for blouse—⅝ yard 36-inch colored striped Bulgarian net for lower part of sleeves—2⅝ yards 54-inch serge for skirt and suspenders—4¾ yards braid for trimming.

9709—Ladies' Four-piece Jumper Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. No. 9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. The costume in medium size requires 2⅓ yards 54-inch wool-back satin for skirt and jumper —2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse. The flowing sleeves of the blouse are set in with hemstitching and are embroidered in design 12614, an attractive floral motif to be embroidered in silk, chenille, wool, or metallic thread. Beads, too, would be effective. The skirt is box-plaited front and back and the sides shirred.

9812—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch flame color Canton crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch white satin crêpe for yoke, cuffs, and trimming. The blouse slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. The yoke and cuffs are embroidered in design 12510 which may be worked in solid satin stitch, or silk braid, or beads may be employed.

9815—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The round neck, the sleeves, and the fronts of blouse are outlined with a beading border in design 12319 and beaded tassels, too, add to the decorative effect. Tiny crystal, pearl, or jet beads may be selected.



9817—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—¼ yard 36-inch satin. The high roll-over collar is caught together with link buttons.

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Capes Are Smart Adjuncts to the New Winter Frocks

9806—Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅓ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅝ yard 54-inch check cheviot for collars and pocket trimming.

9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for vestee and cuffs—1 yard pointed trimming. Embroidery in design 12509 outlines the neck, the slash on blouse, and pockets. It may be worked out in raised satin stitch in silk floss, or beads may be substituted

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Picturesque Styles Are in Vogue for the Young Girl

9772—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36 inch linen for trimming. The trimming-bands, front and back, extend from the shoulders to the lower edge of the dress.

9804 -Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. Blanket stitch outlines the Peter Pan collar and the cuffs.

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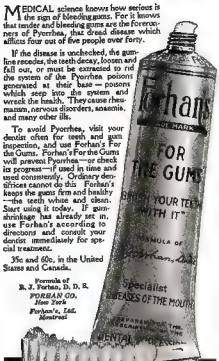

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Set 9561

Dress 9699
Appliqué 12564

Dress 9574
Embroidery 11339

Cape Dress 9799
Beading 12372

9561—Infants' Set. One size. Requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch broadcloth for coat and cap—3¼ yards fur banding—1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste for dress—2 yards 36-inch flannel for wrapper—½ yard 40-inch cashmere for sack.

9699—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen. Trim little flowers in design 12564 are cut from contrasting lines or chambray and appliquéd on to the dress and sleeves. The flowers are couched down with black wool or mercerized floss.

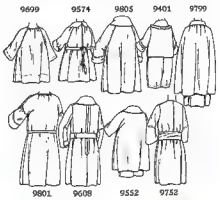
9574—Child's Dress. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard 40-inch voile for collar, cuffs, and sash. Dainty sprays of embroidery in design 11339 trim this frock. The design may be worked out in raised satin, outline stitch, or eyelets.

9805—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch diagonal cheviot—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

Coat 9805

Suit 9401



Dress 9801

Coat 9608

Pantalet Dress 9552
Appliqué 12629

Dress 9752

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Childish Whims Are Considered in These Smart Designs

8684—Boys Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch chambray.

9810—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch chambray—⅛ yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for yoke, cuffs, and pocket trimming. Embroidery in design 12510 trims this dress effectively. It may be carried out in flat satin or outline stitch in heavy rope cotton or silk.

9564—Infants' Set. Designed for one size only. Requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch flannel for nightgown—1¾ yard 36-inch longcloth for slip—1⅜ yard 36-inch longcloth for petticoat closed at back—1⅝ yard 27-inch flannel for petticoat tied in front—⅜ yard 27-inch flannel for band—⅝ yard 27-inch flannel for bootees.

9807—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch broadcloth—¼ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar—2⅛ yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

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Daintiness in Undergarments Proclaims the Fastidious Person

9556—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—4¾ yards insertion. Dainty sprays of embroidery in design 12367 trim the front of the combination. Outline, raised satin stitch, or eyelets may be used in carrying out this design.

8555—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch washable satin—5 yards lace insertion.

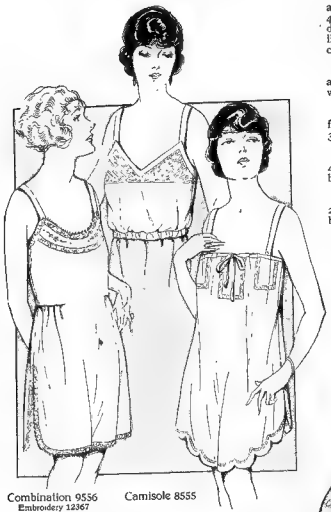
9404—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard ribbon.

8127—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch batiste—4¾ yards insertion—2½ yards ribbon.

7555—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch batiste.

9727—Misses' Bath-robe. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch corduroy—½ yard 36-inch satin for collar, cuffs, and trimming.

8503—Ladies' Sleeveless Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard lace insertion—2½ yards narrow lace edging. The nightgown has a round neck, and is slipped on over the head. A narrow belt is run through straps.



Combination 9556
Embroidery 12367

Camisole 8555

Combination 9404

Pajamas 7555

Bath-robe 9727

Nightgown 8127

Nightgown 9503

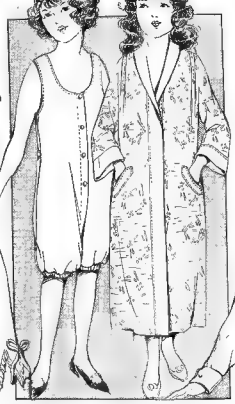
Bath-robe 9672

Night-drawers 8108

Combination 9613
Embroidery 11339

Negligée 9750

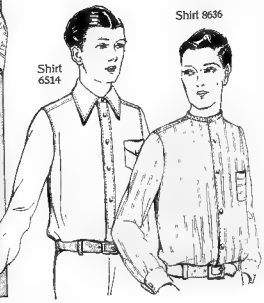
Negligée 9707



Combination 8572

Drawers 9406

Kimono 9223



Shirt 6514

Shirt 8636

9750—Ladies' Long-waisted Negligée. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—4¼ yards plaiting—3⅛ yards ribbon for sash. The plaiting may be of self-material or Georgette.

9556 8555 9404 8127 9503 9613 9406 8572 6514 8636

9707—Ladies' Slip-on Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch corduroy. The negligée is slashed in front and the edges bound.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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Lingerie and Negligées for the Various Members of the Family

7088—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch batiste—4 yards wide ribbon—1½ yard narrow ribbon—3 yards edging. Embroidery in design 12175 trims the front of the nightgown and may be carried out in raised satin stitch, eyelets, or lazy daisy stitch in white mercerized cotton.

9212—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch flannelet.

9709—Ladies' Chemise and Separate Drawers. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch batiste—5⅝ yards lace edging—1¼ yard lace insertion—1⅝ yard beading—2½ yards ribbon.

9224—Ladies' Corset Cover. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste—2 yards ribbon. The neck and short sleeves are finished with scallops in design 11659. These may be worked in buttonhole stitch or they may be bound with pale pink or orchid batiste.

7770—Ladies' Bloomer Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard insertion—2¾ yards ribbon.

Nightgown 9212

Corset Cover 9224
Scallop 11659

Set 8762

Combination 7770

Nightgown 7088
Embroidery 12175

Petticoat 8387
Embroidery 12367

Petticoat 8387
Scallop 11661

Bath-robe 8395

7770 8735 9728 9456 9560

9018

8338

6829

9730

Combination 8985
Scallop 11659

Combination 8735

Bath-robe 6829

Pajamas 8338

Pajamas 9456

Bloomers 6877

Pajamas 9018

Bath-robe 9728

Bath-robe 9730

Negligée 9560

9018—Boys' Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch striped flannelet. The fulness at the upper edge of the one-piece trousers is drawn in with tape or cord run through a hem.

7088 9212 8762 9224 8387 8387 8395 8985 6877

9730—Men's Bath-robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch blanket cloth—3 yards silk cord for trimming. The sleeves are finished with cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

9640—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch duvetyn for redingote—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for underdress. Attractively embroidered in design 12607, which forms a border about 16 inches deep, to be worked out in heavy silk floss, wool, or chenille, or if desired beads may be substituted.

9669—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 47⅜ inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch duvet de laine—4⅝ yards 36-inch pussy willow taffeta for lining. A stunning feature of this coat is the collar which buttons in high choker fashion tho on warm days it may be rolled low.

9757—Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires with cape, 4⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2¾ yards 36-inch lining. The cape may be omitted but it adds a lot of style to the dress. It is elaborately beaded in design 12158, the beading forming large motifs. Large wooden beads may be used or small jet or iridescent beads.

9598—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 45 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch Scotch coating—3⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This is an excellent little top coat for street wear, the collar buttoning high and snug about the neck.

9637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for foundation—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—2½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for overdress—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading in design 12319 outlines the oval neck, forms a narrow border on the fronts of the overdress and the flowing sleeves. Tiny crystal and jet beads could be combined effectively in this design.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

9784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9782—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch printed Georgette for sleeves and lining girdle. Charming new style features of this afternoon gown are the wide bracelet sleeves and the jabot drapery at the skirt which is picot-edged and falls in deep points below the skirt to give the fashionable uneven hem-line.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

9742—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9782—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A charming frock for theatre and restaurant wear is this model to which elaborate beading in designs 12647 and 12648 lends charm and distinction. The beading may be carried out in tiny steel, silver, or crystal beads or a combination of crystal and jet beads would be effective. The jabot drapery at the sides of the skirt is finished with picoting.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

9640—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for the blouse—3½ yards 40-inch satin for sleeves, skirt, and waist.

9772—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch checked worsted—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar facing. This is typical of the smart new tailored frocks so much in vogue for street wear. They are fashioned of dark blue serge, tricotine, and Poiret twill, and many of the new models make use of tweeds and check worsted of various kinds. This model slips on over the head, and the center-front is slashed down for an opening with the edges rolled back in revers. There are narrow full-length panels at each side, front and back, tho the dress may be worn without them. They are very attractive and smart, however, and add quite a bit of style to the dress.

9725—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The blouse is trimmed with embroidery in design 12590. This is a dainty narrow border which may be worked effectively in small colored beads, or in silk floss in self or contrasting color.

9708—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white satin crêpe for flare collar and to trim vester and revers—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery in design 12576 trims the blouse effectively. It may be carried out in raised satin stitch in silk floss.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

9695—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards plaiting—1 yard satin ribbon. The blouse closes at the back and the lower part of the front panel that forms a tablier effect is embroidered in design 12561. These novel circular motifs are very easy to work. They may be embroidered in rope silk in running or outline stitch with centers in French knots.

9077—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 9679—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cheek velours.

9691—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. No. 9408—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch Poiret twill—8½ yards braid for trimming.

9584—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—3¼ yards plaiting—1 yard ribbon for bow. No. 9599—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill. The skirt shows the new uneven hem-line which is achieved by side panels extending below the skirt. These panels are embroidered in design 12624 which consists of rows of stitching in heavy silk ending in tiny arrowhead. The belt is embroidered similarly and self-color or contrasting silk may be used.

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9771—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections. This dress like many other models of the season slips on over the head, and it is slashed diagonally each side in front. Side panels that drop below the skirt at the sides give the fashionable uneven hem-line, and these are gathered at the top and attached to the narrow string belt. This may be of the dress material or it may be of the new ciré ribbon.

9798—Misses' Suspender Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch check for dress—1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. Young girls are adopting these new jumper and suspender frocks quite enthusiastically, and making them in wool jersey, tweed, serge, and novelty suitings. They are just the thing for informal and sports wear, and are the easiest thing imaginable to make. The skirt extends up in points forming a sort of jumper held over the shoulders by straps. The belt may be of self-material, or a fancy leather belt may be worn.

9768—Misses' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. The costume in size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch serge—1⅞ yard 36-inch voile.

9748—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs.

9791—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The dress slips on over the head, and is slashed at the center-front where the closing is arranged. It is gathered at the neck front and back, giving a soft fulness that is very becoming to girlish figures. Elastic is run through a casing adjusted on the underside of the dress at the waist-line, and this elastic draws dress into the figure and permits of its blousing over the bateau collar. It is distinctive and smart.

9783—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch jacquard crêpe—4¾ yards braid.

9786—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—2¾ yards satin ribbon. Braiding in design 12319 trims this dress effectively. It may be worked out in soutache braid. The dress is slashed at the side showing the contrasting underskirt.

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FASHIONS

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9809—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—6 yards 10-inch lace flouncing—4¼ yards lace banding for trimming-bands —3¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9814—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅝ yard 40-inch figured Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9816—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for collar, cuffs, vestee, and inserts in sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9781—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Moroccain crêpe—5 yards ribbon. The dress is beaded in design 12599 to be carried out in opalescent, steel, or jet beads. This design would also be effective embroidered in French knots, darning, outline, or chain stitch in silk floss. Or braiding may be used.

9778—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9775—Misses' Evening Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch velvet—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An allover beading design, 12612, is applied to the blouse and also to the points on the skirt. The beading may be in jet, steel, or iridescent beads or if preferred braiding may be used carried out in soutache braid in self-color or silver.

9802—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. The dress is a one-piece slip-on model in the modish drop-shoulder style, and with the fastenings arranged on the shoulders. The uneven hem-line so much in vogue is gained by narrow panels at the sides which fall in graceful jabot-like drapery ending in points below the hem of the skirt. The model is adapted to any of the soft silks and crêpes of the season.

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9799—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3¼ yards ribbon. Beading in design 12379 forms a border on the dress and on the flowing sleeve sections. Embroidery in wool or silk floss in darning, chain, or outline stitches, or soutache braid may also be used in carrying out this design.

9401—Boys' Suit. Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch velveteen—⅞ yard 36-inch wash silk for blouse.

9801—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—5 yards braid—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

9696—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch mohair cloth—¾ yard 36-inch sateen for lining.

9658—Girls' Pantalet Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch corduroy—¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar. Cunning little ducks in design 12620 are appliquéd on to the pockets of the dress. These ducks may be cut from scraps of brightly colored sateen or taffeta and couched down with black wool or floss.

9732—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch Poiret twill—⅓ yards braid to trim—¼ yard fringe.

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9801—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—1½ yard 54-inch check velours for trimming—5 yards ribbon. There is a piquant charm to these little cape frocks that appeals decidedly to little girls. The fashion is a reflection of grown-up modes which feature the dress and matching coat or cape. Wool Jersey is used a lot for these cape frocks, as is light-weight velours. The dress is in drop-shoulder style—closed at left side-front, and the jaunty cape swings from a deep yoke.

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch serge.

9799—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 54-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. Braiding in design 12615 forms a border on the skirt, and soutache braid may be used in carrying out the design. If preferred wool, rope silk, chenille, or metallic threads may be used.

9705—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for skirt and suspenders—1 yard 36-inch dimity for blouse. The collar and cuffs are scalloped in design 11661, the scallops to be buttonholed in white or colored mercerized cotton.

9773—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 40-inch voile for collar, cuffs, and vestee. Embroidery in design 12564 gives a dainty little touch to the front of the dress. It may be carried out in raised satin, running, and lazy daisy stitches in silk floss or wool.

9803—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 54-inch check velours for trimming. The pockets are embroidered in design 12564 which may be carried out in raised satin, running, or lazy daisy stitches. Braiding would also be effective in carrying out this design.

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9672—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yard 36-inch elderdown—2¾ yards satin ribbon for trimming.

8108—Child's Night-drawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch striped flannel.

9613—Girls' Combination. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yard 36-inch batiste—4 yards edging—⅞ yard beading—1¼ yard ribbon. Embroidery in design 12559 forms a dainty trimming. The embroidery may be worked in raised satin, eyelet, and stem stitches.

9406—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch washable satin.

8572—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 12 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth.

9223—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch blanket cloth—1¼ yard 36-inch satin for trimming.

6514—Men's and Youth's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 36 chest. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32-inch plain madras.

8636—Men's Shirt. Designed for 14 to 17½ inches neck. Size 15 or 15½ requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch striped madras.

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8983—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Combination. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—3¼ yards lace insertion—¼ yard edging—1 yard ribbon. The lower edge of the combination is scalloped in design 11659. The scallops may be worked in buttonhole stitch or may be bound with bias binding.

8387—Child's Petticoats. Designed for ½ to 4 years. For the gertrude petticoat, size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste—1¾ yard lace—⅛ yard narrow edging. Dainty sprays of embroidery in design 12367 trim the front of this petticoat, to be worked out in raised satin, outline stitch, or eyelet. For the gathered petticoat, size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch longcloth—1⅝ yard beading. The neck, armholes, and ruffle are outlined in scallops in design 11661. The scallops may be buttonholed with mercerized floss or bound with bias binding in colored batiste.

8395—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch blanket cloth—2 yards satin ribbon.

6829—Misses' Bath-robe. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 44-inch corduroy.

8735—Misses' Step-in Combination. Designed for 14 to 18 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3¾ yards narrow edging—1 yard lace insertion.

9728—Boys' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch elderdown.

8338—Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 4 yards 36-inch batiste.

9456—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe—1 yard lace insertion. These cunning pajamas close at the back and are cut in one with short sleeves which may, however, be lengthened.

6877—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch washable satin.

9500—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch elderdown—4¾ yards satin ribbon for trimming.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

and reduce the cost of food. What they all agree on is that the by-products of coal are so valuable that when they are extracted we ought to be able to get our fuel either in the form of gas or electricity for next to nothing. Of course whether we actually do get it at a very small price depends on who provides it for us and on the size of the profit they are content to take.

There is this added advantage in the use of coal in the form of electricity, that water-power can be made to piece it out. It too can be converted into electricity and poured along the same wire. These two great sources of power can be pooled and the amount of coal needed can be greatly reduced.

This is the beginning of the third great fuel revolution the world has known. First, the geological revolution that made the coal; second, the industrial revolution 150 years ago that brought it into use; now this new revolution which may be the end of its supremacy.

TO CHANGE the source of heat from fire to water is a shifting of the habits of man since society began, and the utilization of water-power for fuel has come but slowly. We are beginning to look at Niagara not only as a wonder of tossing green and white, but as so many kilowatt-hours, and to tell, not so often the number of griddle-cakes we could cook for breakfast by it, or the number of washing-machines it could operate, but the amount of money it is worth to somebody.

At present we have developed about one-tenth of the water-power which is easily available and three per cent. of that which is possible.

When we have taken hold of the fuel situation and readjusted it to suit our own interests, not as they were a generation ago, but as they are rapidly becoming, the part of the country we happen to live in rather than our individual preference and the amount of money we are able to spend will determine the fuel we use.

If we live in the Western States, either the mountain States or the Pacific States we shall probably use electricity derived from water-power for everything we want done in our homes—heating, lighting, cooking—since these States have enough water-power to meet nearly six times their present requirements, and the rest, so the experts say, can be under two cents a kilowatt-hour. The there is plenty of coal and lignite in that section if it should be extremely difficult to buy it—for why should the dangerous trade of mining it be continued when the comparatively safe job of making electricity from water-power will give us a better fuel at a lower price? When we know how to send electricity for longer distances than 200 miles, which is the successful limit now, there is no reason why this surplus of power should not go to the Southwest, where there is little fuel of any kind.

All down the Mississippi valley and in the prairie States there will have to be a co-ordination of the two sources of electricity. The plan is for a power-center in the southern Illinois bituminous fields where electricity can be produced at the mine mouth and coordinated with water-power from the great rivers, including that already produced at the Keokuk Dam across the Mississippi. This center will serve the cities and towns within a radius of two to three hundred miles, and will include Chicago and Milwaukee on the north; Birmingham, Ala., on the south, Chattanooga, Tenn., on the east; Wichita, Kan., on the west, and all the towns and cities in between. There are small sections to the north and to the south of the Mississippi valley which must rely on smaller gas and electric plants or on artificial anthracite.

The eastern section of the country has large supplies of both coal and water-power. A superpower development is projected which will include Washington on the south and Boston on the north, and all the territory along the coast between and for 150 miles inland. This will develop electricity from coal in western Pennsylvania, and at various places along the seacoast where coal can be brought by cheap water transportation, and into the great trunk-lines will also be fed electricity from the large water-powers of that region. The only part of this which has been actually carried out centers around Turner's Falls, Mass., where by utilizing the power of the Connecticut rivers it has been possible to discontinue 121 steam-plants and to give the same service while saving nearly 400,000 tons of coal a year. The superpower plan, it is estimated, will save 30,000,000 tons of coal a year, and that plan does not take into consideration the power of Niagara, the six high falls of the Genesee, and many lesser streams that are available. When these other water-powers are brought into the scheme, the power generated and the resulting saving of coal will be far greater.

It is probable that electricity will not be furnished in the Eastern States for much less than five or six cents a kilowatt-hour—three times what it can be sold for on the Pacific coast.

ONE part of the country—the Southwest—is out of reach of either gas or electricity. Until more efficient transportation is developed for both of these, that part of the country will have to depend on coal of some sort or on the vanishing supply of oil. This leaves as dependent on the coal-supply—either the natural or artificial anthracite—only those homes scattered remotely in inaccessible districts or else so near to the anthracite mines that they can get coal without shipping it by rail.

It does not seem as tho a fuel shortage could occur in a country which used its imperishable water-supply to save 400,000,000 tons of coal a year, and supplemented it with its vast supply of bituminous coal and lignite.

The important thing is to know just how we are to bring this fuel revolution about.

Bulletin 102 of the United States National Museum says:

> The point of logical attack upon the coal problem centers in the home. . . . It is in the home that conditions are most disconforting in times of stress, that trouble, whether by of high price or actual shortage, has the least chance of remedy by industrial enterprise. . . . The whole matter concerns the individual directly and foremost; he will be the gainer or loser according to whether he sees fit to interest himself in the means for effecting progress . . . absolutely essential to the well-being of the immediate future.

WELL, what can the home do about it?

We have all been learning since these yearly coal shortages began that to call up the coal merchant and either plead for or demand coal has no result whatever in filling our coal-bins—and that to protest against the price does not make it go down.

We have got to remember that only about one-sixth of the coal consumed is used by the homes, and that if our interests conflict with those of transportation and manufacture and mining, which use the other five-sixths, we are commercially powerless because we consume so little. But in numbers we are 100 per cent. of the citizens of the United States, for we must all have our food cooked and our homes warmed, and what we can and do as consumers we can accomplish as voters. Instead of calling up Arnold & Cutts, coal dealers, and explaining that the coal you promised for November hasn't come and the furnace is out, we will call up State Senator Forbes and ask about the passage of the bill for the development of the water-power at Jones's Creek, and insist that the Commission on Electric Transmission look into the state of the wires between our home town and the generating-plant, since it was one of his preelection promises. To get bills through Legislature and Congress is our American way of doing altogether what we want done. It behooves us in the end to know pretty personally if whose hands we are going to put the power and responsibility of furnishing us with fuel and just what restrictions or privileges we are going to allow them—whether we prefer to let them run these enterprises as private businesses and take their pay in profits or whether we will do it ourselves through a department of Government, the expenses of which shall be paid from the taxes and the profits regulated by the actual cost. These things it is up to us to understand and decide.

It is not up to us to decide whether we will do it at all or not—that was determined by nature when she made the hard coal—just so much and no more. We can either change voluntarily, and that greatly to our own advantage, or we can go through successive increasing coal shortages until that part of the anthracite supply which can be mined for any price that we can pay is exhausted. It's a question of choice, and the choice is immediately before us.

JUSTICE: BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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"Yes," returned Celia."

He sighed. He said, "John has been a kind of mark."

"And now—there's my mother," said Celia. "John is a little tired, too. He wears glasses now. You probably wouldn't know him. He's a little bald."

"Bald! My stars! I think of him as still having curly hair. I remember I undertook to cut it once,"

He glanced up at her. Her eyes had filled with tears; she had not been listening to him.

"Well, so now he's out of the woods?"

"Yes."

"Saved money?"

"Enough to buy a house and even more. And I think he wants his own home even more than I do. I think I can——"

"Well, go on. You were going to say that you think you can make up to him something of life that he has lost."

She nodded silently.

"I'm glad to know he's saved," Millburn said. "There may always come some emergency—some need. It's a good thing to have a nest-egg."

He could hear the water dripping into the water-spout outside the window.

"WHY did you come to-night?" she asked. "I don't mean that either. I wondered if you had been doing. That's what I meant."

"I think you'll be surprised," he said with a leer. "I have done a remarkable career, ending now—with some—some finale! It will be a surprize to you."

She waited for him to go on. Instead he abruptly changed the subject. He said, "Do you know that it has been a fine thing for you two. How unusual for two people to have so much loyalty and faith. You are pretty—I'd say quite alluring. There must have been other men who wanted you. Yet you saw it through. Well, it's like passing through fire—no! even better—a slow long test of each other. It's a lot different from most men and women. You can be sure it isn't a mere physical attraction—a dream—a temporary enchantment."

Her lip quivered.

"I think you could stand another test—a final test," he said.

She buried her face in her hands as if to shut out the vision.

"Here he comes," exclaimed Millburn suddenly.

A brisk step on the walk, the sound of feet on the boards of the porch; silence as they reached the door mat; a knock.

SO THIS was John—this tall, grave person with the lines of laughter about his mouth, but a trace of hunted, anxious expression in his eyes. No one would ever know they were brothers.

"Do you know this man?" asked Celia Berton, leading John away from the chair in the hall where he had thrown his overcoat. "What man?"

"There." Her voice trembled. All that was dramatic now impressed her.

He stared for a moment.

"Oh, my God Mill Mill Mill! You've come back!"

He clutched Millburn's elbow, pawed at his coat, gazed into his eyes, searching for assurance of reality, uttering little incoherences in the back of his throat.

"Mill—Mill—you've come back. You've come back. We thought you were——"

"Dead?"

"Yes, my brother, my own brother! Mill!"

The other took John's hand rather timidly.

"I guess you won't be so glad to see me, John, when I'm through."

"What's the matter? You're back!"

"Not to stay, John." He looked at his watch. "I leave before midnight and I guess you won't like what I say in any case."

"Why not?"

With trembling hands Celia dragged another chair forward.

"No, I won't sit down," Millburn said. "No, thanks. I suppose it may seem strange to you, but somehow I can't feel so stirred about this coming back—this meeting. I didn't come to stay. I'm on the eve of going to Asia again. If I can manage everything to suit myself I will go out to—well, say, China."

He paused.

"It's funny. I didn't know how family ties could be wiped out. I thought I'd be thrill, but somehow all—everything fades away—like those photograph proofs we used to get. If we kept them they always faded out to nothing. Expect to find something and then suddenly you find nothing at all—a blank."

"But Millburn, old Mill I'm so glad to see you. You don't think I'm not?"

"No. You're just the same old fool."

"And you——"

MILLBURN picked up his own overcoat. "I'm going. I suppose I ought to tell you first why I came."

He had a sense of being very shrewd.

"Why?" John asked, fingering his eyebrows in perplexity.

"To ask you why you had done some things."

"What things?"

"Some things that really have counted badly, John," he said gruffly. "Some that scrape I got into at school. Remember how you sent me the twenty dollars to square it with the farmer. Well, that was my undoing. All that happened later you were responsible for. I had a feeling that I could do I planned, that you would always be protected. I never would have had the life I had if I had been taught that I would have to pay the devil. You paid the devil for me, John, out of your nasty good-heartedness. And now—well, I have an account with you. It was you. You saved me, you thought. No, you condemned me."

John's face hardened a little.

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JUSTICE: By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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"Then there is Henry. You've always carried Henry. Let him drift around—just because he could always come to you and get ten or twenty or a hundred. You made a weak good-for-nothing of him. And Helen who ought to be earning a living and learning about life—little Helen, my little sister—my stars, she is in a fix! Made dependent. Taught that she is a kind of charge for some one else to support. That's the girl who always makes the wrong kind of marriage, John. You ought to know that."

"I DON'T agree with you," John said. "We all owe it to Helen to see that family standards are—"

"Stuff!" said Milburn. He felt sure of his way now! he felt the intoxication of victory.

"Look at Uncle Ben—died a drunkard. Why? Because you were always dragging him home and loaning him money."

"How did you know that?"

"Didn't—guessed it. And father's sister. You kept her a chronic invalid because you would advance her money for new doctors. Oh, I know you, John."

Celia had walked between them as if to protect the man she had loved so long.

"Ungrateful," she said belligerently.

"Ungrateful!" exclaimed Milburn. "What have we to be grateful to John for? Look at the list! Me, Helen, Henry, Uncle Ben, Aunt Emma, his old friend George Anderson, and on and on. Just a history of corruption."

"Of goodness," she said. "Good heart, kindness."

MILBURN wet his lips. He could see his own reflection in the glass when he turned to look. He was white—suddenly white.

"Yes, that's the fool way the world looks at it. Kindness!" He shook a threatening finger at them. "Don't you know that kindness may corrupt all the justice out of our lives? Don't you know that John is only one of a thousand who together can be indicted and convicted of weakening, breaking down, corrupting human souls in the name of kindness and love? Well, I charge him with it. I charge him with teaching the lesson that those who are to blame can escape and that the innocent may. He has ruined us, wrecked the family, rotted the family with his contemptible good heart. Family loyalty? Stuff! It's been family decay—insidious, horrible, poisonous corruption."

John put his arm half around Celia.

"Milburn, you can't talk like that to me," he said gravely.

"Can't I? Why not? I'm beyond any favors from you, brother John," he said, thrusting his arm into his coat. "I came here to give you a piece of my mind and I'm doing it."

"I never heard of such injustice in all my life!" Celia exclaimed, clenching her capable hands.

"No. That's what I'm talking for—for justice."

Milburn knew exactly how he was to proceed. He went on gesturing angrily, shaking his finger, clipping his words the way decisive, cold-blooded business men do. He was conscious of his own power.

"No, sir," he said, "I've got a surprize for you, John. That's what you don't reckon on. I tell you that you and other folks like you are to blame for half the wrecks in the world. You steal away the chastening pain that comes to correct the weak and silly and wicked ones. Like enough you'll say when I am gone that I am hard and cold and unfeeling. Nonsense! I'm the one who is kind enough to let those who can find their own strength and character by paying their own debts to folly."

HE STOPPED, a little short of breath. A few sweating beads of indignation were on his forehead. He wiped them up into his thin gray hair.

"That's the secret of my success," he said. "Suffering! Perhaps that's why I left home. Well, see the result!"

"Result?" asked John. "What result?"

"Here I am able to buy you out a dozen times over. Able to retire. Able to turn my back on you and go out to the Orient and live and die there. Well, I ask you—what you would have done if I had come to you after all these years in trouble, in distress. Like enough you would have said, 'Milburn, after all you are my brother and I will see you through.' Do you deny it?"

The brother was silent.

He swallowed two or three times as if he had a desire to restore his heart to its usual place.

"Well, there you are," he said to Celia. "You see! There is the result. That's all. I can't stand this any more. I'm going."

"Milburn!"

"Yes, I am. I've said my say."

They looked at him utterly astonished.

At the door he turned. He said, "John, you are incorrigible!"

He paused, twisting a ring from one of his fat fingers.

"Here!" he said gruffly. "Here Celia. Here's something I don't want. Maybe your—your first-born will be a boy. This ring belonged to Father. I don't want it. Monogram inside. Heirloom. I don't want it. Always reminds me of John and his damnable mistaken idea of family loyalty!"

He felt the warmth of her soft palm on his fingers even after he had slammed the door. He felt it creep up into him as he stood hesitating for a moment at the gate, staring at the old street lamp's yellow oozy light in a misty halo over the black street.

PERHAPS a miracle. Sells was not in sight. Perhaps Sells had gone. Perhaps Sells was the figure in a complex, awful dream.

No. Sells came out of the shadows where the trees arched over the street. And that cadaver, Joe, with his elongated pasty face.

"Well, how did you make it?"

Milburn shook his head.

"Nothing doing. Not a cent," he said. "He'd hardly listen to me."

"The son of a gun!" said Joe in the manner of one to whom no one ever pays attention no matter how violent his phrases.

"You ain't going to make any trouble, Mr. Frode?" asked Sells. "I mean about going back with us?"

"Oh, no." Milburn said. He could still smell the aroma of baking bread and again he saw the tin cups arranged along the greasy benches.

They walked on.

"We can get a train late to-night."

"Yes."

Milburn looked about through the mists and the darkness.

"Very familiar," he said. "Even in the night—like the old, old days."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Frode," Sells told him.

"You needn't be," replied Milburn, listening to the approaching whine of the street car. "Justice—"

"Beg pardon?"

"I was just saying that Justice is really quite a lovely lady when you begin to know her."

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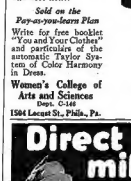

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"And I want you to know why I am here, Steve," Lucretia explained. "This morning Mimi telephoned to me at the Gunther House, and asked if they could pick me up for a picnic—they were going to the Seven Wells. Steve, I couldn't let them come to Mrs. Gunther's! She—or somebody, would have been sure to mention the fact that you dined there last night; it's just one of those awkward things."

He heard her voice break deliciously on a shamed laugh.

"Honey, I am going to be good!" she assured him hastily. "No more dramatics. But I couldn't let her come to Mrs. Gunther's—not so soon. So I said that I had promised to take the Bartlett children on a picnic of our own, which was true. 'Well, then,' Mimi said—you know how coaxing she is when she is in earnest about a thing!—'we'll come for you to-night, or we'll come over to-morrow, and that will be even better—we'll bring Steve over with us!' Steve, I couldn't risk that. Mrs. Gunther would have welcomed you as an old friend —we couldn't have kept it secret. So I agreed to the plan for to-night, and they drove into Farley's for me at about four o'clock. I wanted to send you a wire, but I had no chance!"

"It's awkward!" he said thoughtfully. "I don't know what to do!"

"I do," she answered sensibly. "We must just wait—we must just be patient."

"Suppose," he suggested, delighted to find her in so quietly helpful a mood, "suppose I tell Mimi the whole truth?"

For a moment she walked beside him in silence.

"Do you think she could keep it from your uncle?" she asked.

"My uncle may live for weeks! Would it matter very much if she did not?"

"I think it would. I think your aunt would be heartbroken."

"Steve—Steve—c-e-e!" It was Mimi's voice, from the orchard. Their moment of confidence was over.

"Coming!" he shouted. He and Lucretia quickened their pace. But before they joined the others she had time for a last whisper.

"Don't—don't do anything too hastily! We can afford to wait."

THE cruel closing of the long and honorable career of Judge Samuel Curran followed with merciful swiftness. The pains grew worse, and there was communication with doctors again, and there was a last hurried flight to the city. Once again there was a vigil outside the surgery, and this time the drawn sheet was carefully moved to the Judge's own bedroom at home, not to leave it, as a conscious, breathing man, again.

Nobody spoke the terrible word, nobody said anything but what was optimistic and encouraging, but every one knew—every one in the house, in the neighborhood, and the city. Mimi's situation lost all its dramatic consolation for her, and she cried herself white and sick. Mrs. Curran moved like a woman under a horrible spell.

Two days—three days—they told callers that he had had cocktails, and soup, and even a cigar. The amazing strength of the country boy's constitution asserted itself; he did not die. The effects of the anesthetics wore away; sometimes he slept; sometimes he talked quietly and rationally with his wife, and Mimi, and his nephews.

ONE evening, the fourth evening, Stephen was alone with him. The District Attorney was sitting idle, his big arms crossed, his fine, keen grey eyes fixed sternly on the fire. The judge had gone to the limit of worries, all made more difficult to bear by the trouble at home and the dull late Summer heat. Affairs in the firm of Winship & Winship appeared confused, and Stephen was not satisfied with Fred's airy allusions to them. He suspect his brother of actual defalcation was impossible, and yet Stephen sensed rather than really suspected that something was wrong, and the immediate anticipation of having all of his own, as well as his uncle's affairs, thrown upon him for reconstruction might well fill him with apprehension.

Another thing had annoyed him disproportionately to-day. A certain scurrilous little evening sheet, the *Labor and Commerce News*, had lately sprung into being, backed, as all the political world knew, by his party's opponents, at the head of whom was Frank Reilly, the coroner.

Reilly had resented certain actions of Stephen in regard to clearing up the recent gangster trouble that had shocked and frightened all Sanbridge, and the two were recognized opponents now, pitted against each other quite openly, for the coming party conventions. The *Labor and Commerce News* had before this attacked the District Attorney, and Stephen could have found his name in any day's issue, connected with such sarcasms as "virtuous and impeccable," "our pure and stainless friend from Bond Street," or "Sanbridge's Boy Galahad."

But to-day there had been a more personal note. Under a scathing editorial headed "Mr. District Attorney, Please Explain!" he had found a veiled allusion to a certain beautiful widow of Kingsgreen Square, and the death of her husband from an overdose of chloroform some months before. How long had Mr. Stephen Winship known this charming woman before he so readily assured the coroner that she was an old friend, that he would be answerable for the case? According to the testimony of one Bertha Hensen, lately employed by the beautiful widow in question, Mr. Stephen Winship had been in the house for the first time that night, arriving only some ten minutes before Mr. Frank Reilly. The circumstances of the call and the friendship might be interesting to Mr. Winship's constituents. How about it, Mr. Winship?

The thing was contemptible, of course, the shrill yelping of a terrier cur whose paw a casual passing foot has fallen. Every one knew exactly what sort of man Reilly was, especially Stephen Winship, who had harried him and exposed him. But the opposition might take up this infamous insinuation and play upon it. It might be difficult to shut Reilly's mouth. And it meant that his seeing Lucretia again was impossible at the moment. He wrote her instantly at the Gunther House upon seeing the paper, advising her resolutely to ignore it, and assuring her that there could be no more unpleasant result than the ugliness of having her identity, as the unnamed woman at the editorial, suspected. Even that was not probable, to any wide extent, at least.

STEPHEN, in the quiet bedroom, looked at the lightly sleeping invalid. In a day or two Uncle Sam would be gone, and then he would be free—free—at least, to move. Then he could explain the situation to Mimi, break the second blow to poor Aunt Bessy while she was still numb and dazed from the first, and make immediate arrangements with Lucretia.

His uncle's head was in a comfortable position; he lay flat on his back. Doctor Sayre had told them that the end might come in any one of these doses, and old Samuel Curran knew himself now that

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

there was no further hope of life. He had received the answer to his definite question quietly, reaching an emaciated hand for his wife's hand, whispering that he was only sorry for Bessy. He lay now in that curious borderland between the reality of the bedroom and the equally near reality of the other world which he could not be knew. Sometimes he whispered to himself those all-important detached words so casually dismissed by sick-room watchers as "wandering"; sometimes he addressed a murmured greeting to his mother, or some other beloved spirit who had taken this road years ago, and Mrs. Curran would cry afresh at hearing the names of Mimi's young father and mother, or the judge's sister Emily, whose death was fifty years past, as a little girl of eighteen.

"Steve!" the dying man said bewilderedly, and suddenly, out of a silence. Stephen bent toward him; his chair was so close that this brought his face near to the bloodless old face. The Judge had turned slightly on his pillow; his eyes were a little puzzled, but he was faintly smiling. "Your grandfather was a fine man, my boy."

"I know it!" Stephen said, gently.

"If he comes in again, Steve, I want you to speak to him!" his uncle suggested mildly.

"I—yes, I will, Uncle Sam."

"Never had but the three children, your mother and Emmy and me," mused the Judge. "Coffee ducks! We'd go into the dining-room—my grandfather, Captain Tom, was alive then, and my father would dip sugar into his coffee, and give it to little Fanny, and call it a 'coffee duck'!"

HE DOZED, and there was silence in the room. It was but dimly lighted; the big windows were wide open to catch any drift of cooler air that might be moving in the Summer night. Mrs. Curran, exhausted with fear and strain, was sleeping; Mimi was down-stairs; the house, the street, the city itself, were still.

"Mrs. Lombard was with him, Steve—with your grandfather, I mean," the dying man said, his eyes wide open again. "Extremely pretty woman! I appreciate—" His voice faded. "I appreciate her coming here with your grandfather. Her name is Grace—"

"Mimi doesn't call her Grace?" he added, anxiously. "What does she call her?"

Stephen cleared his throat.

"Lucretia—her name is Lucretia," he said.

"I thought her name was Grace," the Judge said, dreamily serene again. Steve—"

"Sir?" Stephen was all attention, but the invalid drowsed lightly again. Presently he opened his eyes, and said quietly and naturally.

"You're in love with her, eh?"

"What—?" Stephen's throat thickened, and the blood came into his face.

"I was on the porch Saturday night," his uncle told him. "I was sitting there in the dark, waiting for Bessy to get my bed ready, when you and Mrs. Lombard came out. You love her, do you?"

"My father had an unhappy love-affair, Steve," the old man added, as Stephen did not speak. "I never saw the girl—she was a Maryland girl. He visited down there, and she broke his heart! But he came back here, and he got over it, and he married the girl who had loved him all his life—my mother. They had children, and a lovely home, friends—he was a famous doctor in his day; Steve. When your turn came I fell in love with the wrong woman, too. She was a young actress—or I thought she was young. My father talked to me then; he told me about this Baltimore girl, how young she had been, how soon she married another man. She had never bewitched him, my boy, as the actress did me, and as this young woman does you. I came back to Bessy, and I told Bessy the truth. And years afterward, when she and I were in Boston, we saw my first love on the stage, in a small part, and—well, the play bored me so that I went to sleep!"

Stephen was still silent, looking gravely down at the colorless shell of a hand that he held between his two hands.

"Jim Warren was a fine man, Steve," the shadowy voice resumed after a moment. "And Mary Warren was one of the best women I have ever known. Their little girl is going to make a splendid wife, my boy—I've watched her all her life; I *know*. She's fond of you—and what do you know of this other woman?" he broke off, pleadingly. "She's beautiful—we all know that. But what else? She never set her foot in the city until two years ago. You don't know that she could ever be happy here. You don't know what her traditions are, what sort of people she comes from. It's not money—I'm not talking about money! But it's everything that counts—friends, family, associations of every sort. She may be everything that is good, and yet not want to settle down in a small American city, and raise your children!

"I'm pretty near to the end of the road, Steve. My boy, it would make it all easier for me, it would make me very happy, to feel that Bessy and Mimi had you back of them, carrying them through this time—it'll be a hard, strange time for Bessy, and the little girl will need you at every turn! If you and my little Mimi could be married here in my room—some time before the summons comes for the old man—?"

He was silent, and for a long while Stephen was silent, too, looking down at the hand he held.

"I—I've told her that I care for her, Uncle Sam!"

"Well—" said the voiceless whisper eagerly. "You mustn't take that too seriously, my boy. She's—you know it!—she's perfectly willing to philander with Fred; there may be others—you don't know. Steve, she hasn't been wide-owed but a few months as it is! Does that look like a deep nature? In any case, what can an unknown, mysterious sort of woman like that do if you turn around and marry the girl who has loved you since she was ten years old?"

"I don't know why you say she likes Fred," Stephen said, sick with a writhing pang of pure jealousy.

"Well, the boy's there a good deal when she's in the city. But she'd console herself, Steve—that's what I mean. She'd be off to England, or France—she's lived everywhere, it seems."

Off to England or France! The desolating possibility chilled him. His heart was sick with doubt and fear and pain.

"You love Mimi?" the Judge asked, as he sat thinking.

"Oh, I love Mimi, of course!"

"Well, then—!" The words died away triumphantly into a long silence.

"Uncle Sam, I'll think about it!" Stephen said at last, reluctantly. "I'll talk to you to-morrow. It's eleven o'clock now; perhaps I can get in touch with—with Lucretia, to-morrow, and then talk to Mimi. I'll think over the whole thing, and if she— Of course, Mimi may not be willing, under the circumstances!"

"Why, no, no!" said the Judge, into whose waxen face the light of utter peace had crept. "They'll be grieved, Stephen. Everything will be sweet. She won't be critical of you, my boy. She will wait until you can give her the deepest love there is in you. And it will come, Steve," he added, with conviction. "I'm an old man; I know what I am saying. It will come!"

STEPHEN made no answer; none was needed. With a smile and a long breath his uncle relaxed on the white head against the pillow, and again he slept.

Stephen went noiselessly into the hall, encountering a silver-and-ivory-backed mirror on her doorway, in a trailing blue wrapper.

"Everything as usual, Steve?"

"Quite. She's asleep, I trust. Go back to bed and get your sleep!"

"I had a horrible dream!" Mimi said childishly, starting one little fur-slippered foot above the other.

"Fred home?" Stephen asked, smiling at her, and conscious of a sharp touch of headache.

"I haven't heard him come in. He can't be still at—Steve, it's after midnight!"

"At Lucretia's! Is she in town?"

"Why, yes." Mimi smiled sleepily, and smothered a yawn. "I didn't know it," she said. "But she telephoned at about nine o'clock, and of course he raced down there."

"But—" Stephen paused. "But I telephoned her at two o'clock, and she said nothing of coming in," was on his lips. For obvious reasons he suppressed the remark. There was a strange, sickening pain stirring at the bottom of his heart. "Did—did she ask for me?" he said.

"As a matter of fact she acted rather queer," Mimi said simply. "Emma came in and said some one was on the telephone for Fred, and wouldn't give any name, but it was a lady's voice. I heard him say that long to her, rather low and quick, I thought, and finally he said, 'All right, Lucretia!' so then I knew. But he didn't tell *me*, just grabbed his hat and flew!"

"Funny!" But as Stephen slowly went up-stairs, and slowly undressed, he felt no sense of fun. His brain worked busily and tirelessly at the question, How could she possibly have come to town without letting him know? She must have known at two o'clock that she was coming; the train left Farley's at four, and the omnibus from Gunther's an hour before that!

Were there any conceivable circumstances under which he could have kept this information from her, had the situation been reversed? No matter what her errand, wouldn't the only natural thing be to notify him, to arrange for just a moment's meeting, if more was impossible?

"No—no—no—! simply couldn't have done it. There is *no* reason, there is no excuse!" he said, feverishly, shutting his book at one o'clock.

HE WENT to the door that opened into Fred's bedroom; it was empty.

"Unless she really does like half a dozen men as well as she does me!" he decided bitterly. And he remembered her putting him off, her unreasonable jealousies, her airy comment that there was plenty of time.

"Fred one's still be there; that's nonsense!" he told himself, dressing busily, hardly conscious of what he did. In a sort of frenzy he laced his shoes and jerked on his coat. He went silently and quickly down the stairs, out toward the garage.

Stephen's heart stood still with fire. Where *was* Fred? He had no business to desert them all at this time!

He got into his own car. He would drive past Lucretia's house, and then try to pick up Fred at the club. Anyway, he must have air; he must have action and solitude in which to think, to-night. Everything in his life seemed to have been torn up by the roots. What monstrous, strange woman—! that was what the world thought of his living, glowing, radiant Lucretia. They—people who didn't know her—they didn't trust her, or like her.

Kingsgreen Square. He looked up at her window. There was a light.

Stephen stopped his car in the shadows of the park, opposite. An icy, bitter, deathlike sadness seized him. A light—at twenty minutes past one.

She might have tried to telephone him; it would have been as simple to have asked Emma for himself as for Fred. There was no consolation there; there was no explanation anywhere. Why had she not told him this afternoon that she was coming down? Or why had she not stopped at the office? She was quite ready enough, usually, with the excuse of "business."

He interrupted his own thoughts, ashamed. Excuses and pretense were foreign to his nature. He loathed anything like misrepresentation and deceit. Lucretia's quick evasions and adaptations of the truth sometimes made him always deplorable, and to-night actually distasteful.

He was suddenly roused from his reverie by seeing the entrance doorway opened. A man came quietly out, and crossed under the old street lamp. It was Fred.

He went to his car, and jumped in. Stephen heard the engine buzz, and a moment later Fred was gone. The light in the sitting-room went out abruptly, and a moment later a square of gold radiance fell upon the old bricks walls of St. Thomas's from the bedroom window.

Stephen sat there until that light was extinguished, too; his heart in whirlpool of wretched jealousy and doubt. There must be some explanation—there was no explanation, he told himself, over and over again.

After a while he drove home slowly. But when the car was beside Fred's car in the garage, he still did not go in to bed. He hung on the old fence beside the stable.

He was tired, tired almost to fever. Nothing could be thought out to a conclusion; it was all a hopeless, troubled jumble—Mimi, Lucretia, Fred, Aunt Bessy, and Uncle Sam.

The sky darkened ominously; paled as if a black glass had been noiselessly lifted from across it. The great trees on the old Curran place were gray against darker gray; the angle of the barn roof etched itself against the twilight. A wandering breeze went by, fragrant of hay and roses.

Stephen went noiselessly into the dark house, which smelled close and stuffy. He stumbled and yawned over getting to bed, and at once fell into a deep sleep. It was bright morning when he opened his eyes.

Bright morning, and Fred cautiously and silently equipping himself for the office, slipping keys and watch in his pockets, eyes alertly watching the bed.

"Waked you, Steve?" Fred said.

Stephen turned over, smiling vaguely, conscious deep in his being of something unpleasant, but unable to think yet.

"I was trying not to wake you!" Fred said. "You were late last night."

"You were late, too," Stephen said, memory coming back in a tide.

"Sat in a game with the fellers," Fred stated casually.

"I see!"

"Say, Steve, would it put you out much if I went down to New York this afternoon?" Fred asked carelessly. "I've got a little business there—"

"What sort of business?"

"I'll tell you when I put it over!" Fred answered, consulting his watch with an abstracted frown. "I thought I'd go down on the twelve o'clock train, and get the eight o'clock flier back to-morrow morning."

"Sure. Go ahead!" Stephen said lifelessly, after a pause.

Fool—fool—fool that he had been! he said to himself when his brother had gone. He reached for the telephone, and called the rectory.

It was Hannah who answered him, and he knew that her unmistakable negatives were being whispered to her by Lucretia herself.

No, Mrs. Lombard wasn't there; she was up at the Gunther House. No, sir; she hadn't been in town this week. No, not that, sir.

Stephen persisted. Suddenly with a breath of blighted wrath, a wrath of silk, it was Lucretia herself at the telephone. What did he mean by making Hannah and herself tell stories like? Yes, of course she was down. Well, she *had* tried to telephone him. Well, he must not be so suspicious! Her gaiety, the unconcerned, childishly musing notes in her voice, were those of last nervous shreds of his self-control. He could have cried with weariness and despair at her cheerful unconsciousness that she had hurt him bitterly.

"Can—it's ten o'clock now—can I see you to-day? Could you lunch with me?"

"Oh, Stephen, ought you? Your uncle, you know—"

"I could manage it very nicely. He is just the same—no immediate change."

"Well, but not to-day. Suppose I—suppose I telephone you in the morning!"

He realized that she was fencing.

"In the morning! Aren't you going back to Gunther's to-day?"

"Well—yes, of course I am! How foolish of me! But I don't seem to have my senses this morning! Yes, of course. But I'll telephone you, Steve; that's best. I'll telephone you after lunch. You'll be in your office then? He could tell from her tone that she was trying to extricate herself from a most unwelcome interruption. He ended the conversation abruptly.

AT NOON, in his office, an agony of doubt and suddenly seized him. He telephoned the rectory again. This time Hannah was quite obviously alone, and could speak freely.

"She left just a few minutes ago, Mr. Whaiph, with your brother. No, sir; I don't think she was going back to the country. I think it was business that took her to New York—the noon train, she said. She—"

So that ended it. Stephen sat moving the little telephone pad Mimi had given him for a paper-weight slowly to and fro. On to the brown blotter, off the blotter to the glass surface of the desk, unsharpened, back and forth, back and forth, while the noon whistles shrilled and whined in the hot city. Whatever else might be in New York was not important, whatever had kept Fred and herself talking from half past nine until after one o'clock last night was not important, except to him. She was her own mistress.

But to him this proof that she neither trusted him nor wanted him was unimportant. His uncle's words came back to him.

"She's not been widowed six months yet; does that look like a deep feeling?"

He went home at five o'clock. The house seemed deliciously cool and airy to-night, and while he sat, grimed and weary from the crowded day's strain, beside the invalid's bed, Mimi came in with a frosted glass of something for him to drink, and took her place quietly beside Aunt Bessy.

She wore a frail, almost transparent dress of striped dark blue and white; her dark hair was freshly brushed. Stephen watched her gratefully. She had sunk all her own personality in the needs of this stricken household; she had her own dear, merry smile for the old judge; her comforting hand held Mrs. Curran's tightly; she fitted on to Hannah or to Emma as a maid or answer a telephone inquiry.

Duty, sweetness, and the setting of these dignified rooms. These dignified old guardians, how well they became her! What a little gentlewoman she was, rising to this demand as simply as she would rise to every other! Her earnest eyes soothed his hurt and humiliated soul; her pleasant familiarity with him, the motherly little fashion she had of scolding and directing him, seemed to him lovely to-night.

It solved everything—his marriage to

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Mimi. It meant his duty to his party, his family, and to this delightful woman whom he had watched grow up from lovely babyhood. It meant an old man's death in peace, and an old woman's surest consolation in incurable loss and sorrow.

"Mimi," he said to her, after dinner, "I want to speak to you a moment!"

She followed him into the library.

"I've overdrawn!" she said smilingly, as she had often said before. But when they were alone in the cool, leather-scented room she came close to him, and added, anxiously, "He's worse!"

Her simplicity went to his heart, and he took both her hands.

"No, dear; he's just the same. But I want to talk to you frankly, Mimi, and have you help me!"

"Steve, as if I could help you? That's *your* rôle!"

"Mimi," he began with difficulty. "All my life I have felt that some day you and I would be married——"

"Yes, I know!" she whispered, smiling, but suddenly pale.

"You never knew, Mimi, that there was —another woman?" Stephen asked, slowly.

"Steve!" Her eyes blazed; she stared at him horrified. "But—but not *you!*"

He read her mistake in her tone, and flushed uncomfortably.

"No, I don't mean that! There has never been that—that sort of thing in my life!"

"But—what then?" she said, wondering.

"I cared for her," he said simply. "I told her so. And I tried to tell you so!"

She was still staring at him bewilderedly.

"I remember! That Sunday afternoon at Red Pine!" she said, struck. "But Steve—she isn't free?" she asked.

"Yes. She's free."

"She—" Mimi was almost indignant. "She doesn't like you?" she went on, wide-eyed.

"No; it's not that!"

MIMI was motionless, her bright eyes fixed upon him.

"But what is it, then?"

"Might it be," he said slowly, "that you are closer to me, that I know you better—know better what my life would be with you? There are a thousand reasons for my loving you, Mimi, and but the one for loving her!"

"What is that one?" Mimi asked soberly, after thought.

"That—that I find her—found her—strangely attractive!" he said, puzzled himself for the right words.

"You love her best, but you come to me!" Mimi said, out of a troubled silence, and with bitter pain in her voice.

"I wish I had never seen her!" Stephen said.

The girl glanced at him timidly, the unhappy, heavy tone of his voice making her forget her own sense of hurt and shame.

He could not know that she had visualized a youthful affair, mad and miserable, an unscrupulous and flirtatious woman, who had wounded and disillusioned this simplest, most helpless, dearest of men. An impulse almost wifely in its love and protection rose strongly within her. He was so different, so blundering, and so innocent in a woman's hands!

"We know each other so well," he said, with almost a little-boy awkwardness. "You know my faults—and I know that you haven't any! There isn't anything about you that I don't admire—and love!"

Mimi felt stinging tears in her throat and behind her eyes; she turned away.

"Ah, Stevie, dear," she said, desolately, "that isn't enough! You must see that I can't do that!"

There was a long silence between them.

"Yes, I do see that, dear," the man said quietly then.

Mimi whirled about to face him, and he saw that she was in tears.

"Not for my sake, Steve; for yours!" she said thickly, trying gallantly to smile.

But her resistance was almost at an end; she had always loved him; she could not let him go away from her. When he put his arm about her she dropped her face against his shoulder and clung to him.

"Mimi," he said, hesitating and distressed, "I know that nothing is right that separates you and me after all these years!"

The dark head on his shoulder was motionless; he began to stroke her hair.

"Uncle Sam wishes it immediately," he said, in a troubled voice. Mimi's wet eyes flashed into view, her voice was terrified.

"Then he's worse!"

"No; but he is worrying about it."

Stephen had meant only to reassure her; he could hardly have chosen a more fortunate phrase.

"But he mustn't worry! Doctor Sayre said so. We must—we must——"

She hesitated, clinging to his hand. In the gipsyish face he knew so well an April battle was clouding and shining.

"Steve, you wouldn't ask me if it was not the right, wise thing——!"

He drew her toward him.

"Mimi, dear, with God's help I will make you the happiest wife in all the world!"

The magic word won his case for him. She came into his arms, and with all her earnest, trusting girl's heart in her voice and eyes, she said, with the warmest kiss she had ever given him,

"Ah, Steve, dear, as if I didn't know *you!*"

TWO days later Stephen Winship stopped his car at the curb before the old rectory in Kingsgreen Square. A burning August morning had laid a fine blue haze over the city; there were forest fires far to the north, and in that direction the sky showed, even from here, a heavy yellow-gray. There was no shadow anywhere; the foliage of the trees hung limp in the damp, hot air. The little fish-stall was closed; the butcher's window empty except a sleeping great cat; Monsieur Lejeal had retired into some dim lair in the deeps of the book-shop, and the sun beat down upon discolored magazines and stained green-cloth bindings unchecked.

Stephen mounted the stairs. Hannah, her kindly face damp and dark with heat, showed him into the familiar sitting-room, and disappeared into her own region. Mrs. Lombard would be only a moment, she said.

The room wore its Summer aspect today; the chairs were in Holland covers; there were roses on the piano, and through the old-fashioned Italian blinds at the windows sunshine fell in misty gold bars, making the light dim and charming, like Summer sunlight through high, intercrossed cathedral naves or streaming in rifts through the branches of forest trees. The evidences of a woman's occupancy here, the occupancy of a lovely and resourceful woman, had always been peculiarly appealing to Stephen. To-day he noted again her books in various languages, her Russian and German music, the desk from which she sent him her distinguished, brief notes; the sweet, homelike order and spaciousness that she had somehow achieved in this old-fashioned place. Almost all the cluttering detail of her husband's day was gone, the photographs and knickknacks, but she had managed the change gradually, with no vulgar rush for paperers and mahogany.

It was the room of a poised and finished woman of the world, a woman who expected to be valued for what she was rather than what she had, who was quite confident of being able to hold her own in any environment on her own terms.

Stephen seemed to sense this especially to-day, and as he waited in this grateful quiet and peace his head, which was aching with the heat and hurry of the morning, easing itself by appreciable degrees, and his mind beginning to grasp the events of the last few days in something like their proper significance.

The die was cast now. He was glad of it. It only remained to face this difficult next half-hour with what dignity and consideration he might; afterward everything would be quite simple.

He glanced at the bedroom door and sighed impatiently. It was harder every minute to wait for her here, and to feel her influence and her charm steal over him again, the heady excitement of only being near her, and the thrilling sense that nothing else in the world counted in his life except Lucretia. Stephen frowned faintly and caught his lower lip in his teeth. He felt inexpressibly tired; he would have liked to drop into one of these big chairs, and put his head back, and close his eyes to all this shimmering, shaded greenness, and sleep.

SHE came suddenly, a flash of white and gold and tawny browns, with the fragrance of scented waters and powders hanging faintly about her. The jalousies clicked as the door opened; a faint breeze crossed the room. She was close beside him, more exquisite than he had ever seen her; her velvety skin touched with a warm bloom under its tan, her topaz eyes seeming to shed an actual starry radiance in the tempered light.

"Stephen! You got my note?"

"I have it here."

"And were you surprized? I waked up in New York this morning," Lucretia said joyfully. "I had expected to come back last night at eight, but I was detained. My darling, you look tired. How is the Judge?"

"Sinking. Unconscious now most of the time." Stephen cleared his throat, which felt dry.

"I sent for you," said Lucretia, with sympathy in her eyes. "But sit down! I have so much to tell you!"

"You said in the note something important about Fred," he prompted her. "We have been wondering where he was. He—was he—did you see him in New York?"

"Yes. But sit down!"

Fragrant, eager, she put the two fine hands, in their transparent, buttoned cuffs, against him, and gently pushed him into a chair. And immediately, with the frail white skirts ballooning about her like the petals of a rose, and falling softly and limply into place as she sat down, she took a low hassock at his knee and possessed herself of both his hands.

"Steve, dear," she said, in the ready, velvet voice, "I've felt so badly, I've felt such a hypocrite about something, all this week. But now I can tell you, and I want you to know!"

A sick desolation swept over the man's soul. It was all gone, the doubt and distrust and anger, and all the world was here, in this room, held between these two smooth, tawny-brown hands. For good or evil, she was the only woman in his life, and

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

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the claims of Mimi, his uncle, his career, were not real—not to be considered—only a troubled background to his distressed thoughts.

"This was it, you see," Lucretia was explaining. "Fred—but did Fred tell you that I was here in town night before last?" she broke off to ask animatedly. "Well, I was. But this was what happened. The other day, just after you telephoned me, I had a telephone call from Fred. This was up at Gunther's, of course. He said that he was in trouble—couldn't tell you——"

"*Fred* was?"

Stephen's tone was amazed; her own eyes grew round and serious.

"Oh, my dear, and I assure you the words were nothing to the *tone!* It sounded suicidal, really. I asked him to come up to me at once; he said he dared not leave the office——"

"*Dared* not!"

"That's what he said. So of course I said I would come down. I came in on the late train—got here about nine, and found Hannah here with her little girl. I telephoned your house—but I didn't give my name, and Fred came here at once." Lucretia's voice faltered, and she smiled at Stephen with something of the bashful daring of a little girl. "Fred wants me to tell you this, Steve," she said, "and you must not be cross. I've loaned him money!"

THE blood came into Stephen's face, and he looked at her in stupefaction.

"I've loaned him," added Lucretia, still with that whimsical look of little-girl soberness, "twelve thousand dollars!"

"You—I hope to God you are joking!" Stephen said, frowning.

"Indeed I am not joking. Fred—borrowed some securities from your safe a long time ago, three or four years," Lucretia explained, with a sudden change of voice and manner, to even deeper gentleness and gravity. "He felt—he feels—well, frightfully about it. I don't think Fred was afraid of anything serious, Steve. He knows how unlikely Mimi—the bonds were hers—would be to make trouble. It was because of your engagement to Mimi that I first heard all this. Fred knew that when your uncle died, and you took over her affairs, he *must* be discovered. I don't know what the original manipulation was for—speculation pure and simple. He thought he could play that game! But the truth was that he lost more than ten thousand dollars."

"*Fred!*"

Stephen said no more. There was agony in the monosyllable, and he buried his head in his hands.

"Do you think that he didn't feel that, too?" she said eagerly, reading the tone aright. "It wasn't anything else Fred feared; it was *you!* His heart was broken, Steve. He's tried hard, for Fred, all these years, to show you how much he appreciates all you've done! He's lost more trying to get the first money back. He *isn't* a good business man, Steve, but he does love you with all his heart."

Her pleading, vibrant voice died away upon utter silence; she sat back upon her hassock, watching the bowed head and the fine gripping fingers, with sympathetic tears in her eyes.

"Fred had a chance, two weeks ago, to go with the new rubber company to Buenos Aires next month, for two years," Lucretia presently continued. Stephen, struck afresh by her words, looked up, with a haggard face, and dropped his head again. "Atkins, who was getting up the company, asked him," she said, "and—you know Fred!—you know how he has longed for such a chance. And he has been so different, Steve—Fred's grown up lately. What he did, years ago, was what many and many a young man does—in the family, as it were—He wants a fresh start; he hates Sanbridge, and in the excitement and interest of the new place——

"But he couldn't leave you here, with your uncle's affairs, and Mimi's, and this deficiency at the office——"

Again her voice died away against his unbroken silence, and she laid her hand upon his bowed shoulders tenderly.

"Steve, please—just tell me that you know we did this because we wanted to spare you!"

"I—yes, of course, I believe that!" he said incoherently. He glanced up, looking about feverishly, as if he sought air. "I—my God, how blind a man can be!" he muttered. "Fred! *Fred!*"

"Steve, was that any more than thousands and thousands of good men have done when they were boys? Be reasonable, dear. He did the thing on a silly, weak impulse. But he has always regarded Mimi as a sister—to touch her money, especially in the hope of increasing it, seemed just a sort of adventure. Remember what a boy he is!"

"Not too boyish to come and borrow money from a woman!" Stephen observed bitterly.

"I offered it, Steve. At least, I remembered my pearls down in a safe-deposit box in New York! He and I went down there day before yesterday, got them out, carried them to Tiffany's, and they sent us to a loan society in lower Broadway, and there they offered me three times as much as I wanted! I made it exactly twelve thousand. I gave it to Fred, and we came up on the eight o'clock train this morning. He went down to the office to attend to matters connected with this affair—have you been there? So everything is all right to-day," she finished triumphantly, "and some day when you and I are frightfully prosperous we will get the pearls back——"

SUDDENLY she was on her knees beside him on the floor, as he had so often knelt beside her, and she lifted his arms, and made them clasp her.

"Steve, when it's all over, won't it seem a miracle," she said, "to have all the problems of Fred and Mimi and your uncle swept away, and the political fight ended one way or another, and Reilly's insinuations a thing of the past——"

"Lucretia—Lucretia—Lucretia!" he said, with a sort of half groan, flinging his arms about her, and straining her to him with a force almost violent. "My darling—my *heart!* We are too late!"

She had laid her fragrant, smooth cheek against his, but in the silence after he spoke, she drew away, and studied him with puzzled rather than anxious eyes.

"How do you mean?"

"My uncle asked it," Stephen said, thickly, and with a dry throat. "I thought—I thought Fred cared for you——"

"Fred *does* care for me," Lucretia answered roundly, with wide, stern eyes fixed upon him. "But what has that to do with you and me?"

Without answering, he got to his feet, his fine face dark with pain, and leaned against the low mantel, his forehead resting upon his hand. Lucretia watched him uneasily.

"Steve, what *is* it?"

"Mimi and I," he answered slowly, "were married an hour ago. I am taking her to New York to-night. It was only because there were some matters at the office that I had to attend to, and that you said in your note that you had news of Fred——"

"But what are you saying?" Lucretia said, dazed eyes on his face, her tone puzzled, protestant, almost faintly amused. She came to him, and took the lapels of his coat into her two hands. "What are you saying, Steve?" she asked.

"I—I mean it."

"You're joking!" She walked away, flung herself and her thin white ruffles into a basket-chair. "But what a joke!" he heard her whisper, her arms fallen limp, her eyes staring.

"I—God help us!" Stephen said abruptly.

The phrase brought into her face the first trace of real apprehension.

"What did you say?" she asked, in a voice suddenly deep. "But of course you are punishing me," she added, beginning to breathe hard, and trying to glance about her with a natural air. "Of course you must frighten me for keeping this from you! Steve," she broke off in her most exquisite tones, getting up to come to him, and smiling like a pleading child into his face, "my sweetheart, my own dear Steve, don't frighten me! I've had so much to bear—let me be happy now. Put your arms about me, and tell me that we may have just this hour of thinking what life is going to be to us—the travel, the work, the friends—your career! I'm sorry if I made you angry about Fred, but he turned to me, and it was so sweet to me to feel that I could help him, and that I could do something for you—The clouds are all gone now! We'll redeem the pearls out of your first big fee, Steve, and in a few years the people of Sanbridge will forget that Judge Winship's wife—that Senator Winship's wife—wasn't born and brought up here! And Mimi'll be our close friend, dear—you'll see how easily I will win her, and some day our children and hers will be friends!"

The flood-tide of sweetness and loveliness lifted him off his feet; he felt as if he was drowning in utter ecstasy and peace. And beneath all the joy, underlining and emphasizing it, was an agony of pain so acute that he knew he must die when once he felt it beginning to creep about him. Ah, if she had once taken this note before, in all these troubled weeks; if she had shown him this girlish, simple, loving Lucretia, with her fair hair crushed over so innocent and candid a brow, with her young, exquisite face like a book—all goodness and devotion, for him to read.

How beautiful she was, in the plain, familiar white frock! The rounded figure was exquisite in every pose, the topaz eyes a miracle of light whether they flashed with fire or—as now, melted into gold. He thought of her as his wife, meeting him at the door, coming in furred and rosy and veiled from shopping trips, watching him across the dinner-table, all the beauty of soul and mind and body, *his*——

"Lucretia, I'm sorry. I've—I've nothing to say. Make it as easy as you can for me, for God's sake. We—Mimi and I—were married by Bishop Reynolds at ten o'clock!"

THIS time she believed him. The color drained slowly out of her face, and as she stood, looking fixedly at him, he saw her breast rise and fall once, stormily, and that the muscles of her white throat moved spasmodically, as if she were conscious of choking.

"I see," she said, quickly and lightly, in a dead silence. "Your uncle wished it, of course! I—I—of course!" Her voice shook, and her glance wandered aimlessly; she was making the one supreme effort of her life to maintain her self-control. "I—thought you were joking, Steve!" she whispered. A little flicker of her nostril and the sudden pressing together of her lips showed how close was the storm. But she still fought it resolutely. "Now you must go; it's noon," she said hurriedly. "And you must believe that I—I understand. I shouldn't have—shouldn't have come into your life, and Mimi's—God knows I wouldn't have done so, knowing. No—no—no!" she added in an undertone, as if to herself, "I wouldn't have done that! I will see you both—when I come back——"

Her phrases were staggering wildly. She lumped them, as it were, in one last hasty good-by.

"You must go now; I am going back to Gunther's this afternoon. And after a week or so I am going away—I don't know where. But meanwhile, God bless you, dear——"

"Look here!" He struck down the hand she held out for a farewell, and caught the whole woman in his arms, speaking to her hoarsely and gratingly, his hot breath close upon her shut eyelids. As he looked down upon her a tear slipped free; her lips were trembling, and she held them pressed tightly together. "Lucretia—Lucretia!" he said. "That you care—this way! I never dreamed it! I thought that you were playing with me—that you *couldn't* suffer as I was suffering—that I was hurting them all—making a fool of myself——!"

SHE freed herself, and for a full minute of silence they stood panting, and facing each other.

"You *dared* to think that!" Lucretia said then, in a whisper. "You dared to doubt what I had told you!"

In one terrible moment of self-contempt Stephen saw what he had made of his life, and his head drooped, and he made no answer.

"You dared to take that girl, to please her, and your family, and your constituents," Lucretia said, in splendid scorn. "And you will take her to New York to-night, and introduce her to the world as your wife—loving *me!* You dare? And I am yours, and you are mine, by God's law," she went on, restlessly moving and turning, knotting her fingers, pressing them to her face, sometimes resting her elbows on the mantel, and clasping her hands high above her lowered head, sometimes pressing both hands to her heart. "We love each other—if there is such a thing as love in the world! It made life over to me—every twig, every sunset and sunrise was different, because it made me think of you! Why, to wake up was heaven—this Summer, and every night, when the moonlight came into my room—Oh, Steve, wasn't myself enough? Wasn't it enough that you were my world—that I longed for the hour that would have made me your wife, that I longed for the years ahead—all the years? God, I wonder why I have to suffer so!"

In her mad moving about, she had flung herself into a chair at the table, and had run the fingers of both hands deep into her magnificent hair. When she suddenly got to her feet, and came back to the hearth, the glory of the tawny-brown masses was loosened, and tumbled back, in a rich coil on her shoulders, giving an additional touch of tragedy and desperation to the blazing topaz eyes and the white face.

"Now, you must go," she said, in a dry voice, and quietly. "You had better get hold of Fred the instant you reach the office, for Fred knows it all—about our having found each other. I told him for several reasons. I wanted—what am I saying?" she broke off fretfully. "My head aches so horribly! But I told him, because he was so sure that Mimi would marry you—He might say something to her, to-day, that would give her some clue."

"She would tell him of the marriage, first," Stephen said, in a dull, lifeless tone. "I want you to know something about it, Lucretia. Bishop Reynolds is an old, old friend. He married her mother, and mine. He came down unexpectedly last night from Boston; he goes back to-day. The opportunity——"

"I see!" she said briefly and lightly. He realized that she was almost exhausted. "You must go now. I may not see you again, so this is good-by!"

And quickly, with an air of almost insufferable pain, and blinded dry eyes, she pressed his hand. Something like a ghastly smile flickered on her face for a moment; she inclined her head; he heard her murmur that he could let himself out. A second later he heard her address Hannah in the kitchen.

For a minute or two he stood still, in this room of memories, feeling the bitter waters of his own evoking rise cold and bleak about him. No more Lucretia. No more tea beside the fire, with the exquisite voice and the flashing eyes giving themselves all to him. No more notes—meetings—no more hope and joy. She was gone.

After a while—he did not know how long—he went down-stairs.

The final instalment of "The Love of Lucretia Lombard" will be published in the issue on sale January 15. If you don't like to read a story by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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